

Andre Nickatina "Public Enemy #7"

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"Like my ass mothafucka, this a bidniz..."

"Aight, that, thats cool..."

I cook it up right so you cant resist
Andre please can I have another hit
Hit ya state, rock the dope
And leave that place on a perfect note
You actin like Mya "Fear Of Flying"
I hate some niggas I can hear 'em dyin
I do it like birds in a kitchen
Move these raps like we in prohibition
Hold your breath iron crease wit you hoes
21 blackjack, and 22 hoes
Cop said freeze
Them niggas froze
And they ended up wit holes, like yo

Rap cats'll take all your pain
If you had another chance would you do it again?
If you had another chance would you do it the same?
The money, the women, the cars, the rings
Drug dealers take all your pain
If you had another chance would you do it again?
If you had another chance would you do it the same?
The money, the women, the cars, the rings

A real rap cat can always make bail
You might escape you jail but you wont escape hell
Wit that in mind you can always make mail
Fuck around hoe 'cause I jus cant fail
I got a court case Friday that jus might stick
And I'm writing on a brick at the Motel 6
For these dirty lawyer fee's that cost a grip
If he delay the trial then it's all legit
When it comes to stress I stress the best
Meanin that its all up in my flesh
Meanin that sometime I cant rest
Its 4 a.m. and I'm smokin sess

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If you had another chance would you do it again?
If you had another chance would you do it the same?

The money, the women, the cars, the rings
Drug dealers take all your pain
If you had another chance would you do it again?
If you had another chance would you do it the same?
The money, the women, the cars, the rings
I'm like a wicked witch when I hit your state
Money is something that I gotta make
Like now
On arrival
Yellow, red, or blue capsules
Heres a sample, or an example
Heart rotten like a big red apple
You look real good girl but I cant call
Unless right now we do it all shit...

"This is a bidniz....."
"Mothafuck....."
"Like my ass....."
"Mothafucka....."
"Aight, that, thats cool....."
"Mothafucka....."

This emcee to crack the case
My album dropped and it cracked his waste
Man I aint lost my appetite
To take an emcee to the afterlife
On the way to Heaven dont believe this
Fightin right in front of Jesus
Nah girl you cant have shit for free
So what you got ass cheeks
Lookin hella good when you pass me
Smellin hella sweet and sassy
Talkin all cold and jazzy
You betta pay me or get blasted

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