

Andre Nickatina, Ceasar Enrico

[INTRO:]

"The phone rang, it was a guy that I knew, and he said"

"They're guilty.....every fuckin' count"

"He says they're done...."

[Verse 1:]

Tiger, I think ya betta get it right
Cause shit goes bump in the night
Came up out the gutter, now it's all butter
And with my blade I cut like no other
The runnin' of the bulls motherfucka it's the matador
Peep my new Wu shoes on a marble floor
Roll around like a cop-o eatin' on chicken
I shoot with my eyes closed hope ain't missing
Firin' up weed til the early morn
It's a little bit lonely cause my girl is gone
To my so called enemies yeh I'm back
And you cock sucka fuckas gotta deal with that
Cause I'm loose like gun powder hidden in a cannon
Fly by me don't think about landin'
Think about crashin', cause I'm about to fall
But not before I break these laws
Motherfucka it's the devil's heart beatin' in ya ear
Here go the contract sold my career
And I'm chillin' right here motherfucka in the physical form
Grew my hair back just so I can hide my horns
Nah mean, the fiend of the rhymes' on the scene
My raps sound better with crime on the scene
Fillmoe down kamikaze of rap
Gotta have a weed sack for my party pack
It's like that, Sugar Hill like Romello
Stir it up til it rocks up and turn yellow
Heavenly father it's the god of Khan
Witness as my vertigo passes on
Knockin' on the pearly gates high of bomb
And you can see my life if you read my palm it's like that

[HOOK:]

"Caesar Enrico Vandello"

"Is this the end of Rico?"

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[Verse 2:]

Check this out don't move I hold ya like a slow groove
In my mind and my soul I'ma break rules
Get a new crew, we somethin' like the Coyote Gang
Comin' down on ya town like black rain
Blunts are cut and wrapped up in the indica
Rhymes are ripped and hollow tipped when they hittin' ya
Man it really ain't a friend ah ya
So it ain't no prob in my mind when they gettin' ya
Turn like a top spittin' cold begets
Tell the record lable die if they hold the cheque
Because it's right here homie the fetish for cash
You get it then you split it then you hit it and mash
You talk like a squirrel, I hope ya ain't a squealer
You lookin' at a new improved rap drug dealer
Take flight, buckle up like a plane ride
Why oh why do I remain high
Shootin' at the sky that's over my head
Hopin' that the bullets all wake the dead
Loud enough that it even shake they bed but

Quiet enough that it don't attract the feds
Because I fly like a bat outta hell that's for real
Think like a prisoner sittin' in jail
When it come to these rhymes better get the scale
Or act like ya blind fucka read it in brail
Nigga crime fell no crime on the rise
All in ya eyes is the sign of the times
Heavenly father it's the god of Khan
Witness as my vertigo passes on
Standin' at the pearly gates high of bomb
And you can see my life if you read my palm
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