

# Andre Nickatina, My Wishes

[Verse 1 - Andre Nickatina]

Picture a blind man that can't see  
Meaning the beauty he's supposed to see  
God it can't be  
I (?) like a snake, the venom I spit make me shake  
Look at the cakes I baked  
Weed in my brain got me baptized  
Unless you talkin' bout money, you ain't sayin' shit rap wise  
I'm so addicted to red licorice and fine bitches  
Khan lives forever man that's my wishes

[Verse 2 - Equipto]

My wishes, (?) intense wishes  
Bruce Lee, Tupac, and Jimmy Hendrix  
(?) still here to realize it, with no police around to ever read they rights  
It's how I roll, you know my lifestyle is cold  
Around the globe, they treat us like Al Capone  
Wish I didn't need a blunt in my mouth to blow  
But I'm so far gone that's how it go

[Verse 3 - Andre Nickatina]

Yeah, two wishes and three bitches in the Cadillac  
They wanna hit the club and this is where the party's at  
Front line and in ya face like some gold teeth  
My homie said he's like a butcher cause he loves beef  
...(?) and two doors on the cutty  
I had to laugh at him, cause that's my buddy  
We used to chase bitches so vicious it was delicious  
I heard a lil' genie sayin "Take more wishes"

[Verse 4 - Equipto]

Wishin', why listen to a fool really give a fuck  
Don't interrupt you stupid (?) I (?) the blunt  
We get ta cuttin' like a DJ do  
The game's sheisty like a NFL replay booth  
In your backpack party with all my throwbacks on  
Suckas stare like they're impressed, sayin "Oh my god"  
There go the whole back wall  
...(?) playin' to win  
I'm in to win, I'm wishin but I couldn't pretend

[Verse 5 - Andre Nickatina]

Shit, I side swipe you in the light(?) just like a fender bender  
There go your brain with the game so you don't remember  
I'm block tonic off the chronic and I spit ebonics  
Colt 45 in my eyes, so it get hypnotic(?)  
The glock nine, some use it like a semari  
Run for your lives, or picture being paralyzed  
I hold my raps with a grip of a rubber handle  
Then when I'm gone man you picture it on every channel  
In grey flannel, Nicky ...(?)  
When I was scarred by the game and the pain felt,  
Excruciating, no duplicatin' this fury  
Look at the lawyer with a grin for the hung jury  
Four wishes, more wishes, man and more bitches  
Man more weed, more G's, man and club bitches  
The rap scriptures, we hold them like the bible  
Imagine somebody shootin' at your idol  
...(?) sun like Clorox make it fade  
Bust it 27 ways, we did it right away  
(?) weed up in heaven with the switches  
Eatin' red licorice and lyin' with the bitches  
I hate to do dishes, in love with my riches  
Man it ain't suspicious why you sleepin' with the fishes

These are my wishes, I got five wishes  
Prime time live, gettin' high off my wishes