

Andre Nickatina, Soul Of A Coke Dealer

(Andre Nickatina)

You say you want it all
You say forget the law
And everything you saw, you copped it from the raw
You gon' be like the ones in sky
And for a sec I was bout to ask why
But we was broke
It's 83' with a street gleam
And young cats is rockin up and gettin' street teams
And motherf**kers that hate me and want me to die
Man they can see that I'm broke in my eye
I need to do it, I need to talk to Twinky, he'd probably front me somethin
He made 20 g's, outta straight nothin'
And Pee Wee bought a 69' cutty
That niggaz mackin bitches makin money
That shit ain't funny
'cause I'm a go get her and makin thangs iller
It's like a pain killer, but it's much realer
And in my callin' I could see the scrilla
Playboy just said coke dealer, man I'ma try

We had a lunch date, in 1988
And from your sad face, you said you caught a case
But besides that the money was pilin' up, business was doin good
You movin' on thru the hood
Got you a house no doubt in Vallejo
For \$700 ounce you gon' drop straight yayo
Niggaz be talkin bad, sometimes I be gettin' mad
I just gotta gun, yo my mother said don't call
And like paper I was ripped apart
Because you know that my mother is my heart
I feel ashamed, 'cause im'a blast first up in the game
It ain't a mystery to me, money close at range
'cause these bitches be talkin shit
I live by the crucifix
Because of my pathways, party my last day
Praise to the double glock
I've smoken so much pot
I don't know if I like it or not
I got beef wit the Barry brothers
They started hearin' my name up in the game
And told the undercovers
Yeah so here we go round and round
The streets don't make a sound
Don't they come uptown, nigga we cut em' down
And thats the mind state for all those niggaz
Rats bitin' cheese yeah all those squeelers
Till the devil come and get us yeah they all gon' feel us
Don't make it hard for coke dealers

Word life..

Ok it's 92', now what you gonna do?
I heard you killed a guard, in ya fightin squad
He said Nicky man you know the street theory
I can't let the competition near me
I hate em' dearly
I'm so out of control in my life
Live by the sword and die by the knife
My mother called to give her best
The police picked up the phone started to laugh
And said he's under arrest
I felt pain in my heart from a thousand whips
Man, I wish I had never learned to bag a zip

You should have seen they face when I payed my bail
It was the look of the devil thats gon' send me to hell
I made a call and I got a pot
'cause when it comes to this lawyer
He wants the money man there ain't no disguise
And these bitches with these cold hearts
Man they be tellin' they friends
That I'm a give em' a gang of ends and then
My misery is legendary
And I could hear the old coke dealers cryin at the cemetary
I'm in the fast lane with no brakes
And when it comes to this money
I need a bakery to cook these cakes
Man I'm goin to hell
Or I'm a die in jail
Or these bullets gon' rain
And I'm gonna get nailed
Cut cut cut me down Nicky
It make me wanna shiver
The lost soul of a coke dealer

Word life..
The lost soul of a coke dealer
Word life... (x2)