

Andre Nickatina, The Most Hated Man In Frisco

(Dre Dog)

oooh, here comes the sickest and the illest of them all
(what's your name boy) they call me Dre Dog
the coke snortin, chewy smokin reverend in black (yeah)
just because you know my name fool, i don't have your back
but put some pep in your step and get the fuck on
before i have hen flashbacks and get my fuck on
but a lot of motherfuckers seem to think i'm satanic
(why?) but makin sick shit from the mind is automatic (hahaha)
grab a motherfucker is my motherfuckin thang
and i slang these thangs like cocaine (i slang em)
and muslims hate me but i don't know why (i don't either)
is it because i say fuck you and your bean pies?
and no, i don't want no final call
i smoke skunk and still say man to all
cause i'm the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker
mo money, mo money, it's the black Jim Bakker
take naps in a coffin, sleep in a body bag
only paper that i like is money or zig-zags
rolled a blunt for that fool i didn't know (he didnt know)
Dre Dog get his amp from the lord indo
nigga do it, nigga good , do it for a ho
i got an axe to open up your chest just like a front door (open up your
chest)
an axe to open up your back just like a back door (back door)
and money for the cents i got the best indo
cause i never was a kid, my heart was too cold
when I came out my momma's pussy i was 12 years old (hahaha)
with long fingernails for the cocaine (long fingernails)
rough ass hands for the skull rings (skull rings)
potent ass dank for a fuck ring
and some sucka free niggas when i gang bang
so kneel down and bow to the sick one
i'll have the devil coming out your damn eardrums (eardrums)
and when you see him say my name fool, don't scream
so cut your dick you punk bitch it was a wet dream (haha)
it don't stop...

(chorus)

(fuck you, Dre Dog, you ain't shit) but i snort caine and it gets me ripped
(fuck you, Dre Dog, you ain't shit) but i smoke blunts and it gets me bent
(fuck you, Dre Dog, you ain't shit) yeah, but i snort caine and it gets me
ripped
(fuck you, Dre Dog, you ain't shit) but i smoke blunts and it gets me bent

(Dre Dog)

i should buy a cemetery and get much bigger (why?)
and make money off you dead ass niggas (hahahaha)
but fool you don't hear me (what?), niggas fear me (why?)
but they wanna get near me (who are you?)
the six five devil's son, (who?) I said the devil's son (who?)
can you find a more wicked one? (no)
that can creep through the night like a wicked witch
smokin ty stick (what?), on a broomstick (yeah)
because a nigga like me like to shake right
Now watch me jack off by your mother's gravesite (did you know her?)
because I knew her, and i fucked her, and i missed the cock (uhhhh)
but here's a pipe without the knife on how i rip shop
the most hated man in Frisco's in your brain now
smokin chewy, you got me sick but im insane now
so give me body like Latifah and i might beat cha (everybody)

with my beanie on i look just like the grim reaper (hahahaha)
pony tail, saggy pants, bulletproof vest (what?)
like an alien, Dre Dog is coming through your chest (through your chest)
i'm not a cat, i don't scratch, i got long nails (meow)
i'm a pisces but i'd rather be a killa whale (killa whale)
don't turn your back, look how you act when i come to town (Frisco)
praise my name, kiss my ring, now bow down
sick material,
now don't you know my voice is good for fuckin' up your stereo (yeah)
now Dre Dog account for cash, whoop that ass,
make the blast, (hahahaha) with a sinister laugh

(chorus)

(fuck you, Dre Dog, you ain't shit) but I snort caine and it gets me ripped
(fuck you, Dre Dog, you ain't shit) but I smoke blunts and it gets me bent
(fuck you, Dre Dog, you ain't shit) but I snort caine, I snort caine
(fuck you, Dre Dog, you ain't shit) fire up the blunts nigga, I'm ghost