

# Andre Nickatina, All Star Chuck Taylors

One thing I despise is ivirgint suicide  
Sure Khan is something that the wind cries  
The way I collect is like a bomb threat  
meanin if you don't have my doe  
i'm a blow fo sure  
You better have heat when you hang with this villian  
meaning that its cold when I'm chillin  
Catch a fillin  
Slipped in on a banana peelin  
I seen them dead on the floor with the blood's keated to the ceiling  
I was like yo how that happen?  
Chuck taylors down gotta keep on rapin  
The one bullet, the right place at the right time  
can turn a hell of a wave into a flat line  
my style don't pump no blood  
it pump weed and gasoline, Nicky Nickitine  
man ecstasy can twist yo spleen  
tell that to the freak in them jeans, know what I mean  
It's kind of ironic, make a phone call for the chronic  
And let my tigers hold the gin and tonic  
man it hurts so much it blastin me  
but I do what the rap gods ask of me  
Have heart, have hustle  
have heart if you dont have muscle buy the punk gear in the tuscle  
no love, unpassionate, blow weed in the face of the badest chick  
yet spin like a cd, try not to get sleepy  
on the grind when it's creepy, street gods wanna teach me  
pocahantes makin money for me bustin in the tee pee  
My All Star Chuck Taylors, they laced like the mayor  
street ball court player  
rapid fire rhyme sayer  
you be like Nicky man no favor, real poppa  
I disapear like Jimmy Hopper  
reappear on Easter  
pants in the heavy start to increase her  
t-shirts with the vestes feature  
miesha check it its the god of Khan  
Chuck Taylor down like the Ramidan  
catch a feeling, slipped in on a bananna peelin  
you got a scheme homie what you dealin  
man the bathroom tinted  
with the blunt wrapped dope in it  
Its like Popeye with his spinach  
run around like you playing tennis  
and you still aint finished  
international keep the party crackin like its pistachios  
the freaks got it poppin like a fashion show  
make a move with me birdy baby, grab the doe  
like a linebacker  
i got a gift like a blind jacker  
put a hole in your six packer  
the south paw with the lock jaw  
in the kitchen with the rock raw  
you remind me of cocaine and do do stains  
man its the shitty dope dealer  
dirty worm catapilla  
weed collide like the sun and the moon  
and I'm still trippin of that room with the blood on the ceiling  
catch a fillin  
my chuck taylors got me creepin  
and rap dealin  
come through and leave you stunned  
and in shock  
and leave my heart on your block like a lost glock

in the bushes or woods man you did what you could  
with the little you got are you cold or hot  
put it down with the plot, and got knocked  
and went to jail naked in your shoes and socks  
left it up to your woman man to move your rocks  
and the freak turned the spot into a hot box  
Chuck Taylors All Stars and all stars  
make my way to the bar and there you are  
Catch a fillin

Hey sister give me some of those shoes