

# Andre Nickatina, Ate Miles From The City Of Dope

Ate Miles From The City of Dope

-Andre Nickatina  
its been a cold winter  
that means heat for a real Sinner  
who wanna live like a bread winna  
i fly low like a blind bird  
they say on the way to heaven man you chauffeured  
i think i wear white cash mear coat if its 20 below  
i only live 8 miles from the city of dope  
i sport that Perry Ellis  
girl you should hang when the god wear it  
you get the smell like you in Paris  
i see numbas like im playin bingo  
i like to mingle wit a sexy single  
i turn your mind into a straight casino  
im not a witness like jahova  
get the cush or get the doja cut the optimo  
ganja roll it over

-Equipto  
we cop and blow  
its to and fro we cop  
stacks of cash  
im sittin there with deep thoughts  
trippin off all the time wasted on weak spots  
nickel and diming while rhymin on the beat box  
everything happend for a reason  
shrook while its hot like a cook i reheat it  
all day bay bridge and get it how i live it  
its one more day closer to this next digit  
cant stop now im a mash for the rash  
with this open casket  
or your burn my ashes  
knowing long lasting  
this life is real  
and now im living fast wit no time to kill

-Andre Nickatina  
i give a toast to the rhyme wave  
its the religion to the crime way  
you get your hustle on in 5 days  
its like wonderbread so fresh  
it got freaks looking for a style on map quest  
i spin a charlots webb a silk screen and interior designs  
i like to watch a nickel turn into a dime and prime time  
rap cats see the 7th sign  
spit the game to your heart soul in your mind  
it was Crackin Like Pastachio's  
like robert reveren this a natural  
in the fast lane its faster hoe  
i pop Buck like a pop quiz  
the ghetto steal for the rocks kid  
you'll get knocked out your socks kid  
about 4 to 5 blocks kid  
the homies poppin on your knock kid  
i stand still like a statue  
but at the same time run with a pack too  
i whoop a lasso run threw the castle  
money on the dash yo  
and NYC jumpin in the cab yo  
i fly low like a blind bird  
they say in heaven man you chauffer  
if you prefer

-Equipto  
its like im beneath the underdog  
really live long wit paintin such a beautiful song  
the coke game and everythings a dolla sign  
and we focus straight ahead thats the bottom line  
this is my statement reverse the hatred  
if bay love the area i was raised in  
givin the song lace with  
instincts impulse react and in sync  
give me hell indo  
make it go pop everything el second  
stretch out the clock ima live out every second  
see my moma cry everytime that she stressin  
mess wit my mind cant understand the message  
time is of the essence betting i cant fall forward  
aint to long till i can really say im all yours  
im gon change play it off with the giggle  
man until then i still split it down the middle  
this is how we livin