## Andre Nickatina, Blood In My Hair

blood in my hair from the wings of a hawk no angels guide me i seem to be lost spittin a rhyme from divious ways all in the veins them freaks they get paid the path was layed the bed was set nicky the cat from the fillmoe jets here go the stealo it aint that odd kahn, money, clothes, broads don't forget weed and rap for the gods pages that rewrite the holy karahn man i've been swervin since julius erving ready to rap now so open the curtain don't be in the lab when i'm doin bad pencil's and pads they turn to cash this how i mash driving so fast shoes say wu when i step on the gas baby is mad man she got ass i looked and gave her my gangsta laugh my pedigree my legacy i sell it like aphetimines they told me at the dinner scene and i'm standing there high in my anchor jean gangsta's, hustlers, hoe's and all be one to pay when a rapper falls blood in my hair from the wings of a hawk no angels guide me i seem to be lost

its mighty extreme to being a king looking for people to be on the team how much money it cost to cheat to slow ya down and be drug free with? boots and sean john suits and exacution that top of the roof who got the juice show me some proof the curser the rhyme give me the loot awake like an owl and drinkin some tea watchin fights of muhamud ali dodgin death with every step this is my rep give me the checks like snaggle puss i'll step to the left with this freak death as quiet as kept my philisophy is tha boss of me pass the hot sauce to me usin diamonds and pearls to flauce with me i stand there with none hot as a gun the sound of the noise will make you run move from the slugs that will rip your lungs look in the eyes of the greediest god rollin the streets with the cadi? cut through the rain like ninja blades the batter ramming slang the rage i got my game from project floors weed, dope, and dice by the door crush anything that'll cause a threat talk to the bookie secure the bet never with leniency he won't agree with me gettin all mad when i make the call gangsta's, hustlas, hoes, and all feel the pain when a rapper falls blood in my hair from the wings of a hawk

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