

Andre Nickatina, Bonus Track

i smoke cannibus
check this out you better work it trick
filmoe for life with a grain of salt
a tiga like me hate to take a loss
finikey and helifikle know it aint simple
hit you with cocaine and hot nickels
sell the shit, make the profit
reload your thoughts, then recop it
come to your house like cody jared
i dont think these niggas can bear it
like a parrot, you want the cracka
blow a hole right through your back-ah
squeeze untill its an empty clip
my ladies said lets pimp the bitch
get my keys up off the shelf
start the car, did not click the belt
strike like an ambush, set up the moustrap
hopefully them f**kers wont come back
cause you'll never get your gun back
and you'll be dodgin bullets by the mornin sun crack
4 a.m im smoken weed
listenin to evelyn champagne king
watchen ali dance across the ring
gigglen, motherf**ka' countin cream
serve em just like the tennis ball
all you had to do was call
dis is how ima do em all
and my life will be called the rise then fall
of the sun, of the moon
of the stars, fancy cars
maybe you need to get a bath and tar
and ask them feathers and fly off far
but i know birds' dont catch no worms
and all drug dealers just want they turn
top of the world is where they earn
bottom of the world is where they burn
watch me bust it off
and do this shit at any cost
no reports of no motherf**ken' big ass boss
or roll around town with a floozy toss
bitch im automatic
dont trust lawyers or mechanics
or punk hoes that be starten static
get the yams ill get the cabbage
get the yacht ill rock the boat
like nino used to rock the coke
now im bout to go for broke
weed to smoke, vee to loke
KAHN