

Andre Nickatina, Ceazar Enrico

THE PHONE RANG, IT WAS A GUY THAT I KNEW
AND HE SAID, THEY'RE GUILTY
EVERY F**KIN' COUNT
HE SAYS THEY'RE DONE

(ANDRE)

TIGER, I THINK YOU BETTER GET IT RIGHT
'cause SHIT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT
CAME UP OUT THA GUTTA'
NOW IT'S ALL BUTTA'
AND WITH MY BLADE I CUT LIKE NO OTHER
THE RUNNIN' OF THE BULLS, MUTHAF**KA IT'S THE MATADOOR
PEP MY NEW REEW SHOES ON THE MARBLE FLOOR
ROLL AROUND LIKE A COPO, EATIN' ON CHICKEN
I SHOOTIN' WITH MY EYES CLOSE
HOPE I AIN'T MISSIN'
FIRIN' UP WEED TILL THE EARLY MORNIN'
IT'S A LIL BIT LONLEY SINCE MY GIRL IS GONE
GOT MY SO CALLED ENEMIES
YEA IM BACK
AND YOU COP SUCKA F**KAS GOTTA DEAL WITH THAT
'cause IM LOOSE LIKE GUN POWDA' HITTIN' IN THA' CANNON
FLY BY ME DONT THINK ABOUT LANDIN'
THINK ABOUT CRASHIN'
'cause IM ABOUT TO FALL
AND NOT BEFORE I BREAK THESE LAWS
MUTHAF**KA IT'S THE DEVILS HEART BEATING IN YOUR EAR
HEAR GOES THE CONTRACT SOLD MY CAREER
AND IM CHILLIN RIGHT HEAR MUTHAF**KA IN THE PHYSICAL FORM
GREW MY HAIR BACK JUST SO I CAN HIDE MY HORNS
NA MEAN
I'VE SEEN THE RYMES ON THE SCENE
MY RAP SOUND BETTER WITH CRIME ON THE SCENE
FILLMO DOWN KAMIKAZE A RAP
GOTTA HAVE A WEED SACK WITH MY PARTY PACK
IT'S LIKE THAT
SHIT CAN HEEL LIKE ROW MELLOW
STIR IT UP TILL THE ROCKS UP AND TURN YELLOW
HEAVILY FIBER ITS THE GOD OF KHAN
WISHES OF MY VERDIGO PASSES ON
KNOCKIN' ON THE PEARLY GATES HIGH OFF BOMB
AND YOU CAN SEE MY LIFE IF YOU READ MY PALM
ITS LIKE THAT

CEAZAR ENRICO BANDELLO....
FRANSICO... AND ANRECO....(A COUPLE OF TIMES)

CHECK THIS OUT DONT MOVE
I HOLD YOU LIKE A SLOW GROVE
IN MY MIND AND MY SOUL IMA BREAK RULES
GETTA NEW CREW
IT'S SOMETHING LIKE THE COYOTE GANG
COMIN' DOWN ON YOUR TOWN LIKE BLACK RAIN
BLUNTS IN CUTS AN' WRAPPED UP IN THE INDICA
RHYMES ARE RIPPED AND HOLLOW TIPS WHEN THEY HITTIN' YA
MAN THEY REALLY AINT A FRIEND OF YA
SO IT AIN'T NO POPPIN' MY MIND WHEN THEY GETTIN' YA
TURN LIKE A TOP SPITTIN' COLP IT GETS
TELL A RECORD LABEL DIE IF THEY HOLD THE CHECK
'cause ITS RIGHT HERE HOMIE
THE FETISH FOR CASH
YOU GET IT, THEN YOU SPLIT IT THEN YOU HIT IT AN' MASH
YOU TALK LIKE A SQUIRREL
I HOPE YOU AINT A SQWILLA

YOU LOOKIN AT A NEWER FOOL RAP DRUG DEALLA
TAKE FLIGHT
BUCKLE UP LIKE A PLANE RIDE
WHY OH WHY DO I REMAIN HIGH
SHOOTIN AT THE SKY THATS OVER MY HEAD
HOPING THAT THE BULLETS ALL WAKE THE DEAD
LOUD ENOUGH DAT IT EVEN SHAKE THEY BED
BUT QUIET ENOUGH DAT IT DONT ATTRACT THE FEDS
BECAUSE I FLY LIKE A BAT OUTTA' HELL
THATS FOR REAL
THINK LIKE A PRISONER SITTIN IN JAIL
WHEN IT COMES TO THESE RYMES BETTA' GET THE SCALE
OR ACT LIKE YOUR BLIND F**KING READ IT IN BRAILLE
NIGGA CRIME FAIL
NO CRIME ON THE RIDE
ALL IN YOUR EYES ITS A SIGN OF THE TIMES
HEAVILY FIBER ITS THE GOD OF KHAN
WITNESS AS MY VERDIGO PASSES ON
STANDIN AT THE PEARLY GATES HIGH OFF BOMB
AND YOU CAN SEE MY LIFE IF YOU READ MY PALM

CEAZOR ENRICO BANDELLO....
FRANSICO... AND ANRECO...(A COUPLE MORE TIMES)

(SONG FADES)