

Andre Nickatina, Comb My Hair

Comb My Hair

-Andre Nickatina

i can see my reflection in my sons eyes
and when i see them i know the lord cried when jesus died
im not a saint i spred my wings like a condor
i tell the boys to come get me like a matador
i ricochet like the bullets in a thugs car
im located at the bar where the drugs are
i pack the house i pack the party all the gods no fat
we like democrats
politican on the badge i spent raps
i comb my hair like god
then hit up the city bumpin playboy tod
then stroll up
we let the weed blow up
and the money fold up
and not slow up
you know what

-Equipto

you a cold duck im a dime p game runna
smooth as silk i spit milk and make butter
a cold heart rhyme pace mind state lovark
you keep hustlin hard but go so far
i dont even think they hurt a pimps blood
they cut deals wit bitches up in the strip club
i stake money and study and play day and night
if ima be in the game then ima play it right
we chops it up while thizzin backwoods
let the hoe choose it she got the game backwards
touchdown ima inzone dance
any town i arrive ima frisco mac
cant roll hash the gift got my bank rolled fat
i leave the square beez she a castro fag
and mad 'cause im vivid wit this and hoe knockin
tru to the shit that i spit and wont stoppin

-Andre Nickatina

the street gamble make you travel
and we can do it from the pineapple
all the way down to the big apple
i swang back and forth like a link chain
my homie came to court sporting hema mink man
im not an honor roll student if thats wut you tellin me
do you try to leave your country wit a felony
its like a symphony
man when you witness me
the holy water bay gang come and sprinkle me
i comb my hair like god
and hit up the city bumpin playboy tod
man this is how we act
and boy we dont act
its like a winter snake and a mongoose react
and blow back
i swim laps in the river i lust
with no life gaurd watchin when i splash and fuss
i throw my soul in the numba 2 pencil
it sounds like a bird when the gangbanger wistle
it was all so simple
miss me with the riddles
the cat fish hunter throw it right down the middle
crackin 4 triple ricky keep runnin
'cause everybody know when the rap starts gunnin, gunnin

-Equipto
now cheddar 2 serve news on the day she choose
EQ dont really hook up on the rondevouz
or any rain checks flaze
runnin the same shit
life is what you make it and what the game give
im the true and livin like a newer image
im trying to ball wit out movin my pivot
i got away wit it i usually stay fitted
hyphy bay livin
ill be lacin em all up on a fast track tellin we're the stash cats
baby its a car day far from a lap dance
still ima rap cat and i can tell you this
i respect a hoe way more than a bitch
bitch