

Andre Nickatina, Dice of life

Yeah it's a picture; yeah it's a job
Maybe that's why I do it so odd
Walk around just like I was god
Kick it so live, when I'm with the gods
Freeway strikin', we be lightin'
If I die, remember the titan
22's, 25's, Chocolate 9's and 45's
Let em rip, all through the sky
This for the ones that hate that I'm high
When you see me, it's no surprise
Tap your brain, and blow your mind
Bettin on Lakers, and takers and fakers, and makers
And mami we do it for paper
You come with the vapors and capers for papers
Its cool, someone I'll call later

Chorus:

Me and my homies, love the bottle
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato
So on them days you feelin' real bad
Think of the best week that you've ever had
Garlic tipped, and they love to hollow
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato
So before you go to gettin' mad
Think of the best week that you've ever had
She like the Nikes, I like the 'didas
She like the Reeboks, and I like the Filas
She like the winners, and I like the cheaters
She like the lion, I like the hyenas
Spit some game, then hook up with Shaq
On the Playstation, I'm known to brag
Hook up with pimps that love the cash
Man you should see how we giggle and laugh
With of hearts of ice, the house is cold
Its like Slick Rick, without the gold
This right here is the life we chose
No excuses just go for gold
There's no producing, this perfect pose
Hit the street in the freshest clothes
Rip the stage, and bless the shows
Spit the flows, and hit the do'

Chorus #2:

Most of my homies, love the bottle
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato
So on them days you feelin' real bad
Think of the best week that you've ever had
Garlic tipped, and they love to hollow
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato
So before you go to gettin' mad
Think of the best week that you've ever had
Don't tell me twice, I'm out the door
Talk is not what I came here for
Into the night, like the star by the moon
The engine will rev, and the bass will go boom
Just like the pirate that sailed the seas
13 thieves I do believe
Yes of course they run with me
Flash our rings, or that there freak
Hot to handle, and hard to get
Easy to rip, and hard to fix
So rap your presence, I'll spit the gift
Man you my homie, we'll split the spliff
Ride like a maniac
All in the Cadillac
Tiga, whateva

I'm draped in leather
With angel wings, that rip the wind
And a safety grin of a p-210
Chorus #3:
Cuz all my homies love the bottle
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato
So before you go to gettin' mad
Think of the best week that you've ever had
Guns they lust, and they love to hollow
So before you go to gettin' mad
Think of the best week that you've ever had
...Like Tyson loves Cus
[Talking]
This life of ours, this is a wonderful life
If you can get through life and get away with it, hey that's great
But it's very, unpredictable
There are so many ways you can screw it up