

Andre Nickatina, Ghost Of Fillmoe

I like your mind, your body, your soul, your figure
Catch ya, hold ya, squeeze you like a trigger
Mind full of rap gun powder, it's a habit
Shootin' like Elmer Fudd at the screwy rabbit
From pennies to nickels, from dimes in the rhyme
Get your paint brush and line your design
It might be a little bitter on top of Sugar Hill
But the ones that got killed say it's real on the field
From the sky
Ghost of Fillmoe, what