

# Andre Nickatina, Glorified

Glorified

Glorified, Glorified, Glorified,

Verse: 1

In the game of pain that rang the outlaws  
Freaks come through at a 2 no draws  
Stop for a sec tige dont take a pause  
If you dont see no pigs then there aint no laws  
Get beefy wit me 1 time when i rap  
To all them other niggas is like bullets in the back  
On the highway going fucka fucka fast  
Blowing on a chopper when im mucka mucka mad  
Make way steady on the dirty dirty cash  
When nothing hurts tige only when i laugh

Chorus:2x

I glorified the crime rate in my state  
The mothafucka thinks is the fliest place

Verse: 2

Die mothafucka you know i aint concerned  
You make a mothafucka really do learn  
Popeye nigga and go home and eat spinach  
Get back on the block i really cant finish  
I'm ready to rap till the gods say quit  
Until then freaks you gon hear my shit  
Parden my manapose and parden my french  
And god so check it out, put me in the mix  
I'm shooting with my eyes closed at 5-0  
Leaving every where i go smelling like a rose  
Hanging out the car window whats up hoes  
Stepped out and showed the hoes the gangsta pose

Chorus:2x

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Verse: 3

Your lucky you brothas go boom bang bang  
America is the game with a gold wet rang  
Keep ur daughtars chain my eyes never change  
Hard to break like a cuban link chain  
Stay back fo a while the mayne in livin color  
Instead of right next to me mothafucka  
Die yall hi yall fry yall  
Spit the truth tell the youth its a lie yall  
The only advice i can give to a brotha  
is fire up the weed motha fucka  
Check it

Chorus:2x

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Shit can u understand now, I'm glorified