Andre Nickatina, I'm Pisces

Gettin' in where I fit in, right?

What that deuce deuce poppin' like?

Baby, I like the way you work that tongue

You had a don't care nigga for 3 weeks sprung

It's the game, the muthafucka calls my name

Product made of yola cuz the rules don't change

The prettiest thing is new white wall tires

I shoulda been a lawyer, cuz I'm such a good liar

Kill dosia style, brain child in a beanie

God fear a nigga under pressure and greedy

Microphone cops steady fuckin' off my dealings

Even when I'm workin' muthafuckas think I'm chillin'

Recruitin' like the army, or even the marines

Some get rejected like black jelly beans

I'm on the scene in my jeans, smokin' weed from a sac

Muthafucka, where you at? I got cocaine raps

Ya hardcore CB4 uproar made a nice comeback, but didn't touch my score

A Farrakhan listener, white world prisoner

My frisk down is just like the state pen for visitors

Ghetto red hots, guns, crack and macks, fly clubs, no love and cocaine raps

Spendin' ways incredible, money untraceable

Tiga's start to jack when the dope ain't available

Baby you talk too much, pass the blunt

I'm tryin' to give your fine ass the raw and uncut

I got no time to be a crybaby fool

Forgive me, but they got me packin' pocket tools

Fresh out say fuck 'em, yeah, I made a gang of raps

Smokin' weed in a rental with the gangsta tracks

Straight chewy, and a nigga got a gang of pride

Check the battle or the struggle through my Chinese eyes

Had to tighten up the fade, got my murder 1 shades

Still tryin' to fuck them freaks from my highschool days

B. Adams, do you still love me?

Cuz ya first born is strugglin' and it's hard to stay drug free

Cock back loaded and about to explode

Like the 12 story 'jects, bitch I'm outta control

Alpine reliant, police defiant, Kentucky Fried and Popeye's #1 client

Two peice pings n rice allspice

N an RX-7 cuttin through a da night

I Represent the look like the great Sam Cook

Put a star by every freak in my true black book

Clutch tight fist pumped way in the air, pagan,

you dealin' with a microphone bear

Tear, pear, glare, where?, stare, check it, I don't care

I just can't quit, shit, the rap game fanatic

Tryna stay calm with a mad weed habit

Cussin' and fussin' at 100 degrees,

I think like a blind thief with the vision of q's

Chewy used to do me, listen to Ice-T

Ya lookin' at a nigga who wish he was drug free

But nigga that's a dream in another life

So until then my last word is re-light