

# 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 g'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