

# Andre Nickatina, The Rap Gods

im still standin..  
this for the rap gods..

(andre)

i tried to earn wings but, i think i grew horns  
and maybe thats why mc's rock me like porn  
flowin like the water in the mississippi river  
i suppose it grows in the hennessey sipper, thank me  
to do a show, and we tryin to do a palace, like a midnight jet,  
my soul roams off to dallas,  
its somethin like cream when we hustle on the scene  
other mc's and freaks wanna join the team  
dealers would fly, ride the engines of pimps  
the colors were candy coated, incredible rims  
and my dreams of what people sayin, dont get a job  
i realize now it was all the rap gods  
i slither through the streets like a boa constricter  
on my car dashboard got the gangsta pictures  
sportin leather and energy , could that be me?  
smokin weed listenin to run DMC?  
my reputa wass a rap child, emotions of steel  
represent with no crew man, your life is sealed  
add a two's of all kinds, with gun zippers in em'  
see notes dont last long, we cant wait to spin em'  
oh cars, and bars, weed, greed, and clothes  
maintain my women, clown the rest of these hoes  
man, my festive up braid the truth of a rhyme  
after restin on jeopardy to my lifetime grind  
im like an angel thats high smoken' weed up in heaven  
we're as crooked as reverends, b-ball playground legends  
triangle, some say sinsanati bang goes, stars fangle  
hand cold as chris krango, we break hearts  
and crack rib praps, take trips far  
shop at the gap, ten by the rap gods  
shoot the git, so i blessed it with some weed, bacon, eggs and grits  
i can block the sun, like a solar-eclipse  
my homie said he had a yaght but i dont mess with ships  
the freak, said she hated dope dealers, they clock they ends,  
i said which is why ur payin this rapper then  
nickatina, im something like simbad the sailor  
dress in red and black, the true signs of a raider