

Birds With No Wings

Andre Nickatina

You sober up punk
I do it high
I'm ridin' the wave in the shotgun that live
Baby you turnin' me on
And when you turnin' me off
I think you better take some lessons yeah, from Diana Ross
I'm shippin' birds with no wings
All over seas
And other people cop em at the hottest degrees
I keep money for bail
Because I never liked jail
And I study A-plus student at Yale
They say Andre Nickatina ya emcee number seven
Smokin' weed up in heaven
Born on 3/11
Tigas and gods
Liquor and bomb
I look to my pad like the holy kerhan
I'm shippin' birds with no wings
All over seas
I put em where they never heard raps like these
I rhyme like calico cats
And two loaded gats
Now what mothafucka think he fuckin' with that?
I be the special shishcabob on the grill with all steaks
Call me a Mack truck with no brakes
Or better yet a chef that love to bake cakes
And get into anybody in any other state
Grand wizard(?) baby, look at what I done
We used to sex in ya basement now I'm number one
With no desire
I'm throwin' gasoline on the fire
I don't like your record store if you're not a buyer

Spin cycle
It's sumthin' like a wash and dry
And I be speakin' to my P.O with a serious lie
You know the Matador
The replican, the guillotine

The money, the dope
Homie, the triple beam
Melody's soft but is heavy as weights
We got the snottiest freaks
With the sexiest face
You better poka-bang-bang
A chica-chica-chill
A tumble down the hill
Like Jack and Jill
We say spin around broke witch
Bust a ballerina
I pro blow when Mark with Marina
It's time
Tiga I was bred to grind
'N your zodiac sign
N' up in the minds
Man, the killa whale of hell
Yell, strikin' down bail
Wet you with the water
Smack you with my tail
Shit,
I'm shippin' birds over seas
...(?)
The number one Pisces
Shit,
It's me

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