

Blood N My Hair

Andre Nickatina

blood in my hair from the wings of a hawk
no angels guide me i seem to be lost
spittin a rhyme from divious ways
all in the veins them freaks they get paid
the path was layed the bed was set
nicky the cat from the fillmoe jets
here go the stealo it aint that odd
kahn, money, clothes, broads
don't forget weed and rap for the gods
pages that rewrite the holy karahn
man i've been swervin since julius erving
ready to rap now so open the curtain
don't be in the lab when i'm doin bad
pencil's and pads they turn to cash
this how i mash
driving so fast
shoes say wu when i step on the gas
baby is mad
man she got ass
i looked and gave her my gangsta laugh
my pedigree my legacy
i sell it like aphetimines
they told me at the dinner scene
and i'm standing there high in my anchor jean
gangsta's, hustlers, hoe's and all
feel the pain when a rapper falls
blood in my hair from the wings of a hawk
no angels guide me i seem to be lostits mighty extreme to being a king
looking for people to be on the team
how much money it cost to cheat
to slow ya down and be drug free
with kenneth cole boots and sean john suits
and execution that top of the roof
who got the juice
show me some proof
the curser the rhyme give me the loot
awake like an owl and drinkin some tea
watchin fights of muhamud ali
dodgin death with every step

this is my rep give me the checks
like snaggle puss i'll step to the left
with this freak but that quiet is kept
my philisophy is tha boss of me
pass the hot sauce to me
you need diamonds and pearls to floss with me
i stand there with none
hot as a gun
the sound of the noise will make you run
move from the slugs that will rip your lungs
look in the eyes of the greediest god
rollin the streets with the cadi facade
cut through the rain like ninja blades
the batter ramming slang the rage
i got my games from project floors
weed, dope, and dice by the door
crush anything that'll cause a threat
talk to the bookie secure the bet
never with leniency he won't agree with me
gettin all mad when i make the call
gangsta's, hustlas, hoes, and all
feel the pain when a rapper falls
blood in my hair from the wings of a hawk
no angels guide me i seem to be lost

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