Ceasar Enrico

Andre Nickatina

The phone rang, it was a guy that i knew
And he said, that your guilt
Every fuckin' account
He says you're done
(Nndre Nickatina)
Tiger, i think you better get it right
Cuz shit go bump in the night
Came up out tha gutta'
Now it's all butta'
And with my blade i cut like no other
The runnin' of the bulls, muthafucka it's the matadoor
Pep my new reew shoes on the marbol floor
Roll around like a copo, eatin' on chicken
I shootin' with my eyes close
Hope i ain't missin'
Firin' up weed till the early mornin'
It's a lil bit lonley since my girl is gone
Got my so called enemies
Yea im back
And you cop sucka fuckas gotta deal with that
Cuz im loose like gun powda' hittin' in tha' canon
Fly by me dont think about landin'
Think about crashin'
Cuz im about to fall
And not before i break these laws
Muthafucka it's the devils heart beating in your ear
Hear goes the contract sold my career
And im chillin' hear muthafucka in the physical form
Reew my hair back just so i can hide my horns
Na mean
I've seen the rymes on the scene
My rap sound better with crime on the scene
Fillmo down comacaze a rap
Gotta have a weed sack with my party pack
It's like that
Shit can heel like row melo
Stir it up till the rocks up and turn yellow
Heavily fiber it's the god of khan
Wishes of my verdigo passes on

Knockin' on the ferbigates high off bomb
And you can see my life if you read my palm
It's like that

Ceazor Enrico Vandello...
Fransico... And Anreco... (Repeat x2)
Check this out dont move
I hold you like a slow grove
In my mind and my soul ima brake rules
Here the new crew
It's something like the cioty gang
Comin' down on your town like black rain
Blunts in cuts an' rapped up in the indeca
Rymes are riped and hollow tips when they hittin' ya
Man they really aint a friend of ya
So it ain't no popin' my mind when they gettin' ya
Turn like a top spittin' colp it gets
Tell a record lable die if they hold the check
Cuz its right here homie
The fead is for cash
You get it, then you split it then you hit it an' mash
You talk like a squrl
I hope you aint a sqwilla
You lookin at a newer fool rap drug dealla
Take fliet
Buckle up like a plane ride
Why oh why do i remain high
Shootin at the sky that's over my head
Hoppin that the bulets all wake the dead
Lottanufdad the shake they bed
But tuwa danuf dad gonna crack the feds
Because i fly like a bat outta' hell
That's for real
Fake like a prisoner sittin in jail
When it comes to these rymes betta' get the scale
Or act like your blind fucker read it in bral
Nigga crime fail
No crime on the ride
All in your eyes it's a sign of the times
Heaily fiber it's the god of khan
Witness of my verdigo passes on
Standin at the perly gates high off bomb
And you can see my life if you read my palm
Ceazor Enrico Vandello...
Fransico... And Anreco... (Repeat x3)

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