

# 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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