Bonus

Makara

Verse 1: Andre Nickatina
The homie said, now we can chalk em like rocky if ya cocky when you knock me
Do it till we slap you or atleast until you drop me
Nicky back at you like star 6-9
on the grind, on ya mind and im runnin outta time
You know that bay bridge heart kid run through my veins
hang with me burn, let me pocket everythang
cuz my 3 10 shoes they dont leave no clues
i bucka break the law, but i fucka follows through. Holla back
my Cardiar Savoir-Faire
i was born round i could never die square its like that...
The Jack:
Turn up the knock, 7-7 pacs
hit the mini matchin pretty black boy countin wops
semi automatic cock cuz i dont trust that nigga
smoking purple so i'm calm
know a known cat pilla
eyes low gone im a stone crack dealer
surrounded by monsters like mike jack thriller
ride around strapped cuz i might jack niggas
smokin purple like a motha fucking nut
you see a small bank in the cuts hold it up
cuz a nigga like me snorted out to get high
fell in love with it had to stop fo' i die
young nigga early 90's pushin rocks so im fly
everday early mornin stackin paper gettin high
dre dog in the deck will respect like Pac nigga
ill let my tape rock till my tape pop
Andre Nickatina
I got a lifetime ghetto past if the money gonna last
high way patrol say i drive too fast

man im a bank roll holla i told her blow her quota
but i know you want my picture in ya photo motorolla
in my leather hat man i let my curls hang out
we talking shit, down where the girls hang out
the homie said hes good with the weapons
and when it comes to bitches and clothes he's the freshest
i think you get the message

its butter on the breakfast, toast
and ill squeeze like a steak if you get too close
i bucka bounce fucka fly with the flames
and pucka pucka party with my life in the game
you know its all the same
The Jacka
The YAY AREA yeah boi that where im from
pushed enough coke to have the whole world numb
attempt to distribute, first case i run
break a king down, sniff away the things i've done
smoke a zip, a two a day boi my memorys done
remember niggas injuries from the squeeze of a gun
and held the trees in my lungs
pushin v's to the slums
been through so much shit they can't believe that im young
eyes tight like jet lee i believe im the one
superb (???) watching allah i believe is the pun
without a blood test i cant believe thats my son
im just a huslah on the run,everday bendin corners
hoes pullin up on us i'm letting out the smoke
pullin on a strong one straight out hyphy goin
muh fucka all that shit
return a hardball nate is all i wish
pasta and fish is a mobsters dish
we was blessed with the recipe
searching for the rest of me
blinded by the light, going on ecstasy
if it wasnt for this gangsta shit i wonder where the west will be
4 1 3 dont wanna die stand next to me

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