

I'm A Pisces

Andre Nickatina

Gettin' in where I fit in, right?
What that deuce, deuce poppin' like?
Baby, I like the way you work that tongue
You had a don't care nigga for 3 weeks sprung
It's the game, the muthafucka calls my name
Product made of yola 'cuz the rules don't change
The prettiest thing is new white wall tires
I shoulda been a lawyer 'cuz I'm such a good liar
Kill dosia style, brain child in a beanie
God fear a nigga under pressure and greedy
Microphone cops steady fuckin' off my dealings
Even when I'm workin', muthafuckas think I'm chillin'
Recruitin' like the army or even the marines
Some get rejected like black, jelly beans
I'm on the scene in my jeans, smokin' weed from a sac
Muthafucka, where you at? I got cocaine raps
Ya hardcore CB4 uproar made a nice comeback
But didn't touch my score
A Farrakhan listener, white world prisoner
My frisk down is just like the state pen for visitors
Ghetto red hots, guns, crack and macks, fly clubs
No love and cocaine raps
Spendin' ways incredible, money untraceable
Tiga's start to jack when the dope ain't available
Baby you talk too much, pass the blunt
I'm tryin', to give your fine ass the raw and uncut
I got no time to be a crybaby fool
Forgive me, but they got me packin' pocket tools
Fresh out say fuck 'em, yeah, I made a gang of raps
Smokin' weed in a rental with the gangsta tracks
Straight chewy, and a nigga got a gang of pride
Check the battle or the struggle through my Chinese eyes
Had to tighten up the fade, got my murder 1 shades
Still tryin' to fuck them freaks from my high school days
B. Adams, do you still love me?
'Cuz ya first born is strugglin' and it's hard to stay drug free
Cock back loaded and about to explode
Like the 12 story 'jects, bitch I'm outta control
Alpine reliant, police defiant, Kentucky Fried and Popeye's number 1 client
Two piece pings n rice allspice
N an RX-7 cuttin' through'a da night
I represent the look like the great Sam Cook
Put a star by every freak in my true black book
Clutch tight fist pumped way in the air, pagan
You dealin' with a microphone bear
Tear, pear, glare, where? Stare, check it, I don't care
I just can't quit, shit, the rap game fanatic
Tryna stay calm with a mad weed habit
Cussin' and fussin' at 100 degrees
I think like a blind thief with the vision of G's
Chewy used to do me, listen to Ice-T

Ya lookin' at a nigga who wish he was drug free
But nigga that's a dream in another life
So, until then my last word is re-light

Songwriters

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