

# Fly Like A Bird (feat. Dubee)

## Andre Nickatina

Man I'm a coke rap spitter  
A hair pin trigger  
A crime rhyme dealer  
Is illa but on the rilla  
Spit around tornado lust  
For the words  
Rap it up like dope,  
Fly like a bird  
Nothing but baking soda the  
Motorola do it well  
Up in your face man with something  
To sell  
I'm like a chronic vision pigeon tga  
Just spinnin time with 45, 357s  
And 9's  
My figure 8, its real its not fake  
Strawberry soda garlic bread and  
Steak  
Ahead in the chase and hide  
Behind the wheel  
You talk more money and we can  
Make a deal  
(make a deal square ass n\*)I'm not a screw face, I keep my  
Boots laced  
And listen to the homies brag about  
They gun case  
They off taste, crank beat with more bass  
My court date, and I came in hella late  
The cross game, wear rings with no chains  
Holla at the guard if you a rap cat mane  
Nickel plated, now the energys penetrated  
I put that on my life I'm glad you never made it  
Raw hide, all in my blood line  
You never find a drug like me and no kine  
Don't hide, cause it makes it more divine  
To put you in the firing line on valentines  
February, or was it January  
I lose my memory when it come to you canaries  
Its necessary, on guard with what you carry

Split the middle of the swicher then add the blueberry I'm not a damn fool, I live bay rules

Bay slang, and I'm doin my bay thang  
Make change, get bread to kick game  
I knows you got ass but yous a lame freak dame  
No shame, and I'm greedy to the brain  
You know the pit bull is off the chicka-chicka-chain  
Crate-a-lane, on the freeway of pain  
I don't spend dollars on expenseive champagne  
Rip hearts and I pound the sky larks  
Petal to the medal in my wu-tang clarks  
New suede, from the stage to the grave  
Hot days, means pistols in the shade  
It ain't strange, motherfucker you sell cane  
Add a little color to the picture frame  
The rhyme cheetah, throw on the wife beater  
T-shirt jeans tennis shoes didn't see ya And this analogy, is a new strategy  
And this academy is headed for a tragedy  
It sounds to me that you're tryin to break free  
And snakes like me don't allow that see  
At close range you can see my vertigo  
Venom in the soul and I'm ready to let it go  
With no control, man it can grow like a rose  
And I'm standing right there in my Filmo' pose  
When a child cries, in the heart a father dies  
Punch you in the eye to let you know that you alive  
Lethal, multiply to equal  
Bumpin see-bo on the way to Tahoe  
I'm stage left, at the store remian chef  
Man cook it up and keep it from the A-T-F  
The barracuda, yo the rhyme roof shoota  
Runnin down the stairs of the project do a  
Kamakaze, rip your stargens for a hobby  
And rip it in the lobby man while kickin it with bobby  
You say the word, then here come the words put  
Mustard on they rap and then fly like a bird

Songwriters

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