

# Soul Of A Coke Dealer

## Andre Nickatina

[Andre Nickatina]

You say you want it all

You say forget the law

And everything you saw, you copped it from the raw

You gon' be like the ones in sky

And for a sec I was bout to ask why

But we was broke

It's 83' with a street gleam

And young cats is rockin up and gettin' street teams

And motherfuckers that hate me and want me to die

Man they can see that I'm broke in my eye

I need to do it, I need to talk to Twinky, he'd probably front me somethin

He made 20 g's, outta straight nothin'

And Pee Wee bought a 69' cutty

That niggaz mackin bitches makin money

That shit ain't funny

'cause I'm a go get her and makin thangs iller

It's like a pain killer, but it's much realer

And in my callin' I could see the scrilla

Playboy just said coke dealer, man I'ma try We had a lunch date, in 1988

And from your sad face, you said you caught a case

But besides that the money was pilin' up, business was doin good

You movin' on thru the hood

Got you a house no doubt in Vallejo

For \$700 ounce you gon' drop straight yayo

Niggaz be talkin bad, sometimes I be gettin' mad

I just gotta gun, yo my mother said don't call

And like paper I was ripped apart

Because you know that my mother is my heart

I feel ashamed, 'cause im'a blast first up in the game

It ain't a mystery to me, money close at range

'cause these bitches be talkin shit

I live by the crucifix

Because of my pathways, party my last day

Praise to the double glock

I've smoken so much pot

I don't know if I like it or not

I got beef wit the Barry brothers

They started hearin' my name up in the game

And told the undercovers  
Yeah so here we go round and round  
The streets don't make a sound  
Don't they come uptown, nigga we cut em' down  
And thats the mind state for all those niggaz  
Rats bitin' cheese yeah all those squeeelers  
Till the devil come and get us yeah they all gon' feel us  
Don't make it hard for coke dealersWord life..Ok it's 92', now what you gonna do?  
I heard you killed a guard, in ya fightin squad  
He said Nicky man you know the street theory  
I can't let the competition near me  
I hate em' dearly  
I'm so out of control in my life  
Live by the sword and die by the knife  
My mother called to give her best  
The police picked up the phone started to laugh  
And said he's under arrest  
I felt pain in my heart from a thousand whips  
Man, I wish I had never learned to bag a zip  
You should have seen they face when I payed my bail  
It was the look of the devil thats gon' send me to hell  
I made a call and I got a pot  
'cause when it comes to this lawyer  
He wants the money man there ain't no disguise  
And these bitches with these cold hearts  
Man they be tellin' they friends  
That I'm a give em' a gang of ends and then  
My misery is legendary  
And I could hear the old coke dealers cryin at the cemetary  
I'm in the fast lane with no brakes  
And when it comes to this money  
I need a bakery to cook these cakes  
Man I'm goin to hell  
Or I'm a die in jail  
Or these bullets gon' rain  
And I'm gonna get nailed  
Cut cut cut me down Nicky  
It make me wanna shiver  
The lost soul of a coke dealer

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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