

# July The 4th

## Andre Nickatina

How should I start? I'm so confused  
By now I'm sure you heard the news  
Cats I got workin' on the block,  
Got a plot for me to stop  
In my heart, I can't even say they wrong  
'cause in the game all the playas sing the same song  
I have seen cats do back flips when the bullets hit  
Had to go and bring Jesus in they life  
Counterfeit to the pulpit  
But anyway  
I'm so loved and hated 'round the community  
My mother wonder what money, drugs can do to me  
I swear to God, I seen the Devil in my bag of weed  
Where you live, I might freeze,  
Gotta get this cheese  
Cats is makin' side deals with these other dealers  
And slappin' five with a player  
Man, like I'm they nigga  
I paged Nickatina, he didn't call me back  
He must be on tour, but I'm not sure  
But once again, it's July the 4th  
And once again  
God I'm goin' to war, for sure  
"There's gonna be fighting,  
And somebody's gonna get hurt, that's for sure"  
.... "And everything we worked for will be wiped out  
And I don't think we can let that happen,  
I mean that makes sense"  
Man I taught these cats how to move this coke  
Taught these cats about the weed they smoke  
Took they mind from bein' broke  
Now they wanna have me smoked?  
My woman said to me, 'her or my friends?'

I said my friends 'cause we bowed our ends  
She said, nigga please  
Them muthafuckas is ya enemies  
Baby I love you but I gots ta leave  
Because you don't sleep

Some nights man, you don't even eat  
Smokin' weed, nigga,  
Runnin' the streets  
But check it, I don't complain  
I hate the fact her face is stuck in my brain  
It's like razors just to hear her name  
Put that on double glocks  
The beef is burnin' every tick of the clock  
Even the rain won't stop the plot  
Got a page from Nickatina  
But right when I was 'bout to call him back  
My windshield had suddenly cracked,  
from the impact  
guage shotty, glass half cut off my body  
I can recognize the shooter,  
It was little Shotty  
And I gave that muthafucka, yea his name,  
He tryna' to take a cat out the game  
Yo, I'm full of blood (?)  
You know bullets give you hot love  
I go in shock from the heat of the slug  
I think I'm 'bout to die  
This is my last time to testify  
And after that there was no reply  
Put that on double glocks (Shit)  
"What did you say your name was again?"  
"I didn't"

Lyrics provided by

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