

Blueberry Rain

Andre Nickatina & Equipto

Nicky:

I have to blink two times cuz im camera shy
I dont eat ice cream or cherry pie
I make it melt then it will be dripping of the shelf
But looking hella pretty like my leather buckle belt
Its a serenity a trinity
My legacy is begging me to change my identity
A fo-five infinity
Athology anotomy its sort of like a policy
Your rapper termonology
It dont give an apology
You know the trigonometry
You think it had a?
?

Half a crimonology

The mongoose bangs while the birds all sang
I wear my house shoes like a part of a gang

Qupito:

I spread bread like mustard but never can trust her
You know im just a hustler caught up like Usher
Im all in trying to triple a nickel
See the game thats told get as cold as icicles
I cut 'em off if you question my analacist?
Day i rate mayne my mind stays makatrack
Blowing all my homies gon call when im ready
Tell the P.I's and? push em all like Eddy
You can give me an update and tell me "wassup mayne"
Influxuate the? till its cookie and cupcakes
Its so vivid straight up with no gimicks
Gotta get on now you can roll wit it
Every minute counts we bounce
We count onces to the amount
Houses from the account breached up to the?
Fly down south get the dough in atlanta
I hit the floor and do the Toni Montana

Chorus:

Im going to go, leaving clouds of smoke
Ima always do my bay thang,
Ima hustler mayne, gotta make my change

No time for play and gametame
State-to-State on a papa chase
Leave in a lace got moves to make
Im staying high like fly for life
Cant get my just to maintain
Oh hell naw
I aint done enough, theres more i gotta see
So lord dont punish me just cuz i smoke alot of weed
Its my apologies see I be the no siner
The rule breaker shake her mayne the gold tenner
Getting the business suckas letting the cash burn
Im never finish not even after my last words
Natural disasters might take your boy
No doubt just let me go out and blaze a groy?
Helping kids get across the bridge it is what it is
Live life with a whole lot of sacrifices to give
I dont deserve it
Beleive me if god told me is curtains
I hope i serve my purpose and he knows I wasnt perfect
Young queeze in this game for life
Translate through the damn till the day I die
Its a cold world baby and im already frosted
So save your breath I play death when you talk shit
Man its the fifth wheel, some feel, roll up and blow kill
I dont trust them motherfuckers all of them hope still
Kay swiss white like columbian coke
And I dont care about you wanna sell dreams and hopes
Man its the reeces buttercup be the focus like a mind reader
Number 2 pencil on Picasso's brush
EQ got the purple rang crushed up
The rush of the blood is like a task-force bust
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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