

# Blind Genius

## Andre Nickatina

Man, a new Rolls Royce hit the Popeyes drive-thru  
I had to tell my driver I'll guide you  
See my life thru a BlackBerry  
Some people like that  
But I think its kinda scary  
I'm somethin like a sailboat baby jus tryna sail away  
And you can tell I'm never comin back after today  
I bundle up for the night air  
Even though its cold and dark yo i still wear white Nike Airs  
I cop like 4 pairs  
It reminds me of Michigan and Antwan Jobear  
I hit the night like I'm el presidentay  
Don't wanna be up in the kizer perementay yo  
And I rush outta town like Picasso I rap pain  
A perfect picture yo  
Then I come right back  
Then I embrace my criminal mind, a criminal kind  
Heres your chance if you see a criminal shine  
Cuz my style is real 'Pac yo with the Pun set  
A lotta Tuxedos before I gotta jet  
I like breakfast in the nighttime  
MGA made a clock man its fight time  
Man this the life of a blind genius  
And even though I can see let me tell you what I mean is  
I'm so blind by material things  
Yeah sometimes I dont see whats in front of me mane  
Yeah ya heard right  
I hit the night life  
And shake the whole scene up like a pair of dice  
I tell the bartender thats too much ice  
And she overchargin on the hennessy price  
I dont freestyle  
I dont free lance  
I said paced out  
I say pay fast  
I know homies that passed in the weight class  
But it was pushin weight that they all passed at  
And when i gamble dont catch me on a bad day  
Like when the warriors had just lost the other day

You send me to a preacher  
I confess  
You said its all good  
I said lets bet  
I think of Khan at the crack of dawn  
And then I hit my closet for a new sean John  
Im in the middle of a premier pack  
I put vocals in the burgandy 'lac  
Yo my perm is like jet black  
Man its the life of a blind soul  
Its like a hustla tryna sell you fake gold  
Or like a married man who aint never faithful  
Or talk down on a ?? when he break hos  
(CHORUS)  
I hit my court date smellin like straight weed  
Plus I had a fat knot in my blue jeans  
You might have to pray for me when I hit Vegas because my mind is wrapped up in the latest and the greatest  
My afrodesiach is the payest  
Never to play us or delay us  
And everyone that know me homie know I gotta shopping fetish  
If you think Im buyin you somethin you best forget it  
Backwards like benjamin button  
Or superbad somethin like McLovin  
Hotter than the oven  
Baby that boils the crack  
And When it comes to rap  
I'm like a spoiled brat  
And you can catch me some days, hair oiled back  
And countin on somethin thats a royal stack  
At the tuxedo party in royal black  
They had barbeque I said foil that  
(CHORUS)

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