

All Star Chuck Taylors

Andre Nickatina

One thing I despise is these virgin suicides
Shere Khan is something that the wind cries
The way I collect is like a bomb threat
meanin if you don't have my doe
i'm a blow fa show
You better have heat when you hang with this villian
meaning that its cold when I'm chillin
Catch a fillin
Slipped in on a banana peelin
I seen them dead on the floor with the blood skeeted to the ceiling
I was like yo how that happen?
Chuck taylors down gotta keep on rappin
The one bullet, the right place at the right time
can turn a hell of a wave into a flat line
my style don't pump no blood
it pump weed and gasoline, Nicky Nickitine
man ecstasy'll twist yo spleen
tell that to the freak in them jeans, know what I mean
It's kind of ironic, make a phone call for the chronic
And let my tigers hold the gin and tonic
man I curse so much it's blasphemy
but I do what the rap gods ask of me
Have heart, have hustle
have heart if you dont have muscle bite a punk ear in a tussle
no love but Im passionate, blow weed in the face of the badest chick
Yeah spin like a cd, I try not to get sleepy
on the grind when it's creepy, street gods wanna teach me
pocahantes makin money for we busted in the tee pee
My All Star Chuck Taylors stay laced like the mayor
street ball court player
rapid fire rhyme sayer
you be like Nicky man no fair, real proppa
I disappear like Jimmy Hoffa
reappear on Easter
pants and a heavy starch creasa
t shirts with the vestes feature
miesha check it its the god of Khan
Chuck Taylored down like the rhymer-don
catchin feeling, slipped in on a bannana peelin

you got a scheme homie whatcha dealin
man the Bad Luitenant
with the blunt wrapped dope in it
Its like Popeye with his spinach
run around like you playing tennis
and you still aint finished
international keep the party crackin like pistachios
the freaks got it poppin like a fashion show
make a move with me birdy baby grab the dow like a linebacker
i got a gift like a blind jacker
put a hole in ya six packer
the south paw with the lock jaw
in the kitchen with the rock raw
you remind me of cocaine and doo-doo stains
man its the shitty dope dealer
dirty worm catapilla
we collide like the sun and the moon
and I'm still trippin off that room with the blood on the ceiling
catch a fillin
my chuck taylors got me creepin
and rap dealin
come through and leave you stunned
and in shock
leave my heart on ya block like a lost glock
in the bushes or woods man u do what you could
with the little you got are you cold or hot
put it down with the plot, and got knocked
went to jail naked in ya shoes and socks
Left it up to ya woman man to move ya rocks
and the freak turned the spot into a hot box
Chuck Taylors All Stars with Heart scars
make my way to the bar and there you are
Catch a fillinHey sister give me some of that cheese

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