

Bonus

Beerzone

Verse 1: Andre Nickatina

The homie said, now we can chalk em like rocky if ya cocky when you knock me

Do it till we slap you or atleast until you drop me

Nicky back at you like star 6-9

on the grind, on ya mind and im runnin outta time

You know that bay bridge heart kid run through my veins

hang with me burn, let me pocket everythang

cuz my 3 10 shoes they dont leave no clues

i bucka break the law, but i fucka follows through. Holla back

my Cardiar Savoir-Faire

i was born round i could never die square its like that...

The Jack:

Turn up the knock, 7-7 pacs

hit the mini matchin pretty black boy countin wops

semi automatic cock cuz i dont trust that nigga

smoking purple so i'm calm

know a known cat pillia

eyes low gone im a stone crack dealer

surrounded by monsters like mike jack thriller

ride around strapped cuz i might jack niggas

smokin purple like a mothah fucking nut

you see a small bank in the cuts hold it up

cuz a nigga like me snorted out to get high

fell in love with it had to stop fo' i die

young nigga early 90's pushin rocks so im fly

everday early mornin stackin paper gettin high

dre dog in the deck will respect like Pac nigga

ill let my tape rock till my tape pop

Andre Nickatina

I got a lifetime ghetto past if the money gonna last

high way patrol say i drive too fast

man im a bank roll holla i told her blow her quota
but i know you want my picture in ya photo motorolla

in my leather hat man i let my curls hang out

we talking shit, down where the girls hang out

the homie said hes good with the weapons

and when it comes to bitches and clothes he's the freshest

i think you get the message

its butter on the breakfast, toast
and ill squeeze like a steak if you get too close
i bucka bounce fucka fly with the flames
and pucka pucka party with my life in the game
you know its all the same

The Jacka

The YAY AREA yeah boi that where im from
pushed enough coke to have the whole world numb
attempt to distribute, first case i run
break a king down, sniff away the things i've done
smoke a zip, a two a day boi my memorys done
remember niggas injuries from the squeeze of a gun

and held the trees in my lungs
pushin v's to the slums

been through so much shit they can't believe that im young

eyes tight like jet lee i believe im the one
superb (???) watching allah i believe is the pun
without a blood test i cant believe thats my son
im just a huslah on the run, everyday bendin corners
hoes pullin up on us i'm letting out the smoke
pullin on a strong one straight out hyphy goin
muh fucka all that shit

return a hardball nate is all i wish
pasta and fish is a mobsters dish
we was blessed with the recipe
searching for the rest of me

blinded by the light, going on ecstasy

if it wasnt for this gangsta shit i wonder where the west will be

4 1 3 dont wanna die stand next to me

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