

# Bonus

## Better Dead Than Red

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 pilla  
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 motha 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, everday 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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