

# Soul Of A Coke Dealer

Andre Nickatina

[Andre Nickatina] You say you want it all  
You say forget the law  
And everything you saw, you copped it from the raw  
You gon' be like the ones in sky  
And for a sec I was bout to ask why  
But we was broke  
It's 83' with a street gleam  
And young cats is rockin up and gettin' street teams  
And motherfuckers that hate me and want me to die  
Man they can see that I'm broke in my eye  
I need to do it, I need to talk to Twinky, he'd probably front me somethin  
He made 20 g's, outta straight nothin'  
And Pee Wee bought a 69' cutty  
That niggaz mackin bitches makin money  
That shit ain't funny  
'cause I'm a go get her and makin thangs iller  
It's like a pain killer, but it's much realer  
And in my callin' I could see the scrilla  
Playboy just said coke dealer, man I'ma try  
We had a lunch date, in 1988  
And from your sad face, you said you caught a case  
But besides that the money was pilin' up, business was doin good  
You movin' on thru the hood  
Got you a house no doubt in Vallejo  
For \$700 ounce you gon' drop straight yayo  
Niggaz be talkin bad, sometimes I be gettin' mad  
I just gotta gun, yo my mother said don't call  
And like paper I was ripped apart  
Because you know that my mother is my heart  
I feel ashamed, 'cause im'a blast first up in the game  
It ain't a mystery to me, money close at range  
'cause these bitches be talkin shit  
I live by the crucifix  
Because of my pathways, party my last day  
Praise to the double glock  
I've smoken so much pot  
I don't know if I like it or not  
I got beef wit the Barry brothers  
They started hearin' my name up in the game

And told the undercovers  
Yeah so here we go round and round  
The streets don't make a sound  
Don't they come uptown, nigga we cut em' down

And thats the mind state for all those niggaz  
Rats bitin' cheese yeah all those squeelers  
Till the devil come and get us yeah they all gon' feel us  
Don't make it hard for coke dealers  
Word life..

Ok it's 92', now what you gonna do?  
I heard you killed a guard, in ya fightin squad  
He said Nicky man you know the street theory  
I can't let the competition near me  
I hate em' dearly  
I'm so out of control in my life  
Live by the sword and die by the knife  
My mother called to give her best  
The police picked up the phone started to laugh  
And said he's under arrest  
I felt pain in my heart from a thousand whips  
Man, I wish I had never learned to bag a zip  
You should have seen they face when I payed my bail  
It was the look of the devil thats gon' send me to hell

I made a call and I got a pot  
'cause when it comes to this lawyer  
He wants the money man there ain't no disguise  
And these bitches with these cold hearts  
Man they be tellin' they friends  
That I'm a give em' a gang of ends and then  
My misery is legendary  
And I could hear the old coke dealers cryin at the cemetary  
I'm in the fast lane with no brakes  
And when it comes to this money  
I need a bakery to cook these cakes  
Man I'm goin to hell  
Or I'm a die in jail  
Or these bullets gon' rain  
And I'm gonna get nailed  
Cut cut cut me down Nicky  
It make me wanna shiver  
The lost soul of a coke dealer  
Word life..  
The lost soul of a coke dealer  
Word life... (x2)

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