

King Nicky's Crown

Andre Nickatina

Verse 1 (Andre Nickatina)

My raps are like a cell phone rate,
cause they keep ringin all across the state.
Hit the barbbque party make a handsome plate,
I give u hell untill i make it to the pealy date.
Feel pretty, king nicky do it for the city,
the spot got hot when they shut of the semi.
Game is late with a straight poker face,
my recipies cats all wourlin to taste,
but wait its the chef the new hockey ref,
'cause im a cold rap cat till my very last breathe, yes,
I crash cars with the melokie brothers.
My horoscope told me there is no other.
I rap everyday like a christmas gift,
I stay hot at the head if the g's dont flip, but trip,
Crushed velvet i tackle no helmet (wuh)
I probly aint shit if u let a freak tell it.

Verse 2 (Lolo Swift)

Wha (??) (??) (??) (??) via pimp take it for what its worth,
loli lo might mama never (???)
(????????????????????????????)
with the magnititude that you submittin'
to the game brame watch this how you be forgettin
cut out your never next with the stylish jack
leave ur ass for dead cause you be fuckin faggots BITCH
picture this superbowl sunday,
niggas shoottin craps in the kitchen
(seven eleven, seven eleven)
like a jewel thief or a bank robber
(????????????????????????????)
what ever you like pumpin I aint from my abs
cause my ass is tight

Verse 3 (Andre Nickatina)

I write scriptures,
for those (???????) drug picture
treat the pain and make it feel liek a slug hit cha
(???) im about to make bail

the plan i got (???) cliental

the killer whale goes deep benathe the ocean floor,
and leaves dead MC's at the sandshore.
The atlantic, man dont panic, you act liek u aint never
get your ass kicked.

I make money and for me its sheer kind,
comin through, smellin good, park (??) (oooooh)
all in detriot man they know my (??)
stretchin they necks tryin ta check the guy 'cause,
i stay quite when my other niggas get loud
i kick style with my silver tooth smile (cha ching)
i cook rhymes on a cookie sheet
while you play that top on a rookie beat

WORD

Verse 4 (Lolo Swift)

Frankly, Im about to spank thee
on the microphone (???)
stitchin up your pain with my protocall
youll get your (???)
kidding, you see my devilsh grin
i see the way you like sedating while im lickin my ends
while u be gressin im progressin your the (????)
first lesson compessin, cause (???????)
is the first step to a cry (?????) im a pimps grip
(???) now really how far do you think the players
path gon getcha? c'mon nigga HUH HUH?
Shiiit you know mackin is a game freak, and im a player
but not for long (????)
Shiiit, King Nicky in full effect I got coke dealers askin
"What you doin next?" and check.
Like the honycomb hideout hidaway, i dont drive nickatine
i just fly away. Spread my wings like a vulture when it comes to this,
makin moneys more sweater then a tounge kiss.
Shift the gears on my (??) like a (??)
back there i had you spinnin like a comacobie.
Work the rap like a drunk work a bar tender,
Shake it live like a colt 45.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>