Hell's Kitchen

Andre Nickatina

and there are others, that are very malignant..."
(Saafir)
Ay-ay, Ay-ay (Saaf Bizzle)
Ay-ay, Ay-ay (Saaf Bizzle, Nickatina) Yo
Mothafucka in here with some real Nickatine man...
(Andre Nickatina)
When the gat would hit, then the rhyme would spit
gotta nail you to the crucifix
I ain't new improved man I'm true to this
Ain't nothin you can do to this
Chicken head, mislead, caught a shot to the head
Instead we get high as a mothafuckin nigga yeah wit no dreads, no dreads
I get to plugging that, who Thuggin that
Gotta go drop a bug in that
Post up where the drugs is at
Yeah mothafucka where the lovin at
My computer brain is on high octane
Ripping like a rocket man
Block it try to stop it man
You'll end up in my pocket man
Bust like a bullet or watermelon
What's the CD there you're selling
Better not be mine or mothafucka you gon' start to yelling
Fillmore rap academy, Bustin right at your sanity
Ammo and artillery, talk a major salary
Charge just like a battery, for assault and battery
Dead just like a battery, from this major battery
(Saafir)
I bang that West Oakland my colors the silver and black
Raider nigga got his stripes from the barber shop where the filmed "The Mack"
Nigga I got them rules on my shirt and I'm deep in this game
All angles spittin it so niggas don't get it confused with the fame
Let me tap that blackness on your eyeball like "What the fuck you lookin at?"
Then I got to remember, I'm strizzled and sacked and saucy off smack
Bitch I ain't no contender, I been holding these championship rings
Ammunition and big faces mothafucka I been "Ladeem"
Niggas on the turf on American soil, gettin this American green
Niggas hate 'cause I'm skyscraping the small shelf Bull pit cigarettes
I promise a hospital harness, to be taken the farthest from this life

Nickatine and Saafir, Sizzaline is the farthest on this mic
(Andre Nickatina)
Walked out of court doin major bragging
Bruce Lee down like dangerous dragon

Blue jeans doin some major sagging
speakers bump hard in the station wagon
Hot heavy and ready
Garlic bread with the spaghetti
Do it like Bo-Bo, with a fo-fo
Times fo-fo, Times fo-fo
Write to the gods like it's legendary
Some might think its imaginary
In the rap game freak I popped the cherry
What you gotta say about that
Kick it live like a 45 number 2 pencil
give my soul away, for the perfect gangsta instrumental, ya feel me
Check it, load me up and then cock me back
Then come right back with the counter rap
He's bustin raps till he collapse
Or at least until his chest might crack
(Saafir)
I ain't one of these bitch ass niggas
that ain't from the town that spit what he don't do
But I'ma let him bumble a little more then I'ma hip all my niggas to you
You lyin about tryna be hot that ain't fire that you spittin
Purple haze a fake crook get cooked and burnt
and baked the fuck up in Hell's Kitchen
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I know at his next show he'll be slipping, 'cause his guns ain't clicking
He tryna shine like stadium lights I'ma leave this nigga ice dripping
With some real heat star 6-70
For a bitch ass Hollywood nigga that wanna become a star that's heavenly
It's not hard, you can depend on me,
Serving niggas like you, I'm the epitome
Only difference I don't drink much
And mothafuckas get deeply touched
That think I give a fuck tryna get money
but shit if you gotta get hit I'll dump your face off
Have your ass under the Astroturf of some shit

Crack that weak Halloween mask
and stab your ass in a pumpkin, I'm dumping
West Oakland...Saaf Bizzle...
"Finished with the assignment, beautiful, excellent work, great work..."

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