

Lyrical Lullaby

Andre Nickatina

A whole defensive line couldn't stop my rhymes,
I leave tricks flatlined with columbine lines
And crack spines,
I leave mics numb with morphine,
Your team could step and get blazed like nicotine,
Burned like gasoline in the tank of my beam,
Sunk like submarines while I fuck a marine,
I'm A Team, about to blow up like caroseen,
My flows is hittin like a pipe with no smokescreen
More lines than magazines, droppin verses like fumbles
... I turnbuckles in lyrical royal rumbles
While you bitches stumble, we shake em like runnin backs
Kickin up more dust than Carl Lewis runnin track
My flash then Kodak, kickin lip when I'm pimpin,
Bustas could'ntsee me with mothafuckin restrictions
I pop the clip in for suckas who start friction
To keep you bustas movin like this was an eviction

I'm from "don't five a fuck dot com"
I spit these raps like two gats plus the holy Qur'an
It's essential I bust like a block monsta,
Duck low from the blaze of this helicopta
Like Agatha Christie, you're dyin a mystery,
Because these streets are real, seriously
Buggs Bunny mothafuck you know who I am,
Rap gun slanger yo Simity Sam
Yo, spicy like Cajun rice, cold as ice
You rev like the Dodge Daytona with the pipes
My empires strikes back for tigas and Jedis
Lyrics that kill rhymes, 2 to the 4 5
My soul is the soul of a replicon,
Decepticon, and you ain't even met Shere Khan
Cause I'll bounce you like a Polo stick off a brick,
Then lose you in the smoke of the cannabis
Yo, the popeye crooked eye, strapped with a alibi
The only MC to shoot you a lullaby
Darth Vader force, of course, round the neck
MC slugs, of course, round the chest
This is how we blaze for Jah, rock your Kah
And tell those freaks to, yeah, drop your brah
The pisces killa whale is like a diary
And I'm a boss at what I do, you can't fire me

I grab the mic and spit flows til I decompose,
I been screamin "fuck the hos" since I was an embryo
And fuck the radio, I'm stayn strictly underground
And,
Fuck a trick, I wouldn't save a bitch if she was drownin
2 10s poundin in my 325
Rippin 10 times 65, combined with 4 and 5
Comin straight from the west like a south paw crackin jaws,
A player with a bigger sack than Santa Claus
My shits raw, that's why I'm bout ta blow like land mines
Equipped with more lines than the New York Times
My rhymes is dope like a syringe of heroin
Cause I got my shit together like Siamese twins
You fake like a mannequin, your flows ain't tight

Bitch ass MC's could'nt see me in daylight
And this collaboration, is for a classic compilation,
5-0s hatin, I'm hittin fences like immigration