

All Star Chuck Taylors

Andre Nickatina

One thing I despise is a virgin's suicide
Shere Khan is something that the wind cries
The way I collect is like a bomb threat
Meanin if you don't have my dough
I'm a blow fa show
You better have heat when you hang with this villian
Meaning that it's cold when I'm chillin
Catch a fillin
Slipped in on a banana peelin
I seen them dead on the floor with the blood skeeted to the ceiling
I was like yo how that happen?
Chuck taylors down gotta keep on rapin
The one bullet, the right place at the right time
Can turn a hell of a wave into a flat line
My style don't pump no blood
It pump weed and gasoline, Nicky Nickitine
Man ectasy can twist yo spleen
Tell that to the freak in them jeans, know what I mean
It's kind of ironic, make a phone call for the chronic
And let my tigers hold the gin and tonic
Man I curse so much it's blasphemy
But I do what the rap gods ask of me
Have heart, have hustle
Have heart if you don't have muscle bite the punk's ear in the tussle
No love, unpassionate, blow weed in the face of the badest chick
Yet I spin like a cd, I try not to get sleepy
On the grind when it's creepy, street gods wanna teach me
Pocahantes makin money for me bustin in the tee pee
My All Star Chuck Taylors, stay laced like the mayor
Street ball court player
Rapid fire rhyme sayer
You be like Nicky man no fair, real poppa
I disappeare like Jimmy Hopper
Reappear on Easter
Pants in the heavy start to increase her
T shirts with the vestes feature
Miesha check it it's the God of Khan
Chuck Taylor down like the Ramidan
Catch a feelin, slipped in on a banana peelin'
You got a scheme homie what you dealin
Man the bathroom tinted
With the blunt wrapped dope in it
It's like Popeye with his spinach
Run around like you playing tennis
And you still ain't finished
International keep the party crackin like pistachios
The freaks got it poppin like a fashion show
Make a move with me birdy baby grab the dough like a linebacker
I got a gift like a blind jacker
Put a whole new six packer
I'm the south paw with the lock jaw
In the kitchen with the rock raw
You remind me of cocaine and doo-doo stains
Man it's the shitty dope dealer
Dirty worm catapilla
We collide like the sun and the moon
And I'm still trippin of that room with the blood on the ceiling

Catch a fillin
My chuck taylors got me creepin
And rap dealin
Come through and leave you stunned
And in shock
And leave my heart on the block like the lost glock
In the bushes or woods man u did what you could
With the little you got are you cold or hot
Put it down with the plot, and got knocked
And went to jail naked in ya shoes and socks
Left it up to ya woman man to move ya rocks
And the freak turned the spot into a hot box
Chuck Taylors All Stars and all stars
Make my way to the bar and there you are
Catch a fillin

Hey sister give me some of those shoes