

Blind Genius

Andre Nickatina

Man, a new Rolls Royce hit the Popeyes drive-thru
I had to tell my driver I'll guide you
See my life thru a BlackBerry
Some people like that
But I think its kinda scary
I'm somethin like a sailboat baby jus tryna sail away
And you can tell I'm never comin back after today
I bundle up for the night air
Even though its cold and dark yo I still wear white Nike Airs
I cop like 4 pairs
It reminds me of Michigan and Antwan Jobear
I hit the night like I'm el presidentay
Don't wanna be up in the kizer perementay yo
And I rush outta town like Picasso I rap pain
A perfect picture yo
Then I come right back
Then I embrace my criminal mind, a criminal kind
Heres your chance if you see a criminal shine
Cuz my style is real 'Pac yo with the Pun set
A lotta Tuxedos before I gotta jet
I like breakfast in the nighttime
MGA made a clock man its fight time

Man this the life of a blind genius
And even though I can see let me tell you what I mean is
I'm so blind by material things
Yeah sometimes I don't see whats in front of me mane

Yeah ya heard right
I hit the night life
And shake the whole scene up like a pair of dice
I tell the bartender thats too much ice
And she over charging on the Hennessy price
I don't freestyle
I don't free lance
I said paced out
I say pay fast
I know homies that passed in the weight class
But it was pushin weight that they all passed at
And when I gamble don't catch me on a bad day
Like when the warriors had just lost the other day
You send me to a preacher
I confess
You said its all good
I said lets bet
I think of Khan at the crack of dawn
And then I hit my closet for a new Sean John
I'm in the middle of a premier pack
I put vocals in the burgundy 'lac
Yo my perm is like jet black
Man its the life of a blind soul
Its like a hustla tryna sell you fake gold
Or like a married man who ain't never faithful
But talk down on a pimp when he break hoes

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I hit my court date smellin like straight weed
Plus I had a fat knot in my blue jeans
You might have to pray for me when I hit Vegas because my mind is wrapped up
in the latest and the greatest
My aphrodisiac is the payest
Never to play us or delay us
And everyone that know me homie know I gotta shopping fetish
If you think I'm buyin you somethin you best forget it
Backwards like Benjamin button
Or SuperBad somethin like McLovin
Hotter than the oven
Baby that boils the crack
And When it comes to rap
I'm like a spoiled brat
And you can catch me some days, hair oiled back
And countin on somethin thats a royal stack
At the tuxedo party in royal black
They had barbeque I said foil that

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