

# Bobble Heads

Andre Nickatina

Call me a psycho cus I just might go  
Shoot up ya block cus you're walkin' on a tight-rope  
Plus I'm off that nitro, yea that's that loud pack  
We don't smoke bammer so its best that you fall back  
San Francisco ball cat, you're f\*\*kin with a Giant  
Ya niggas say ya real but the real is ya lyin  
is what I don't do, real is what I live by  
f\*\*k whatcha goin' through if you're tryna (tempt[?]) mine  
Im tryna get mine ballin f\*\*k getting by  
You suckas hatin' cus you fallin' like a zipline  
While I sip wine with a thick bitch with thick thighs  
Small waist pretty face, tryna get high  
She said she like real niggas, no farce  
But you're bitchmade actin worse than these broads  
Goin' through they menstrual, all up in ya mental  
Just like a bitch ya keep dick up in ya dental  
Damn  
It's the God Khan version, Magic, Ervin  
All them suckas is crashin', burnin'  
Money, gone, lookin all old  
Look at my poker face, I'll never fold  
Cock, reload, sellout shows  
Mouse rangs and all thangs, pull out ya gold  
Don't tell me about it homie, pull out ya hoes  
Hammer up like Stan Burrell on bail  
You can hip, hop on the muthaf\*\*kin' jock  
I'm an RBL nigga getting money 'round the clock  
And these bitches don't stop when it comes to this black nigga  
In the Bay, I'm a legendary rap figure  
Plus a cap pealer, homie thats a fat nigga  
You're not loyal to the soil you's a rat nigga  
And I'm a real one, the last of a dying breed  
I'm off kush muhf\*\*kah you smoke bammer weed  
I f\*\*k with top notch bitches in that Prada wear  
You f\*\*k with low budget bitches with them bobble heads  
Yea, you niggas strictly sickly  
For real, you niggas can't get with me  
And you can believe it or not like Ripleys  
Ya boy been an underground king like Pimp C  
Or like Mac Dre, or like Mr. C  
I go hard on a bitch, no sympathy  
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Mouse rangs and all thangs, pull out ya gold  
Don't tell me about it homie, pull out ya hoes  
Hammer up like Stan Burrell on bail  
You say oh god cus im givin' you hell  
Leather jacket, adidas with them shells  
You can miss me like a stray bullet  
Gary Coleman on ya ass with a new Qillis  
Sheeit, God-Khan but I'm still a capo  
I let the weed hit me while Jimi Hendrix sang Sand Castles  
I dip through the big pineapple  
And if you see me real quick its something like an eye sample

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Correct these lyrics