

## Cobra Status

Andre Nickatina

My drug/rap competitors, they come in flocks  
I can't sleep 'cause when I do I think the game gon' stop  
So I'm awake like an owl at a quarter to three  
I hit your window with a nickel, Whats up baby it's me

Where I'm from we hate cops like we were bred to do it  
Believe in Nike signs and gettin' high, so bitch just do it  
Right or wrong over right, we'll disobey  
Smokin weed, plottin greed listenin' to Sade

Man I hustle all day, eatin' cat fish and snapper  
Battle everythang, from gat clappers to rappers  
Tryin' ta have paper from the bottom to the tip  
Two words I can't resist, motherfucker or bitch  
I lost a few nickels but I never drop dimes  
Huh, Pisces is the rap sign

Cobra Status!

Swimmin' like the man from Atlantis  
A ... (?) like Houdini, but like Houdini I will vanish  
Baby was nineteen with a big ol' ass  
Shit, damn near gave a nigga whiplash

Don't ask me for money because I'm not gonna share it  
Smokin weed from Bob Marley 'cause he bucked down the sheriff  
You best hope this wax don't cut you  
Hope one time don't bust you  
This style will finger fuck you  
And patna I just cant trust you

Cobra Status!

Recognize game when it's on your mind  
You and that bitch playin' Andre rhymes  
loopin' situations like an SP-12  
Go to hell, I made bail, Nigga fresh outta jail

With the look of the replican, shit gets deep  
Already blunted up, and man I'm bumpin' the beat  
Real pimp shit all up in your bra  
But it was me and my little cousin Bobby Shaw

Cobra Status!

Nigga I'm the lost Pip of Gladis  
Colder than a 40 hard to shake like a habit  
Nigga I'm a hawk, you a forest bunny rabbit  
My crew stay true but we can also get savage

Cobra Status!

Bitch don't call me unless the party is packed  
And gangsta shit is bumpin' on every track  
Nigga them dice ain't got no love  
Shakin' like a nigga scared behind his gun  
'cause see, I tick like time and man I time like tick

Man niggas don't forgive and we sure don't forget

It's the receiva, the 6 feet and ova acheiva, ice creama  
Rollin' cheeba in a beama  
With a poetic passion  
In a functional fashion  
A full tank of gas  
And man I'm mashin'

Speed like a Z-28 tinted chrome  
Look if you want  
Your reflection will show

Cobra Status!