

# Dice Of Life (The Bottle)

Andre Nickatina

Yeah it's a picture; yeah it's a job  
Maybe that's why I do it so odd  
Walk around just like I was God  
Kick it so live, when I'm with the gods  
Freeway strikin', we be lightin'  
If I die, remember the titan  
22's, 25's, Chocolate 9's and 45's  
Let em rip, all through the sky  
This for the ones that hate that I'm high  
When you see me, it's no surprise  
Tap your brain, and blow your mind  
Bettin on Lakers, and takers and fakers, and makers  
And mami we do it for paper  
You come with the vapors and capers for papers  
It's cool, someone I'll call later

Me and my homies, love the bottle  
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato  
So on them days you feelin' real bad  
Think of the best freak that you've ever had  
Garlic tipped, and they love to hollow  
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato  
So before you go to gettin' mad  
Think of the best freak that you've ever had

She like the Nikes, I like the 'didas  
She like the Reeboks, and I like the Filas  
She like the winners, and I like the cheaters  
She like the lion, I like the hyenas  
Spit some game, then hook up with Shaq  
On the Playstation, I'm known to brag  
Hook up with pimps that love the cash  
Man you should see how we giggle and laugh  
With of hearts of ice, the house is cold  
It's like Slick Rick, without the gold  
This right here is the life we chose  
No excuses just go for gold  
There's no producing, this perfect pose  
Hit the street in the freshest clothes  
Rip the stage, and bless the shows  
Spit the flows, and hit the do'

Most of my homies, love the bottle  
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato  
So on them days you feelin' real bad  
Think of the best freak that you've ever had  
Garlic tipped, and they love to hollow  
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato  
So before you go to gettin' mad  
Think of the best freak that you've ever had

Don't tell me twice, I'm out the door  
Talk is not what I came here for  
Into the night, like the star by the moon  
The engine will rev, and the bass will go boom  
Just like the pirate that sailed the seas  
13 thieves I do believe

Yes of course they run with me  
Flash our rings, or that there freak  
Hot to handle, and hard to get  
Easy to rip, and hard to fix  
So rap your presence, I'll spit the gift  
Man you my homie, we'll split the spliff  
Ride like a maniac  
All in the Cadillac  
Tiga, whatever  
I'm draped in leather  
With angel wings, that rip the wind  
And a safety grin of a p-210

Cause all my homies love the bottle  
Like Tyson loves Cus D'amato  
So before you go to gettin' mad  
Think of the best freak that you've ever had  
Guns they lust, and they love to hollow  
So before you go to gettin' mad  
Think of the best freak that you've ever had  
... Like Tyson loves Cus

This life of ours, this is a wonderful life  
If you can get through life and get away with it, hey that's great  
But it's very, unpredictable  
There are so many ways you can screw it up