

Enter Heaven Thru The Backdoor

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You can see it in my eyes god im on the way out
Man Whats the last words comin out my mouth
I get you in my Clutches its lunches tigas twistin dutches
Lookin at my bank roll bunches
Pitbull leavin to rush your room like a cartoon
In to soon now we scrap like some racoons
Aint no secret about the candy yams
I like the candy yams greens and candy yams
Twirl the rope like tha lasso or let it pop yo
And heres your vision of a pinzo Picasso
The Cheetha Chicky nail that mix the nina with the reefa
Smile like a Jackal, shoot you in the ankle
Dont like spider web, you only get tangles
And here I come running, trying to spit more ammo
Ride out the shadows, Homey close the gap
I hold hold money like a ball player hold a cramp, oh
Tight with money and pain, over and over again
And we can do it with cane, and we can do it the same
At your ass like a Scorpio. Set to go
Tiga let me know
Ya dig?
A new version of the four four
Ima hit heaven like I hit the club - baby through the back door
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A magical conversation I cut your ass down
Like a block nigga hit by a 4-pound-right-now
I swing the sticky like a golf ball
Ready itll pop yall Aimin at me gun
And dont stop yall
If I could turn back the hands of time
Id sell coke in Miami say "the world is mine"
Sometimes my job expectations or court accusations
Hit the car with the weed and the navigation
I keep a lollipop like Cojack
I take a hoe nap
UP in ya lap tell ya hold that Yea!
The Fillmoe King of the ryme, its like im feeling for time
man you can wait but im scheming for mine
Cu cu cu gotta get the cabbage
Im living way mad and get the ke lup for the freak cuz she speak spanish
Man I aint never been a copy cat
I throw raps at any disc jockey back
Tennessee- call me little Denny, cuz im ryme ready
The big homies came and got me in a blue Chevy
Its like this, yea I gotta rattle the cage,
If you wonder what I do-bitch I party for days
I keep it hot like a heat wave, rollin around
stand you up like some pins then im bowling you down
Said it before, yea im rhyme ready
And when the suns down- Jamacian drug posse see me sayin "come down"
Drank a little bit, me and vacko
Once again its the pinzo Picasso