

Iced Out

Andre Nickatina

Man it's the diamondback eagle that's legal to kick it evil
Bullets from behind wit your peoples
I serenade the whole serengeti fefetti and lucaccini
Chuck Taylor down in a beanie, the kill genie
State the state and face the face crop the bass
The rap the race the rhyme the weight the god the sign
The rom of don of spawn of khan, now whatchu doin' there khan?
Rap til I steal-her for-real illa with alligator blood veins
Me and a pisces hit the drug main
Eatin' on steak in the late night, tiger get your brain right
Dickey get the game tight, 'den fuck em all
Hear me once and you'll never forget
I'm like a caridagate, or better yet I got this ready to spit
Hot raps that burn and yearn fuck it you'll wait your turn
You'll get cut in line everytime
Man I live by the sword and die by the gun
And not give a fuck and why? 'cause I'm young
Raps that backtrack and crack the sky ask me why
Check if you deserve to die
Shit a Rip Van Winkel ebeneezer
Kill the plea ya kill the tea ya kill to ease the pain
That scarred the game on tiger's brain, sigh
Now that's a cold mother fucker, iced out.

What's that in your ring homie? Iced out.
What's that in your chain homie? Iced out.
Do you disrespect the game homie? Ya iced out.
Do the coldest heart men deserve to die?

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You wanna get in my mix man? I really doubt that
'cause I'm hard to swallow like a mouth full of crack
And I'm hard to follow like a cheetah on crank
And I'm hard to break like the lock on a safe
In a federal bank so don't dare try to hack this
Maxed stay the bass, 'cause I'ma be frank
If you crack the code then I'ma crack your face
And if I catch ya case they won't set the date for the trial
'cause I'ma put you under the ground and in 10 years
You'll be food for a cow how you like me now just like kumody
'cause I got Andre Nicky up in 214
And like a newport bean I had to ask for green
To achieve my goals and make my dreams my reality
And what I got, I got killaz on a salary
Makin' an hourly wage off this game that we play
For wonder bread and ground beef
A ticket to a meal to me that sounds sweet
So we bring the heat until the meat gets cooked
Or til the deed gets took or to whichever comes first

Man the way I blaze the blueberry it's like I'm in the military
Gotta have a chopper tiger fire everytime
I spits like a cobra rare anaconda boa constrictoris keep my pictures

Man the lexus 4 door, trips to morocco, damns in in soho, trinity and coco
See ya, and run ya like a red light and when it turns green
I hit the weed, increase the speed
Man it's so don doda, magic like harry potter
Take it over like nino did the cartah, projects
High tech low tech what's the spread? I might say go Jets, Nickatina
The freight train at hells gates pain
You know standing there fuckin like a gun range
And I do it for the lords the lords all the kings
The kings that brang the dream and all the gleam
Hit Vegas like a conioni with the mac in my blood
And not a macaroni, K-K-K-Khan
Party til I die nigga, some wonder why nigga
But that's the mindstate when you gettin' high nigga
Set me up to cut things I'm like a mustang
Ready to rush-bust tough thangs