

## 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