

## Pick-Cha

Andre Nickatina

(Long live the King)

Yo picture God a perfect cut diamond  
Or bein the motha fucka man without even tryin  
Livin like I'm dead to the world with tickets yo and refferals  
My hair is in a perm so I can never have a curl  
Man it's a bluebird on my shoulder can I kill it?  
Man wakin up the bacon toast and eggs up in the skillett  
Man can you feel it?  
I cut you down like a midget  
And when you see me make you feel just like a prision visit  
I'm such a (lizard?)

I want the flames in the fire  
So there it is paint a picture fuck up my desire  
You said you want style I'll give you style with drug lord flava  
I make a pimp dance yeah by shottin at his gatas  
Pickin up the nickles n dimes like Jackal and Hide  
The bounty is waitin for me up at Mt. Zine  
It's primetime whos gon shine from the raw rhyme  
Picture a rollercoaster up in a boss mind  
Real playboys have wings in the sky  
Silently cryin out man please don't die  
Man gettin to the thick of it all  
Man picture the brods  
Man tellin ya call  
But hopin ya fall  
Sayin my name like King James no pad adriatic  
I'm paranoind but really don't panic  
The life afta they say it's colder then the packers  
All and the damn money in the world is not a factor  
Man true indeed  
Upin the game with a mouth ta feed  
I make a 360 spin homie rollin the weed  
Roll the weed  
Roll the weed  
Long live the king  
We take a sertain situation to run an organizerion  
Man bustin like a (?) patient  
Cooperation man seven years is what hes fakin  
Now hes even more gangsta cause hes rollin with da nation  
Now (?) yourself  
Then I will talk like greedy Gretchin  
Man hear the confession of my priffesion  
Is Secession of illegal weapons  
Up in a dot daytona  
My mexican girl she drank two coronas  
And she know about the ayatolah  
I'm movin through the clouds  
Youd better hold me down  
I'm smokin weed and I'm g'd and ready ta clown  
I love ta see you drown  
You know I spit it  
To get it  
To flip it  
To sell it  
To air mail it to yo town

I'm like electical current  
The playa reffereant  
(?) councourent  
Because it's gonna hit the furnace  
Man pitches the pictures of me  
Picturin the bitches  
And all up here sayin write the scriptures  
It gets worse  
Cause mentally you're cursed  
You're livin in a verse  
Sometimes it hurts but baby yeah you know it works  
Long live the king  
Long live the king