

## Something Holy Like Qur'an

Andre Nickatina

It's the bazooka chooka drivin just like im blowin lutha  
Look to the future on a dime doin karmasutra  
Jump out a supa' benz me and my supa' friends  
Thinkin on some supa' ends, Eatin soul food again  
Man fully loaded and quoted, you know devoted and wrote it  
And you can never decode it, If I can sell it I sold it  
It's Nicky kamikaze, at cha' party, at cha' party  
I'll tell the guard ta' shoot cha'  
Why you gotta lurk arody.

Yea so pass the yak, back ta' back  
Now I tilt my frisco hat  
Hit the track and get the scratch  
Then we blaze that indo sack  
Hey im a rapper, ghost rider like casper  
After hours crackin the partys full of my laughter  
Pass the weed to me like M.D. and get to thizz dancin  
Hyena crunk, like he a blunt and get the shit crackin  
Ya need ta' know this weed ta' blow ya maybe that we can roll  
But see at shows i up the stakes if you want Queez to flow  
Follow the guest im so low in the flesh  
I keep do'do' in my chest 'cause i dont know whats next  
But now im livin fo' it, get in goin, everyone who spit it know  
it  
Im reborn but could be gone and any given moment

And im the numba 7, March 11,  
engine revin, keep it steppin,  
Weapon keptin, on the left in, man  
this my confession, my souls controlled man  
all through the penile, I wonder up in heaven if Ray Charles ca  
n see now  
You never see smiles all on the boulevard  
gotta shake the dope in jars