

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