

The Rap Gods

Andre Nickatina

I'm still standin...
This for the rap gods...

I tried to earn wings but, I think I grew horns
And maybe that's why mc's rock me like porn
Flowin like the water in the mississippi river
I suppose it grows in the hennessey sipper, thank me
To do a show, and we tryin to do a palace, like a midnight jet,
My soul roams off to dallas,
It's somethin like cream when we hustle on the scene
Other mc's and freaks wanna join the team
Dealers would fly, ride the engines of pimps
The colors were candy coated, incredible rims
And my dreams of what people sayin, don't get a job
I realize now it was all the rap gods
I slither through the streets like a boa constrictor
On my car dashboard got the gangsta pictures
Sportin leather and energy, could that be me?
Smokin weed listenin to run DMC?
My reputé was a rap child, emotions of steel
Represent with no crew man, your life is sealed
Add a two's of all kinds, with gun zippers in em'
See notes don't last long, we can't wait to spin em'
Oh cars, and bars, weed, greed, and clothes
Maintain my women, clown the rest of these hoes
Man, my festive up braid the truth of a rhyme
After restin on jeopardy to my lifetime grind
I'm like an angel that's high smoken' weed up in heaven
We're as crooked as reverends, b-ball playground legends
Triangle, some say sinsanati bang goes, stars fangle
Hand cold as chris krango, we break hearts
And crack rib praps, take trips far
Shop at the gap, ten by the rap gods
Shoot the git, so I blessed it with some weed, bacon, eggs and
grits
I can block the sun, like a solar-eclipse
My homie said he had a yaght but I don't mess with ships
The freak, said she hated dope dealers, they clock they ends,
I said which is why your payin this rapper then
Nickatina, I'm something like simbad the sailor
Dress in red and black, the true signs of a raider