

# Blueberry Rain

Andre Nickatina

I have to blink two times 'cause im camera shy  
I dont eat ice cream or cherry pie  
I make it melt man it'll be dripping of the shelf  
But looking hella pretty like my leather buckle belt  
Its a serenity a trinity  
My legacy is begging me to change my identity  
A four-five infinity  
Anthology anatomy is sorta like a policy  
A rapper termonology  
It dont give an apology  
You know the trigonometry  
You think can handle flygirly (?)  
It'd get the BDP  
Half a crimonology  
The mongoose bangs while the birds all sang  
I wear my house shoes like Im part of a gang

I spread bread like mustard but never could trust her  
You know im just a hustler caught up like Usher  
Im all in trying to triple a nickel  
See the game thats told get as cold as icicles  
I cut 'em off if you question my analysis  
Day i rate mayne my mind state mac a trick  
Knowin all my homies gon call when ready  
To the P.I's and those pushin raw like Eddy  
You can give me a update and tell me "wassup mayne"  
Influxuate the paste till its cookie or cupcakes  
Its so vivid straight up with no gimicks  
Gotta get on her you can roll wit it  
Every minute count we bounce  
We count onces to the amount  
Houses from the account breached up in the couch  
Fly down south get the dough in atlanta  
I hit the floor and do the Toni Montana

Im going to go, leaving clouds of smoke  
Ima always do my bay thang,  
Ima hustler mayne, gotta make my change  
No time for playin games hey  
State-to-State on a papa chase  
Leavin em laced got moves to make  
Im staying high like fly for life  
Cant get by just to maintain

Oh hell naw  
I aint done enough, theres more i gotta see  
So lord dont punish me just 'cause i smoke alot of weed  
Thats my apology see I be the no sinner  
The rule breaker shaker mayne the goal tender  
Getting the business suckas letting the cash burn  
Im never finish not even after my last words  
Natural disasters might take your boy  
No doubt just let me go out in blaze a glory  
Helpin kids cross the bridge it is what it is  
Live life with a whole lot of sacrifice to give  
I dont deserve it  
Believe me if god told me its curtains

I hope i served my purpose and he knows I wasnt perfect  
Young queez in this game for life  
Translate do the damn till the day I die  
Its a cold world baby and im already frost bit  
So save your breath I play death when you talk shit

Man its the fifth wheel, some feel, roll up and blow kill  
I dont trust them motherfuckers all of em hope still  
Kay swiss white like columbian coke  
And I dont care about your word I sell dreams and hopes  
Man its the reece's buttercup be the focus like a mind reader  
Number 2 pencil is Picasso's brush  
EQ got the purple rain crushed up  
The rush of the blood is like a task-force bust

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