

# Birds With No Wings

Andre Nickatina

You sober up punk  
I do it high  
I'm ridin' the wave in the shotgun that live  
Baby you turnin' me on  
And when you turnin' me off  
I think you better take some lessons yeah, from Diana Ross

I'm shippin' birds with no wings  
All over seas  
And other people cop em at the hottest degrees

I keep money for bail  
Because I never liked jail  
And I study A-plus student at Yale

They say Andre Nickatina ya emcee number seven  
Smokin' weed up in heaven  
Born on 3/11

Tigas and gods  
Liquor and bomb  
I look to my pad like the holy kerhan

I'm shippin' birds with no wings  
All over seas  
I put em where they never heard raps like these

I rhyme like calico cats  
And two loaded gats  
Now what mothafucka think he fuckin' with that?

I be the special shishcabob on the grill with all steaks  
Call me a Mack truck with no brakes  
Or better yet a chef that love to bake cakes  
And get into anybody in any other state

Grand wizard(?) baby, look at what I done  
We used to sex in ya basement now I'm number one  
With no desire  
I'm throwin' gasoline on the fire  
I don't like your record store if you're not a buyer

Spin cycle  
It's sumthin' like a wash and dry  
And I be speakin' to my P.O with a serious lie

You know the Matador  
The replican, the guillotine  
The money, the dope  
Homie, the triple beam

Melody's soft but is heavy as weights  
We got the snottiest freaks  
With the sexiest face

You better poka-bang-bang  
A chica-chica-chill

A tumble down the hill  
Like Jack and Jill

We say spin around broke witch  
Bust a ballerina  
I pro blow when Mark with Marina

It's time  
Tiga I was bred to grind  
'N your zodiac sign  
N' up in the minds  
Man, the killa whale of hell  
Yell, strikin' down bail  
Wet you with the water  
Smack you with my tail

Shit,  
I'm shippin' birds over seas  
...(?)  
The number one Pisces  
Shit,  
It's me