

# Enter Heaven Thru The Backdoor

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You can see it in my eyes god im on the way out  
Man Whats the last words comin out my mouth  
I get you in my Clutches its lunches tigas twistin dutches  
Lookin at my bank roll bunches  
Pitbull leavin to rush your room like a cartoon  
In to soon now we scrap like some racoons  
Aint no secret about the candy yams  
I like the candy yams greens and candy yams  
Twirl the rope like tha lasso or let it pop yo  
And heres your vision of a pinzo Picasso  
The Cheetha Chicky nail that mix the nina with the reefa  
Smile like a Jackal, shoot you in the ankle  
Dont like spider web, you only get tangles  
And here I come running, trying to spit more ammo  
Ride out the shadows, Homey close the gap  
I hold hold money like a ball player hold a cramp, oh  
Tight with money and pain, over and over again  
And we can do it with cane, and we can do it the same  
At your ass like a Scorpio. Set to go  
Tiga let me know  
Ya dig?  
A new version of the four four  
Ima hit heaven like I hit the club - baby through the back door  
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Ima hit heaven like I hit the club - baby through the back door  
A magical conversation I cut your ass down  
Like a block nigga hit by a 4-pound-right-now  
I swing the sticky like a golf ball  
Ready itll pop yall Aimin at me gun  
And dont stop yall  
If I could turn back the hands of time  
Id sell coke in Miami say "the world is mine"  
Sometimes my job expectations or court accusations  
Hit the car with the weed and the navigation  
I keep a lollipop like Cojack  
I take a hoe nap  
UP in ya lap tell ya hold that Yea!  
The Fillmoe King of the ryme, its like im feeling for time  
man you can wait but im scheming for mine  
Cu cu cu gotta get the cabbage  
Im living way mad and get the ke lup for the freak cuz she speak spanish  
Man I aint never been a copy cat  
I throw raps at any disc jockey back  
Tennessee- call me little Denny, cuz im ryme ready  
The big homies came and got me in a blue Chevy  
Its like this, yea I gotta rattle the cage,  
If you wonder what I do-bitch I party for days  
I keep it hot like a heat wave, rollin around  
stand you up like some pins then im bowling you down  
Said it before, yea im rhyme ready  
And when the suns down- Jamacian drug posse see me sayin "come down"  
Drank a little bit, me and vacko  
Once again its the pinzo Picasso