

Heaven Thru the Backdoor

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You can see it in my eyes god I'm on the way out
Man What's the last words comin out my mouth
I get you in my Clutches it's 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
Ain't 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
Don't 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
I'm a hit heaven like I hit the club - baby through the back door
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I'm a 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 ya'll Aimin at me gun
And don't stop ya'll
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 lolipop like Cojack
I take a hoe nap
UP in ya lap tell ya hold that Yea!
The Fillmoe King of the ryme, it's like I'm feeling for time
Man you can wait but I'm scheming for mine
Cu cu cu gotta get the cabbage
I'm living way mad and get the ke lup for the freak cause she speak spanish
Man I ain't never been a copy cat
I throw raps at any disc jockey back
Tennessee- call me little Denny, cause I'm ryme ready
The big homies came and got me in a blue Chevy
It's 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 I'm bowling you down
Said it before, yea I'm rhyme ready
And when the suns down- Jamacian drug posse see me sayin "come down"
Drank a little bit, me and vacko
Once again it's the pinzo Picasso