Hell's Kitchen

Andre Nickatina

"My line of work is considered by some to be a... a tumor on society, be careful Mr. Magenta there are benign tumors, and there are others, that are very malignant..."

Ay-ay, Ay-ay (Saaf Bizzle) Ay-ay, Ay-ay (Saaf Bizzle, Nickatina) Yo Mothafucka in here with some real Nickatine man...

When the gat would hit, then the rhyme would spit gotta nail you to the crucifix I ain't new improved man I'm true to this Ain't nothin you can do to this Chicken head, mislead, caught a shot to the head Instead we get high as a mothafuckin nigga yeah wit no dreads, no dreads I get to plugging that, who Thuggin that Gotta go drop a bug in that Post up where the drugs is at Yeah mothafucka where the lovin at My computer brain is on high octane Ripping like a rocket man Block it try to stop it man You'll end up in my pocket man Bust like a bullet or watermelon What's the CD there you're selling Better not be mine or mothafucka you gon' start to yelling Fillmore rap academy, Bustin right at your sanity Ammo and artillery, talk a major salary Charge just like a battery, for assault and battery Dead just like a battery, from this major battery I bang that West Oakland my colors the silver and black Raider nigga got his stripes from the barber shop where the filmed "The Mack Nigga I got them rules on my shirt and I'm deep in this game All angles spittin it so niggas don't get it confused with the fame Let me tap that blackness on your eyeball like "What the fuck you lookin at? Then I got to remember, I'm strizzled and sacked and saucy off smack Bitch I ain't no contender, I been holding these championship rings Ammunition and big faces mothafucka I been "Ladeem" Niggas on the turf on American soil, gettin this American green Niggas hate 'cause I'm skyscraping the small shelf Bull pit cigarettes I promise a hospital harness, to be taken the farthest from this life

Walked out of court doin major bragging Bruce Lee down like dangerous dragon Blue jeans doin some major sagging speakers bump hard in the station wagon Hot heavy and ready Garlic bread with the spaghetti Do it like Bo-Bo, with a fo-fo Times fo-fo, Times fo-fo Write to the gods like it's legendary Some might think its imaginary In the rap game freak I popped the cherry What you gotta say about that

Nickatine and Saafir, Sizzaline is the farthest on this mic

Kick it live like a 45 number 2 pencil give my soul away, for the perfect gangsta instrumental, ya feel me Check it, load me up and then cock me back Then come right back with the counter rap He's bustin raps till he collapse Or at least until his chest might crack

I ain't one of these bitch ass niggas that ain't from the town that spit what he don't do But I'ma let him bumble a little more then I'ma hip all my niggas to you You lyin about tryna be hot that ain't fire that you spittin Purple haze a fake crook get cooked and burnt and baked the fuck up in Hell's Kitchen I ain't one of these bitch ass niggas that ain't from the town that spit what he don't do But I'ma let him bumble a little more then I'ma hip all my niggas to you You lyin about tryna be hot that ain't fire that you spittin Purple haze a fake crook get cooked and burnt and baked the fuck up in Hell's Kitchen I know at his next show he'll be slipping, 'cause his guns ain't clicking He tryna shine like stadium lights I'ma leave this nigga ice dripping With some real heat star 6-70 For a bitch ass Hollywood nigga that wanna become a star that's heavenly It's not hard, you can depend on me, Serving niggas like you, I'm the epitome Only difference I don't drink much And mothafuckas get deeply touched That think I give a fuck tryna get money but shit if you gotta get hit I'll dump your face off Have your ass under the Astroturf of some shit Crack that weak Halloween mask and stab your ass in a pumpkin, I'm dumping

West Oakland...Saaf Bizzle...

"Finished with the assignment, beautiful, excellent work, great work..."