

Pick-Cha

Andre Nickatina

(Long live the King)

Yo picture God a perfect cut diamond
Or bein the motha fucka man without even tryin
Livin like I'm dead to the world with tickets yo and refferals
My hair is in a perm so I can never have a curl
Man it's a bluebird on my shoulder can I kill it?
Man wakin up the bacon toast and eggs up in the skillett
Man can you feel it?
I cut you down like a midget
And when you see me make you feel just like a prision visit
I'm such a (lizard?)

I want the flames in the fire
So there it is paint a picture fuck up my desire
You said you want style I'll give you style with drug lord flava
I make a pimp dance yeah by shottin at his gatas
Pickin up the nickles n dimes like Jackal and Hide
The bounty is waitin for me up at Mt. Zine
It's primetime whos gon shine from the raw rhyme
Picture a rollercoaster up in a boss mind
Real playboys have wings in the sky
Silently cryin out man please don't die
Man gettin to the thick of it all
Man picture the brods
Man tellin ya call
But hopin ya fall
Sayin my name like King James no pad adriatic
I'm paranoind but really don't panic
The life afta they say it's colder then the packers
All and the damn money in the world is not a factor
Man true indeed
Upin the game with a mouth ta feed
I make a 360 spin homie rollin the weed
Roll the weed
Roll the weed
Long live the king
We take a sertain situation to run an organizerion
Man bustin like a (?) patient
Cooperation man seven years is what hes fakin
Now hes even more gangsta cause hes rollin with da nation
Now (?) yourself
Then I will talk like greedy Gretchin
Man hear the confession of my priffesion
Is Secession of illegal weapons
Up in a dot daytona
My mexican girl she drank two coronas
And she know about the ayatolah
I'm movin through the clouds
Youd better hold me down
I'm smokin weed and I'm g'd and ready ta clown
I love ta see you drown
You know I spit it
To get it
To flip it
To sell it
To air mail it to yo town

I'm like electical current
The playa reffereant
(?) councourent
Because it's gonna hit the furnace
Man pitches the pictures of me
Picturin the bitches
And all up here sayin write the scriptures
It gets worse
Cause mentally you're cursed
You're livin in a verse
Sometimes it hurts but baby yeah you know it works
Long live the king
Long live the king