

## Public Enemy No. 7

Andre Nickatina

"Like my ass mothafucka, this a bidniz..."

"Aight, that, thats cool..."

I cook it up right so you cant resist  
Andre please can I have another hit  
Hit ya state, rock the dope  
And leave that place on a perfect note  
You actin like Mya "Fear Of Flying"  
I hate some niggas I can hear 'em dyin  
I do it like birds in a kitchen  
Move these raps like we in prohibition  
Hold your breath iron crease wit you hoes  
21 blackjack, and 22 hoes  
Cop said freeze  
Them niggas froze  
And they ended up wit holes, like yo

Rap cats'll take all your pain  
If you had another chance would you do it again?  
If you had another chance would you do it the same?  
The money, the women, the cars, the rings  
Drug dealers take all your pain  
If you had another chance would you do it again?  
If you had another chance would you do it the same?  
The money, the women, the cars, the rings

A real rap cat can always make bail  
You might escape you jail but you wont escape hell  
Wit that in mind you can always make mail  
Fuck around hoe cuz I jus cant fail  
I got a court case Friday that jus might stick  
And I'm writing on a brick at the Motel 6  
For these dirty lawyer fee's that cost a grip  
If he delay the trial then it's all legit  
When it comes to stress I stress the best  
Meanin that its all up in my flesh  
Meanin that sometime I cant rest  
Its 4 a.m. and I'm smokin sess

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I'm like a wicked witch when I hit your state  
Money is something that I gotta make  
Like now  
On arrival  
Yellow, red, or blue capsules  
Heres a sample, or an example  
Heart rotten like a big red apple  
You look real good girl but I cant call  
Unless right now we do it all shit...

"This is a bidniz....."  
"Mothafuck....."  
"Like my ass....."  
"Mothafucka....."  
"Aight, that, thats cool....."  
"Mothafucka....."

This emcee to crack the case  
My album dropped and it cracked his waste  
Man I aint lost my appetite  
To take an emcee to the afterlife  
On the way to Heaven dont believe this  
Fightin right in front of Jesus  
Nah girl you cant have shit for free  
So what you got ass cheeks  
Lookin hella good when you pass me  
Smellin hella sweet and sassy  
Talkin all cold and jazzy  
You betta pay me or get blasted

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