

# Fly Like A Bird

Andre Nickatina

Yeah, bitch  
Dre and the mothafuck Dog  
Yeah the one (backflip)  
Believe it, you know I'm sayin  
This that bay shit, you know I'm sayin  
That real shit, from back then to now

Man I'm a coke rap spitter  
A hair pin trigger  
A crime rhyme dealer is illa but on the realer  
Spin around tornado lust for the words  
Wrap it up like dope, fly like a bird  
Nothin but bakin soda the motorola do it well  
Up in your face man with somethin to sell  
I'm like a chronic vision pigeon tige spinnin in time  
Two 45's, 357's, and 9's  
My figure eight, is real is not fake  
Strawberry soda, garlic bread, and steak  
Ahead of the chase and hide behind the wheel  
You talk for money and we can make a deal

Make a deal you square ass nigga  
We bay stunnas bitch  
Turf top niggaz, nigga from the street up  
Nigga, can you feel it

I'm not a screw face, I keep my boots lace  
Then listen to the homies brag about they gun case  
They off taste, crank beat with more bass  
My court date, in I came in hella late  
No cross game, wear rans with no chains  
Holla at the God if you a rap cat mayne  
Nickel plated, got a image is penetrated  
I put that on my life I'm glad you never made it  
Raw hide, all in my bloodline  
You never find a drug like me of no kind  
Don't hide, cause it makes it more divine  
To put you in the fire in line on Valentine's  
February, or was it January  
I lose my memery when it come to you canaries  
It's necessary, on guard with what you carry  
Split the middle open swisher then add the blueberry

Unravel the backwud nigga  
With you stupid ass  
That's what's wrong with you niggaz  
You niggaz ain't laced  
Nigga, we lace niggaz like boots

I'm not a damn fool  
I live by Bay rules  
Bay slang, and I'm doin my bay thang  
Make change, get bread to kick game  
I know you got ass but you's a lame freak dame  
No shame, and I'm greed to the brain  
You know the pitbull is off the ch-ch-chain  
To the lane, on the freeway of pain

I don't spend dollars on expensive champagne  
Rip hearts, and I pound the Skylarks  
Pedal to the madal in my Wu-Tang Clarks  
New suade, from the stage to the grave  
Hot day, these pistols in the shade  
It ain't strange, motherfucker you sell caine  
Add a little color to the picture frame  
The rhyme cheetah, throw on a wife-beater  
T-shirt, jeans, tennis shoes didn't see ya

Din't see ya mayne  
Gotta get away from you mayne  
We shake it spit shit like v mayne  
You know I'm sayin  
The new nigga to table mayne  
Bring it all mayne

Man this analogy, is a new strategy  
And this academy, is headed for a tragedy  
It sound to me that your tryin to break free  
And snakes like me don't allow that see  
At close range you can see my vertigo  
Venom in the soul and I'm ready to let it go  
With no control, man it can grow like a rose  
And I'm standin right there with my Fillmoe pose  
When a child cries, In a heart a father dies  
Punch you in the eye to let you know that you alive  
Meetho, multiply the equal  
Bumpin C-Bo, on the way to Tahoe  
I'm stage left, at the store remain chef  
Man cook it up and keep it from the ATF  
The Barrucuda, yo the rhyme roof shooter  
Runnin down the stairs of the projects do a  
Kamikaze, grip your style just for a hobby  
And rippin in the lobby, man while kickin it with Bobby  
You say the work then here come the work  
Put mustard on it, wrap it up, fly like a bird

And eat these niggaz up mayne  
It's nothin mayne  
It's my nigga Dre Dog mayne  
You niggaz better get hip to this shit mayne  
If you can't dig it like a shovel man (backflip)  
I guess you ain't able  
Nigga, more than rap cats mayne  
This bay shit mayne, thuggin nigga  
All-star shit fool