

Shere Khan

Andre Nickatina

Goody Gum Drops

One thing I despise is the Virgin Suicides
Shere Khan is something that the wind cries
The way I collect is like a bomb threat
Meaning if you don't have my dough
"Imma blo fo sho"
You better have heat when you hang with this villain
Meaning that it's cold when I'm chilling
Catch a feeling
Slipped in on a banana peeling
I seen them dead on the floor
But the blood skated to the ceiling
I was like, "Yo, how'd that happen?"
Chuck Taylor's down gotta keep on rappen
The one bullet the right place at the right time
He turned a hell of a wave into a flat line
My style don't pump no blood
It pump weed and gasoline
Nikki Nickotine
Man, XTC will twist your spleen
Tell that to them freaks in them jeans "Know what I mean?"
It's kinda ironic make a phone call for the chronic
And let my Tiger's hold the Gin & Tonic
Man, I curse so much it's blasphemy
But I do what the rap guys ask of me
Half heart, half hustle, half heart
If you don't have hustle buy the punk here in the tussle