

# Fly Like a Bird (feat. Dubee)

## Andre Nickatina

Andre Nickatina:  
man im a coke rap spitter  
a hair pin trigger  
a crime rhyme dealer  
is illa but on the rilla  
spit around tornado lust  
for the words  
rap it up like dope,  
FLY LIKE A BIRD  
nothing but baking soda the  
motorola do it well  
up in your face man with something  
to sell  
im like a chronic vision pigeon tige  
just spinnin time with 45, 357s  
and 9s  
my figure 8, its real its not fake  
strawberry soda garlic bread and  
steak  
ahead in the chase and hide  
behind the wheel  
you talk more money and we can  
make a deal  
Dubee:  
make a deal  
Square ass niggas  
we bay stunnas bitch  
turf talk niggas, nigga from the street up  
nigga, can you feel it?Andre Nickatina  
VERSE 2:  
im not a screw face, i keep my  
boots laced  
and listen to the homies brag about  
they gun case  
they off taste, crank beat with more bass  
my court date, and i came in hella late  
the cross game, wear rings with no chains  
holla at the guard if u a rap cat mane  
nickel plated, now the energys penetrated  
i put that on my life im glad you never made it  
raw hide, all in my blood line  
you never find a drug like me and no kine

dont hide, cause it makes it more divine  
to put you in the firing line on valentines  
february, or was it january  
i lose my memory when it come to you canaries  
its necessary, on guard with what you carry  
split the middle of the swisher then add the blueberry

Dubee:

unravel the backwood, nigga, with ya stupid ass  
thats wats wrong with you niggas  
you niggas aint laced  
nigga we laced niggas like bootsAndre Nickatina:  
im not a damn fool, i live by bay rules  
bay slang, and im doin my bay thang  
make change, get bread to kick game  
i knows you got ass but yous a lame freak dame  
no shame, and im greedy to the brain  
you know the pit bull is off the chicka-chicka-chain  
crate-a-lane, on the freeway of pain  
i dont spend dollars on expenseive champagne  
rip hearts and i pound the sky larks  
petal to the medal in my wu-tang clarks  
new suede, from the stage to the grave  
hot days, means pistols in the shade  
it aint strange, motherfucker you sell caine  
add a little color to the picture frame  
the rhyme cheetah, throw on the wife beater  
t-shirt jeans tennis shoes then see yaDubee:

then see ya mayne

gotta get away from ya mayne

we shakin sliff hits like Vick mayne

ya noe wat im sayin?

a new nigga to the table might bring it all mayneAndre Nickatina:

and this analogy, is a new strategy  
and this academy is headed for a tragedy  
it sounds to me that you're tryin to break free  
and snakes like me dont allow that see  
at close range you can see my vertigo  
venom in the soul and im ready to let it go  
with no control, man it can grow like a rose  
and im standing right there in my Filmo' pose  
When a child cries, then the heart a father dies  
punch you in the eye to let you know that you alive  
lethal, multiply to equal  
bumpin c-bo on the way to Tahoe  
Im stage left, at the store remain chef  
man cook it up and keep it from the A-T-F  
The barracuda, yo the rhyme roof shoota  
runnin down the stairs of the project do a  
kamakaze, rip your stargens for a hobby

and rip it in the lobby man while kickin it with bobby  
you say the word, then here come the words put  
mustard on they rap and then FLY LIKE A BIRDDubee:  
and eat these niggas up mayne  
its nothin mayne  
its my nigga j dogg mayne  
you niggas better get into this shit mayne  
if you cant dig it like a shovel then i guess you aint able  
nigga  
...

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