

# Andre Nickatina, Ghost Of Fillmoe

I like your mind, your body, your soul, your figure  
Catch ya, hold ya, squeeze you like a trigger  
Mind full of rap gun powder, it's a habit  
Shootin' like Elmer Fudd at the screwy rabbit  
From pennies to nickels, from dimes in the rhyme  
Get your paint brush and line your design  
It might be a little bitter on top of Sugar Hill  
But the ones that got killed say it's real on the field  
From the sky  
Ghost of Fillmoe, what