

Get 'em

Cassidy

They ready for the kid to say lay, yeah
This the boy Cassidy man
And I'm feeling like a red nose that we just let out the cage man
I'm ready to bite one of you niggaz at any given moment
Get 'em
My shit is the truth I get in the booth
And start spitting like I'm missing a tooth
You listening duke, I'm gripping the coupe, lifting the roof
Sip the orange juice mixed with the goose
Or shots of the yak, I got gats that could lift up a moose
Stay with a biscuit to shoot like I'm Bishop in Juice
I get more bitches than Luke when I run the block
Fiends scream, "I wanna rock, I wanna rock, ock"
I'm right in the curb, white and the herb
And I got a nice price on the birds, you might could get served
You come with the doe, I come with the blow
But if you don't come with the change I'm a come with them thangs
Run up on you with the gun in the dickie
The collar coat hold a hundred and fifty
You wanna get busy, come get me, I'll bury you cats
'Cus I wife the knife and I marry my gat
Get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em
Get 'em Cass
Get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em
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Get 'em Cass
A yo my flow sick I need an antihistamine
Both of my wrists gleam and my fist just as mean
It's blue but it's see-through like Listerine
I get the cream on the strip fucking with the fiends
So go and get your team
And I'll get 'em all smoked like a stick a nicotine or a nick of green
And I don't talk to these hoes like I'm Mr. Bean
I just let 'em mop me off get a Mr. Clean
And I might pop her off if the chick is mean
I got some stories I can tell I'll sell a chick a dream

I'll let her sip a little liquor, let her hit the green
Then I'm a unbutton her blouse and unzip her jeans
And merk that ass, hurt that ass

Cass show you how to work that ass
And I ain't with my boy Kells in the hotel no more
I'm on the strip making sells fish scale galore
Whore

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I'm still acting a fool, packing a tool
Went back to the dude before I was with the black and the jewels

I don't feel right if I ain't strapped with the tool

But give me a gat and I'm cool like the mac or the ooze

And I'll clap at you dudes, I ain't scrapping you dudes

I'm kind of light and I ain't fighting I got ratchets to use

I'll have cats like, "Damn yo what happened to dude?"

Listen homey, if I'm hungry you'll get jacked for your food

I'm back on the move, back on the grind

I'm a natural born hustler, I just happened to rhyme

Who would of ever thought I'll be the cat to get signed

But life hard to predict the shit happen sometimes

Cats jacking my lines, taking my style

But there ain't no perpetrators aloud

If you die then you can't testify when I take it to trial

You can hate it, I just take it and smile

Motherfucker

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Get 'em, get 'em, get 'em, get 'em

Sick 'em

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Sick 'em

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