

Freestyle (Dissin' Murda Mook)

Cassidy

My name Cassidy i know u remember me man
i hold twin revolvers like im Yoesimite sam
I ride wit da four five but i dont drive an infiniti man
Im dat guy you pretend to be man
thats why when u take a shot
Its not gon be hennessy man
I drop plots on my enemie man,blam
I cant let it slide and ride around petrified
let em decide when dey gon try come test da odds
fuck dat man i make da gat excercise
and u could be nex to die u better recognize
U get done for, chump if you want war
Its nuffin cause u aint even fukin wit my young boys
O u got domb rhymes i got done more
Im sick wit it, man i spit it till my tongue soar
yea you might of done crimes but ive done more
my bedroom closet, remind u of a gun store
See im da one u run from, not come for
Cause pretty u can get da whole clip plus one more
u aint neva slung raw wit ya fake ass
i was burning my bags determined to make cash
and if the tables start turning ima take cash
U better try to find a teflon face mask
My mom said calm down u aint safe Cass
and i aint tryin see u at ya wake or upstate Cass
So i fell back, tried not to sell crack
tried not to seel keys, man i didn't even sell trees
Yea i chilled but i was still gettin bread cause i did credit card scams wit dis chicken head
Ima be a hustla, until im sick or dead
but for my mom sake i had to let da grind wait
I was young at the time, i had to get my mind straight
i like to rhyme and got nice like n 98
I started gettin props, started gettin ish on lock
dis was right after BIG died and i was missin Pac
Listen oc, i was really on cash
i was only fifteen and had philly on smash
for real, i still got philly on smash
I mean deys some hot niggas but im still da top nigga
and i stll a block nigga so my money hungry

And I pop niggas dat try to take money from me
See ur money funny, And i dont joke alot
I cop 20 after 20 cause i smoke alot
I got an herb problem
I put a single out and im startin on my third album
so i bet u on my dick fam
cause i met ya CEO and He said Yo ima big fan
Im a big man crammed in a skinny body
And wit da minnie shotty, i'll jam anybody
Cause i dont feel none of yall
And wit da raps or da gats ill fuking kill one of yall
Awe, Yall already Know
I got my hand on my hammer mind on my cake
Cause i grind for the cake i do crimes for the cake
I could do the time but i aint tryin cetch a Case
I got da gun wit me, but u would get a 150
i keep da nine on my waiste
take out a knife and put a nike sign on ya face
Wait, i put in time for the cake
Dats why im grateful for every dime dat i make
I got signed now dimes climbing to skate
Cause my pockets Puffy and it remind dem of Mace
Wait ima bad boy, get trash bags full of cash boy
Im in a Vanquish not a Jag boy
why u mad boy, cause u ketch cabs boy
And u gettin paid less paper den my bag boy
Yous a hater dats sad boy
Cause your mom even like me, i might be ya dad boy
U a mess stop, i know u upset oc but u better watch how u talkin to ya Step Pop
Watch im gon be goin into ya fridge
And walk around wit my boxers on ya krib kid

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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