

Control (freestyle)

Cassidy

The same thing that make you laugh, you gon' cry from
Laugh now, cry later but your time will come
And if you live by the gun, you could die from one
Even the deer can run the jungle till the lion come
If you make a living off the shit that niggas dying from
You gon' get guap until the cops with the sirens come
Now you gotta tell on the nigga that you're buying from
Or sit in prison for wild time for buying 'some
I speak the truth these other nigga got lying tongue
So if there's level to this shit, I'm on the highest one
I know you guys gon' try climb the ladder
But if you sit in jail or you die, don't even matter
Cats will back stab you just to make their pockets fatter
That's why they're pissing me off, I got a bad bladder
A rapper not a character that blabber a bunch of words that rhyme
But don't make sense most of the time
And most of the lines that they rhyme is mostly designed
For dudes that's stupid not using most of their minds
Most crimes that's committed is by a cat
That listen to a rapper spitting shit that's fictitious and try to mimic
Don't imitate a nigga that been a fake, he a gimmick
They should put me in a Guinness, most punchlines, infinite
And if I diss a cat in a rap, that nigga finished
I got in it to give niggas the business, not for the business
I'm highly recommended but this shit is not exciting me
You wear tight clothes, but you're flows ain't tight to me
I know you trying, man, to find a man as nice as me
But a blind man like "damn that would've been a sight to see"
No one can stop me, I'm cocky and got the right to be
Ey, they shoulda never gave a mic to me
You would think BIG, Big Pun and Big L ghostwrite for me
And I could box, you do not want to pick a fight with me
I'm not in the best shape like I would like to be
But I exercise every time I lift my pipe to pee
I know you would like me see battle whoever
But that's like getting Mayweather to go and fight for free
That's not happening, I would rather stop rapping
I flipped crack now I spit crack, I ain't stopped trapping
I rather get my money upfront than on the backend

My bars been crazy, I'm Slim Shady with black skin
I got the battling belt
The hardest battle I done ever been in is when I battled myself
I hold weight so don't make a giant battle with elf
For real, I'm tryna chill I gotta battle for health, I'm ill
And I feel like nephew a homosexual
Even if your flow is sick, I disinfect you
I'm special, if you're plugged in I disconnect you
I'm not gon' let you get disrespectful, I'm gon' 'dress you
I'm a mogul I don't care if I know you or never met you
I suggest you don't come at me wrong or I'm gon' correct you
I hope you don't think that security gon' protect you
Cause when them goons come in the room the done been left you
I bet you when me and them cats come them cats run, we ruthless
My niggas gets stupid if cats act dumb
You a lame, you putting my name in a rap, son
Is like putting a silencer on a cap gun
And why go and buy a chain when I can snatch one
To get you jammed, niggas like "damn, where'd you get that from?"
I jack son like Mahalia, I'm trying to tell ya I'll F you up
Don't let 'em set you up for a failure
I'm a hustler, but I don't touch drug paraphernalia
I just did a tour in Dubai and Australia
The boy the best, I'm the greatest ever more or less
I'm just trying to figure out who the fuck I'mma slaughter next
I got my weight up, you better show some more respect
Before you pussies get ate up like oral sex
My bars crack, niggas trying to bring the bars back
But their bars wack, I'm like "where the fuck is their bars at?"
I'm tired of hearing all them jewelry and car raps
The "making it rain" and "buying out the bar" raps
I got hype when I heard that Kendrick Lamar rapped
I'm in the booth thinking construction boots and a hard hat
I bring it back to life, these cats ain't acting right
These cats all rap alike, I never heard a rap I like
I snatch the mic, I'm a veteran, you a rookie
You a dickhead, but you a pussy
A hermaphrodite
Cass the type that'll send you to the afterlife
Bring you back to life and kill you again with the raps I write
Yeah, I used to play the corner like a traffic light
But I stopped trapping white so I could live the rapper life
But a rapper life ain't all it's cracked up to be
Ain't no rappers tough as me, that's why they don't fuck with me
They could label this a diss when the song drop

Cause I'm better than your favorite rapper by a longshot
You gon' have to bring the song back when the song stop
And rewind all the punchlines that this song got
I paint pictures, no Photoshop
I'm not the king of New York, but the king of New York know I'm hot
And no I'm not trying to be the king of Philly
But I've been holding down my city, just ask Gilly - really
If any of you niggas act silly, I'll be happy to compete
You see what happened to Meek
I'm not rapping, nigga, to get back in the beef
I'm just rapping to be competitive, I do shit niggas never did
Yeah, this hip hop getting recorded
So if you a fan of hip hop you gotta support it
Cause it's shortage of rappers rapping like they supposed to rhyme
And you will never find a rapper rapping rhymes as dope as mine
Yeah, I'm the dopest nigga out, most focused nigga out
I spit coca out my mouth
And the streets need coca, it's a drought
The fans going through withdrawal, they need some sick bars
I got it jumping like Kriss Kross
When they was wearing all their clothes backwards
I expose rappers
Yeah, I'm in my hip hop bag
Making every cat that say they hip hop glad
Yeah, and my wife like "that shit hot, Cass"
And she got a K Michelle Love & Hip Hop ass
Yeah, every cat that's not hip hop trash
And I'm ill, fish scale right out the ziplock bag
Nobody better, I do whatever I wanna do
And since you're scared to come at me I'mma come at you
What the fuck is the game coming to?
Kendrick couldn't shine on me on a song if he wanted to
Cause I spit that shit, nigga, number two
And I'm coming through to make it hot before the summer through

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