

Can't Fade Me

Cassidy

Yea, he he, Don Quan
Original God's Son Nas
That nigga Cass rules, what up baby
Y'all niggaz is crazy, to think
Y'all niggaz can't fade me, trick these
From the bottom to the top
From the booth to the block
Anyway I got to get it, I'm givin' it all I got
And y'all haters can't hold me, no way
And y'all don't want to zone me, want it your way
So when I get, I'm gon' get it, in my life
How I live it and whips that I be whippin'
Smokin' on the exquisite
In the crib, two bricks of coke, liquor and dope
Pretty Hawaiian bitches who eat choch and deep throat
Same niggaz that get down, remember them
California style, yeah I went back again
But much wiser, 'cause these guys are
Leave you up shits creek and won't lose sleep
So while we pack the heat, I got the heckler and koch
My man got the dot, five-oh block
It's like the movies shots as niggaz watch
But the American version
East Coast, West Coast as we connect these curtains
'Cause we ain't scared to buck, step on the Timbs and Chuck's
Is gonna happen, gun clappin', remember that
Now we on the southern part of the map
Houston, party of the year, everybody there
Texas, no guest list, only real players allowed
Me and my dudes make out rounds, y'all must be crazy
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Smokin' on the exquisite
V A game spittin', platinum grill grinnin'
Chrome rims spinnin', with wood grain glistenin'
Any amount we sippin', passion for thugs livin'
Free, fresh and out of prison flexin' that new edition
Good grain gettin', shit and lovin' the feelin'
Bobby Womack singin', my wrist and rings gleaming
Hat cocked duce, puffin' the quarter loosely

Poppin' the bottle and tippin' the fifth of that to goosey
Shinnin' for Swill and Halle, smokin' for Lil' Shawney
Still reppin' bad news and all my soldiers fallen
Enjoy some better days, dispute burdens I carry
See cousin hookin' money for God momma terry
Floss every chance I get, spread love freely
Still spittin' this gangsta shit, 'cause the streets need me
Still got that mack milly, for niggaz actin' silly
Still pimpin' gangsta pretty, reppin' the seven cities
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Smokin' on the exquisite
Yeah, I pray every day for a better life
I say it's gon' get better but it's like I'm never right
Make it better Christ, I'm on both of my knees
There's no hope, that why I'm smokin' the trees
Damn, all for the cheese, I lost both of my mans
That's why theres toasters in both of my hands
Damn and I'll sell coke and birds 'fore I go to work
I go to the Range more than I go to church
My whole mentality twisted but this reality isn't it
I ain't tryin' to be fatality listed
And yo bredrin', gettin' dough is like goin' to Heaven
And goin' to jail, like goin' to hell
But before I go in the grave, I'll go in the cell
Just send my son mo' dough in the mail
Oh well but I got God on my side so I'm beatin' the case
This life crazy but I'm keepin' the faith
Y'all niggaz is crazy, to think

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