

6 Minutes

Cassidy

Yeah, I go by the name of Cassidy, The Hustler
And I brought two of my niggaz with me
And we about to shut the industry down
Aiiyyo wheezy, let's get it poppin' Hit me, front that shit, this the south side
Got a fat dick on your mouth wide
I've come to take it outside, nah, do it right here
Hop out later ownin' everybody's home that you fuckin' with Wheezy F baby, please say the baby
Riding with your bitch, got keys on the lady
Triple gold these four tires on the whip
Young Carter slidin' out, I'm flyer than the whip Yeah, higher than an angel, or hotter than the devil, the pot or
kettle, uh
The metal let 'em burn like earth shiver births, uh
If there's any beef, I come runnin' like Mertz, uh
Word up, eagle street I'm throwin' my curve up
We take your ice cream and turn you into sherbert I got flow, I'm like sure, but if it's about dough, I'm like sure
'nuff
I'm from the bird bunch, birdman J R, you niggaz bird lunch
I see your lips moving but I ain't heard much
You see the wrist moving, it look like pure punch I hear the playa hating but I don't endorse such
I got the escalade, guts like the tour bus
I got the styrofoam poured up with syrup And in the tires little package is gone
Might I spend a good deal with these Firestones?
I spit like Myer's bones, born in chromers
For the buyers chromosomes, I got summers I got vicadens, valiums I ain't stoppin'
Got pot and heroin, ex, oxycontin, and that's how we rockin'
How can you hear that bop unless I'm be bopping
Yeah, skip when you hear that click
Cash money nigga, I'm that shit, whose begging, uh That's what I'm talking about
Now Fab, spit at these niggaz and let them know
Why they ain't fuckin' with you You're goddamn right, I'm feelin' myself
A chauffeur, no Sir, I'm wheelin' myself
Looking for a chick chillin' for self
So I can show her the suicides, and talk her into killin' herself I'm having problems dealing with wealth
But you wouldn't understand it, until you get a million yourself
You niggaz must've got a deal for your health
Your CD is frozen food, it just chills on the shelf I spend big, at any time I can start splurging
The twin cigs open chests like a heart surgeon
And I'm buttoned up, I'm just a blue collar crook
But I keep a stack thick as few college books, I got a new polished look

And twenty dime bitches, to show y'all niggaz how my two dollars look
 The boy's got at least six digits on
 So the guns gotta be at least midget long
 The money is like ten bridges long
 I throw bread around just to turn pigeons on
 I got some good smoke just for puffers
 The two grand twenty's make The Hustlers suffer
 Plus it's fluffer, than a cotton ball
 I've gotten calls, wantin' me to put the pot in malls
 But nowadays you can't put it past 'em
 I got a Dan Marino arm, I'm 'bout to throw some bullets past 'em
 And the niggaz in the hood keep quotin' my lines
 I don't jump ship, I keep floatin' in mine, long as I keep toting, I'm fine
 I'mma have these dick sucking niggaz deep throatin' the nine
 I jumped in the English ship, benzed whip
 It's Terminator 2 chrome the engines dip
 I'm reading scripts, no, not the penmanship
 The box office shit, I box off this bitch
 Jessica Alba, Kirsten Dunst
 And still make a mil' off the first of months
 These dudes be the first to front
 'Til they family and friends is in limos, they in hearse in front
 I'm in the top position, I can make you a
 proposition
 I'm in the hard top waitin' on the drop edition
 To hell with the patience
 I'mma send a nigga down under like Australia vacations
 Yeah this, what is this?
 My niggaz just killed y'all and I'mma close the casket
 I'm tryin' not to let this industry get the best of me y'all
 I work hard for the fame, the game's stressin' me y'all
 All they do is complain what they expect from me y'all
 From the Hood to Hollywood, they respectin' me y'all
 And even overseas they acceptin' me y'all
 All the ladies show me love, the thugs reppin' me y'all
 I get a lot of dirty money, so respect me or fall
 But I'm saving all my checks, I'm investin' 'em all
 They say, what goes up is gon' definitely fall
 Even the stars work success, it's my destiny y'all
 Look, I cook tracks, I got the recipe y'all
 You can't name another cat that can mess with me y'all
 At the shows all the hoes be molesting me y'all
 I got broads cryin', tryin' to get next to me y'all
 I got broads cravin', beggin' to have sex with me y'all
 Screamin', "Cash, you don't know how sexy you are
 And I'm happy I'm alive, God's blessin' me y'all
 And all the problems that arrive, is God testin' me y'all?
 So I pray everyday, but I ain't prayin' too much
 'Cause I be sinnin' everyday, so I ain't prayin' enough
 And we all could be beat, and I ain't saying I'm tough
 But if it's beef I don't speak, I ain't saying "What's up?"
 If it's beef when we meet, then I'm spaying shit up
 Prraat, prraat, I ain't sayin' too much, and that's that
 'Cause that cat you embracin' with love
 Might clap that gat, 'cause he got hate in his blood
 Keep your friends at a distance and your enemies close
 'Cause the folks you call friends, can envy the most
 Some cats'll hang themselves if you give 'em a rope
 Burn the bridge and don't give a boat, let 'em sink

Sometimes you gotta give 'em some some time, to let 'em think
But sometimes you gotta give 'em the nine, and let 'em stink
You can't bring every horse to the pond, and let 'em drink
I'd rather keep my eyes wide open, instead of blink
As soon as your eyes shut, them niggaz will ride up
And the guys that you trusted, be gettin' you tied up
And we all gotta die, but I ain't ready to leave
That's why even if it's petty, I'll be ready to squeeze
But put a cheddar in cheese, guac a moola
I pop the ruger, send that hot shit through ya
Like booya, that's the sound when the pound bustin'
Ooh, ah, you'll be laying on the ground sufferin'
Clowning's nothin' to pull out and blast you
I try to only resort to violence if I have to
But man niggaz out here ain't playin' fair
So before the odds are even, I'm leavin' them layin' there
And I ain't even playin', believe what I'm saying here
Cause before this shit gets further
Your click gets murdered and found in a hole in the grass
For tryin' to play that thug role, I'll stomp a mud hole in your ass
And this Cass, nigga I'm that sick
Full surface nigga I'm that shit, bitch

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