

Where My Niggas At

Cassidy

Man cock that shit
Yo man, this nigga Cassidy frontin'
Oh that nigga think he sweet
Yo not for nothin', that video shit and all that
Fuck thatWhere my niggaz at? Huh, cock that yo
Squeeze them triggas back, huh, pop that yo
If I gotta, I'm a pop a nigga, lay a nigga down
I ain't playin', I'll spray a nigga, lay a nigga downWhere my niggaz at? Huh, cock that yo
Squeeze them triggas back, huh, pop that yo
If I gotta, I'm a pop a nigga, lay a nigga down
I ain't playin', I'll spray a nigga, lay a nigga downNiggaz ain't ready to die, they ready to tell
That's why my squad ready to ride and ready for jail
They'll give you every in the shell in the K
A couple rounds from the pipe'll make it sound like Independence DayAnd I could talk that gun shit 'cause I
done shit
My nick name should be Diarrhea how I run shit
And I done seen niggaz guns spit over dumb shit
I got a young bitch named Nina that you could tongue kissWhen it come to this gun shit, I'm the man son
Niggaz gon' show me respect 'cause I demand some
I play with bullets 'bout as big as my damn thumb
And I'll spit the AR handgun till my hand numbI ain't a hypocrite who spit shit he never did
I'm a speak the truth whether positive or negative
Don't get me wrong, I put songs that was conscious out
But I'll still grab the Thompson and blow you conscience outWhere my niggaz at? Huh, cock that yo
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If I gotta, I'm a pop a nigga, lay a nigga down
I ain't playin', I'll spray a nigga, lay a nigga downMy flow so raw I thought about baggin' it up
Every word like a bird, I'm just addin' it up
But with the burner I'll burn you like a bag in the dutch
I'll just, blast at you gut, light you abdomen up, yupBut I ain't the same Cass from the past
I be tryin' chill but I'll still blast at your ass
I got cash in the stash and money in the bank y'all
Hatin' on me makin' me rich, I wanna thank y'allI'll leave the biscuit on my hip and just shank y'all
Only thing you niggaz ever shot was a paint ball
Or a cap gun, you could get your hat spun
You gotta known I clap my gun, man you ain't that dumbBack when I was young, no bull, I pulled triggas back

I be in the hood 'cause I'm good where my niggaz at
I'm the general, I'll let my military get you
With the military pistols, that's military issued Where my niggaz at? Huh, cock that yo
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If I gotta, I'm a pop a nigga, lay a nigga down
I ain't playin', I'll spray a nigga, lay a nigga down I got a lotta gats and I just fought a homicide
And I ain't make one statement, you know I'm not a rat
So what you gotta gat when it start poppin' off
You'll probably shoot your fuckin' self tryin' to pop it off You ain't got the balls, you soft like cotton balls
You just think you hard 'cause the pills and the alcohol
But dawg you ain't hard as you say you is
You need to tell your fans how soft and gay you is S H A, no matter what K it is
I'm a still keep poppin' and bodies'll keep droppin'
But I don't wanna have to injure nobody
Grip the pipe or stick the knife into somebody And I don't walk around now pretendin' I'm Gotti
But I'll still clap the Mac 10 at somebody, uh
I took my life and put it all into rap
For my dawgs with they paws on the gat Where my niggaz at? Huh, cock that yo
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