

Freestyle

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>