

6 Minutes (ft. Lil Wayne & Fabolous)

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
Aiiyo 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 outside, nah do it right here
Hop out later owning on 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 sliding 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 Ursha but worse, uh
If there's any beef I come Ron like Mertz, uh
Word up, eagle street I'm throwing 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 Jr. you niggaz bird lunch
I see your lips moving but I ain't heard much
You see the wirst 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 stopping
Got pot and heroin, ex, oxycontin
And that's how we rocking
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
Weezy Baby, ugh! That's what I'm talking about
Now Fab, spit at these niggaz and let them know why they ain't fuckin' with you
Your goddamn right I'm
feeling myself
A chauffeur no sir, I'm wheeling myself
Looking for a chick chilling for self

So I can show her the suicides and talk her into killing 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 wanting 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 quoting my lines
 I don't jump ship I keep floating in mine
 Long as I keep toting I'm fine
 I'mma have these dick sucking niggaz deep-throating 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 (no)
 The box-office shit (yeah), I box off this bitch (yeah)
 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 waiting on the drop edition
 To hell with the patience
 I'mma send a nigga down under like Australia vacations

Songwriters

Atkinson, Qadir / Jackson, John David / Brozena, Fran / Hludzik, Jerry / Siracuse, Carl / Kelly, Bill / Carter,
 Dwayne / Reese, Barry / Hanlon, Chris

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