

Cassidy, B boy stance

[Swizz Beats]

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance (Yeah)
My Hoodie On wit' my gun in my pants (Yeah)

[Cassidy]

Yeah

Yeah

Okay

Yeah

I'm ready to get my drink on, on this joint..Let's go

[Hook x2 - Swizz Beats]

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance

My hoodie on wit' my gun in my pants

I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death

[Verse 1 - Cassidy]

I'm...fresh to death, dressed to impress

Fresh for real, nigga dressed to kill

I'm the best for real, I was blessed with skills

The FS in my necklace still

I'm a threat for real, I come at niggas necks for real

Tryna build my success got me stressed for real

I'ma gain my respect cause I'm extra real

And I'm extra fly, you just extra high

If it wasn't for them drugs, you'd be extra shy

Knowin' if I throw them slugs you gon' testify

F' the extra shit, get an extra clip

I get some extra lip, just expect to die

I...put a whole in your head, cause I hold bread

And my lawyer Johnny Cochran ova here

Clappin' tha pound, he ain't pattin' me down

And I stay strapped man I got my gat on me now..Im just..

[Hook x2 - Swizz Beats]

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance

My Hoodie on wit' my gun in my pants

I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death

[Verse 2 - Cassidy]

Yooo...I get it poppin' on the block like a B-Boy

If you cop a couple of rocks you get a free boy

You could take a couple of shots and get a key loy

If you try to take what I got, a stick me boy

See boy tryna fuck around with me boy

Your wrist like fuckin' a bitch with no C boy

I'm a G boy, get smoked by the P boy

Coke by the key boy, got dope and the E boy

Me boy, I'm bout to take the industry over

Like for war we was meant to be soldiers

I sat back for years and watched rap cats pretend to be Hova

Pretend to be BIG, pretend to be Pac, pretend to be hot

But all that pretendin' gon' eventually stop

And the slugs gonna eventually pop

Cause all the real thugs in the box or the penatentary ock

VIP lookin' like a penatentary block..when I'm..

[Hook x2 - Swizz Beats]

Chillin' in the club in my b-boy stance

My hoodie on wit' my gun in my pants

I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death

[Verse 3 - Cassidy]

Okay.. I'm fresh to death like a million bucks

My Benz got big rims and my ceilin' lift up

Dependin' on how I'm feelin' might be wheelin' the truck

Either way the chicks still on my nuts

You know what Im sayin', I ain't playin' with them niggas that be feelin' they tough

I ain't a killa but you still will get touched

I network, sweatshirt with the hood, got the steel in the truck

And my lil man feelin' the dutch while I chill in the cut

On my lean, chicks feelin' my stance
Chinese print on the jeans, chicks feelin' my pants
And I got the steel in my pants, don't grind on me
I can't dance I got the nine on me
The.. hecklor and koch mami fresh from the box mami
Got your punani wet cause I'm fresh to the socks mami
Fresh from the block mami, so I'm makin' it fun
See life a bitch but I'm makin' her cum and I'm
[Hook x2 - Swizz Beats]
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My hoodie on wit' my gun in my pants
I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death