

# Cassidy, Where My Niggaz At

Man cock that shit...

Yo man, this nigga Cassidy frontin (Yo Cock this tho man),

Oh that nigga think he sweet (Yo pass that mac man)

Yo not for nothin, that video shit and all that...

Fuck that, (yo when I'm a hit that nigga all up in... I hate that nigga)

[Chorus:]

Where 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 down! [x2]

[Verse 1:]

Niggaz 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 Day!

And I could talk that gun shit, Cause I done shit,

My nick name should be Diarea 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 Kiss!

When 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 A R Hand Gun till my hand numb,

I 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 Ya Conscience out!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

My flow so raw, I thought about baggin it up,

Every word like a Bird, I'm jus addin it up,

But with the burner I'll Burn ya like bag in the dutch,

I'll jus, blast at ya gut, Light ya Abdomen up, Yup,

But I ain't the same Cass from the past,

I be tryna chill but I'll still blast at ya ass,

I got cash in the stash, and Money In the bank ya'll,

Hatin on me makin me rich, I wanna thank ya'll!

I'll leave the biscuit on my hip and jus shank ya'll,

Onli thing you niggaz ever shot was a paintball, or a cap gun,

You could get your hat spun,

You gotta known I clap my gun, Man, You ain't that dumb!

Back 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!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I got alota gats,

And I just fought a homicide and I ain't make 1 statement,

You Know I'm Not a rat,

So what You gotta gat,

When it start poppin off,

You'll probly shoot your fuckin self tryna 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 needa 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 hafta 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!

[Chorus]