

Caskey, Avalanche

In the kitchen and it's Taysty

I'ma east side wild boy, dirty south style boy
How long since I ain't been rich? Well, it's been a while, boy
Countin' up the bands, they said I ain't have a chance
Florida born and raised, still my wrist on avalanche

Don't make me pull up on yo' bitch ass
'Bout that lil money that you owe me 'cause I get cash
Sittin' low inside that Cadillac, I'm an empath
I can't keep no bad energy around me, I put all my problems in a zigzag
But I don't zigzag 'round my problems
In tenth grade, I had too much weight for them to spot him
Once I spot 'em then I got 'em, feel like SpotemGottem
My homie turned his head red like the trees in autumn
Rollin' up the tree, I'm sittin' outside of Phillips
10K just to eat, I can't think of anything I do that's cheap
Man, my dog served that 'caine up in the streets, I go propane over beats
Both us do our thing so we can bring the feast
And I play for keeps, yeah

That's why they hatin' on the kid, hate the way I live
Hate that I'm this rich, wish that we was relatives
Yeah, everything is relative

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Hunnid choppers and they lookin' pretty
I know motorcycle gangs in like every city
That's my type committee, extra gritty and every type of crime committing
Say everything with my chest like I'm signin' titties
Got no pity for a broke man, calluses on both hands
I walk in no man's land just to go ham
Paper trail like we throwin' 'round the application
All the hate is they sincerest form of admiration
Vacuum seals, when the police come, evacuation
I make somebody disappear like evaporation
My fabrics cost a couple thousand, they just fabricating
Made more than I could imagine usin' my imagination, yeah

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