

Caskey, Blackjack Dealer

Beats by Choc

I'm a black jack dealer
Always got the advantage, I always count skrilla
I ain't a killer, but you pushed me
Like a butterfly, be a real cat'pillar

My wings spread, I had beef, them things dead
I'm obviously the better rapper, let's be friends
And truth be told, could get ya killed by the week's end
So shut the fuck up and pretend
Pretend we in the same playin' field, it's catastrophic
How you even mention my name, you so outta pocket
Off topic, I got the optics
I see through veils of fake tough and men who like gossip
Stop it, you say you gon' pop, you won't pop shit
That's why you ran to the internet
Get up off my dick, pussy, mad 'cause I'm real and you can't spit
Ain't a rapper-turned-target out there I couldn't hit

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Stuck at the Cosmopolitan with lotta sin
And I never quit 'cause I gotta win
They see that I'm young and with mo' money than obviously a lotta them
Got 'em upset with they face stuffed, mo' collagen
There ain't no infiltration in my conglomerate
'Cause I keep that circle wound tight as a bobby pin
That's ten that sit around table
By the time you turn ten, nine of them down, fatal
Gotta be your own hero, own support, only resort
Get married to the money with no divorce
Gotta be your own hero, own support, only resort
'Cause motherfuckers quick to sell ya short, yeah

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I win so damn much, stay at the Encore
Pop Molly and rock Tom Ford
Luxury cars and luxury weed, both of them, I'm a connoisseur
And for the beef, I'm a carnivore
I'm never kinda bored, I'm floored with life, I can afford the price
At the lobby in Bally's, play roulette or the dice
The devil tempted me here, too, for forty nights
I'm forty million up, smokin' on northern lights
You woulda thought I was on top of the Luxor's lights
Ain't even bored when I'm boardin' flights
Pussy, I'm pourin' up at the Bellagio
With some Wall Street bankers, made this off of audio
Kamikaze flow, if it ain't 'bout checks, well then, it's adios
From coast to coast, mixtapes to the Amalfi coast