

Caskey, Firestarter

MOMMA ALWAYS SAID I WAS A FIRESTARTER
GUESS I'M JUST A ROLLING STONE LIKE MY FATHER
GETTING RICHER THAN I EVER BEEN AIN'T TIRED OF BALLIN
ROLLING IN THESE CADILLACS UNTIL THE CHOIR CALLING
IN THE SOUTH CUZ OUT IN HOLLYWOOD IT'S PLASTIC
AND WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE
BURY ME NOT IN A CASKET BUT THE SEATS OF MY CAR
MOMMA SAID I WAS A FIRESTARTER
ROLLING IN THESE CADILLACS UNTIL THE CHOIR CALLING

THIS SHIT GOING UP SO FAST PRAY ALL THE HOMIES FINNA STAY DOWN
NEVER DID SOMEBODY DIRTY EVEN IN THE SANDBOX ON THE PLAYGROUND
MY BITCH GOT A GEORGIA PEACH
LIKE SHE DONE MADE HER WAY UP OUT THE A-TOWN
PLAIN JANE WATCH
HAD TO BUS IT DOWN LIKE I PUT IT ON THE GREYHOUND
ADDICTED TO BALLING AND SCORING
I DID IT OFF MICS AND RECORDING
AND I CAME OUT OF A CITY WHERE PEOPLE WAS RAPPING
BUT THEY WASN'T ACTUALLY TOURING
I COULDA PUT ON SOME WINGS
AND THEY WOULD STILL LOOK AT ME AND SAY THAT I DON'T BE SOARING
Y'ALL COULDN'T BOX ME IN
IF THIS SHIT WAS CREED AND YOU TURNED TO MICHAEL B JORDAN
I MADE IT
WHEN MAKING IT LOOKED LIKE GOLIATH I CAME OUT THE CAR
AND I TURNED INTO DAVID
Y'ALL GIVING UP ON ALL YOUR DREAMS
THEN LOOK AT ME LIVING MINE THAT'S WHY YOU HATE IT
ENTANGLED IN ALL OF THIS MONEY BEFORE I GET PLAYED I'LL TURN TO A PLAYER
I'D RATHER BE AUGUST ALSINA THAN WILL SMITH
WHEN IT'S COMING TO JADA
IN THE O-TOWN I'M THE MAYOR
KEYS TO THE CITY AND KEYS TO THE CADDY
JERSEY ON ME LIKE I'M LEADING THE MAGIC
IN FLORIDA BUT SOMEHOW I'M FREEZING THE PATTEK
SPEND WHAT YOU WANT ON THE CAR THAT YOU WANT THAT'S PRICELESS
BUT YOU TRY TOUCHING THIS CAR
AND YOU GONE BE LIFELESS

THE CADILLAC CAME OUT OF '69
MY HUSTLE INSPIRED BY NIPSEY GRIND
PICK ALL THE GREATEST RAPPERS
EMINEM, NAS, TUPAC, BIGGIE
THIS THEM COMBINED
I HAD TO GET ALL MY CREDIT AND CHEDDAR
CUZ LABEL EXEC'S WOULDN'T GIVE ME MINE
THERE'S TOO MANY DIAMONDS INSIDE OF THE WATCH
IT'S FLOODED BUT I KNOW IT'S REALLY TIME
FLASH BACK TO THE TRAP
ME AND PIMPIN TRYNA PUT THE CITY ON THE MAP
WASHING DISHES AT THE RESTAURANT SELLING WEED
I TOLD EM MEET ME IN THE BACK
POPS DIED ALMOST DROPPED OUT OF SCHOOL
MY GRADES D'S LIKE THE RIMS ON THE LAC
WRAPPING UP THE PACKAGES
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GO AND MAKE A MILLION OFF OF RAP
MY GOD HOW MY LIFE CHANGED
THIS PREPARATION AND RIGHT AIM
GOING AGAINST ME LIKE A HOSE OF GASOLINE TRYING TO FIGHT FLAMES
ALL YOU GONE MAKE IS SOME TORCHES
THEN YOU GONE MAKE ME PULL UP IN THEM PORCHES
BEAT HIM UP OUTSIDE 7-ELEVEN
GOD DAMN GOT BLOOD ON THE FORCES

MY CARS GOT TOO MANY HORSES
MY BITCH DO TOO MANY CONTORTIONS
MY ACCOUNT GOT TOO MANY COMMAS
AT THE DEALERSHIP WITH TOO MANY CHOICES
GOD BLESSING ME FOREAL
CROSS ON MY HEAD CUZ I BEEN ANOINTED
TRYING TO STOP THE WAVE LIKE RUNNING IN CIRCLES
ALL THAT SHIT IS POINTLESS