

# Cassidy, 6 Minutes

(feat. Fabolous, Lil Wayne)

[Cassidy speaks in the beginning and between each verse]

[Cassidy]

Yeah, I go by the name of Cassidy the Hustler  
And I brought two of my niggaz with me  
and we about to shut the industry down  
Aiiyo Wheezy let's get it poppin!

[Lil Wayne]

Hit me!

Front that shit this the south side, got a fat dick on your mouth wide  
I've come to take outside, nah do it right here  
Hop out later owning on everybody's home that you fuckin with  
Wheezy F baby, please say the baby  
Riding with your bitch got keys on the lady  
Triple gold these four tires on the whip  
Young Carter sliding out I'm flyer than the whip  
Yeah, higher than an angel, or hotter than the devil  
The pot or kettle, uh  
The metal let 'em burn like Ursha but worse, uh  
If there's any beef I come Ron like Mertz, uh  
Word up, eagle street I'm throwing my curve up  
We take your ice cream and turn you into sherbert  
I got flow I'm like "Sure" but, if it's about dough I'm like "Sure 'nuff"  
I'm from the bird bunch, Birdman Jr. you niggaz bird lunch  
I see your lips moving but I ain't heard much  
You see the wirst moving, it look like pure punch  
I hear the playa hating but I don't endorse such  
I got the Escalade, guts like the tour bus  
I got the styrofoam poured up with syrup  
And in the tires little package is gone  
Might I spend a good deal with these Firestones  
I spit like Myer's bones, born in chromers  
For the buyers chromosomes I got summers  
I got vicadens, valiums I ain't stopping  
Got pot and heroin, ex, oxycontin  
And that's how we rocking  
How can you hear that bop unless I'm be-bopping  
Yeah skip when you hear that click  
Cash money nigga I'm that shit  
Weezy Baby, ugh!

[Cassidy]

That's what I'm talking about  
Now Fab, spit at these niggaz and let them know why they ain't fuckin with you

[Fabolous]

Your goddamn right I'm feeling myself  
A chauffeur no sir, I'm wheeling myself  
Looking for a chick chilling for self  
So I can show her the suicides and talk her into killing herself  
I'm having problems dealing with wealth  
But you wouldn't understand it, until you get a million yourself  
You niggaz must've got a deal for your health  
Your cd is frozen food, it just chills on the shelf  
I spend big, at any time I can start splurging  
The twin cigs open chests like a heart surgeon  
And I'm buttoned up, I'm just a blue collar crook  
But I keep a stack thick as few college books  
I got a new polished look  
And twenty dime bitches, to show y'all niggaz how my two dollars look  
The boy's got at least six digits on

So the guns gotta be at least midget long  
The money, is like ten bridges long  
I throw bread around just to turn pigeons on  
I got some good smoke just for puffers  
The two grand twenty's make the hustlers suffer  
Plus it's fluffer, than a cotton ball  
I've gotten calls wanting me to put the pot in malls  
But nowadays you can't put it past 'em  
I got a Dan Marino arm, I'm bout to throw some bullets past 'em  
And the niggaz in the hood keep quoting my lines  
I don't jump ship I keep floating in mine  
Long as I keep toting I'm fine  
I'mma have these dick sucking niggaz deep-throating the nine  
I jumped in the English ship, Benzed whip  
It's Terminator 2 chrome the engines dip  
I'm reading scripts no, not the penmanship (no)  
The box-office shit (yeah), I box off this bitch (yeah)  
Jessica Alba, Kirsten Dunst  
And still make a mil' off the first of months  
These dudes be the first to front  
'Til they family and friends is in limos, they in hearse in front  
I'm in the top position, I can make you a proposition  
I'm in the hard top waiting on the drop edition  
To hell with the patience  
I'mma send a nigga down under like Australia vacations

[Cassidy]

Yeah it is what it is, my niggaz just killed y'all and I'mma close the casket  
I'm tryin not to let this industry get the best of me y'all  
I work hard in the game, the game's stressing me y'all  
All they do is complain what they expect from me y'all  
From the hood to Hollywood they respecting me y'all  
And even overseas they accepting me y'all  
All the ladies show me love, the thugs repping me y'all  
I get a lot of dirty money so respect me or fall  
But I'm saving all my checks, I'm investing 'em all  
They say, what goes up is gon' definitely fall  
Even the stars work success, it's my destiny y'all  
Look, I cook tracks I got the recipe y'all  
You can't name another cat that can mess with me y'all  
At the shows all the hoes be molesting me y'all  
I got broads crying trying to get next to me y'all  
I got broads craving begging to have sex with me y'all  
Screaming, "Cash you don't know how sexy you are!"  
And I'm happy I'm alive, God's blessing me y'all  
And all the problems that arrive is God testing me y'all  
So I pray everyday but I ain't praying too much  
Cause I be sinning everyday so I ain't praying enough  
And we all could be beat, and I ain't saying I'm tough  
But if it's beef I don't speak, I ain't saying "What's up"  
If it's beef when we meet then I'm spaying shit up  
Prreat prreat. I ain't saying too much and that's that  
Cause that cat you embracing with love  
Might clap that gat cause he got hate in his blood  
Keep your friends at a distance and your enemies close  
Cause the folks you call friends can envy the most  
Some cats'll hang themselves if you give 'em a rope  
Burn the bridge and don't give a boat, let 'em sink  
Sometimes you gotta give 'em some some time to let 'em think  
But sometimes you gotta give 'em the nine and let 'em stink  
You can't bring every horse to the pond and let 'em drink  
I'd rather keep my eyes wide open instead of blink  
As soon as your eyes shut, them niggaz will ride up  
And the guys that you trusted be getting you tied up  
And we all gotta die, but I ain't ready to leave

That's why even if it's petty I'll be ready to squeeze  
But put a cheddar in cheese, guac-a-moola  
I pop the ruger, send that hot shit through ya!  
Like booya! That's the sound when the pound busting  
Ooh, ah, you'll be laying on the ground suffering  
Clowning's nothing to pull out and blast you  
I try to only resort to violence if I have to  
But man niggaz out here are playing fair  
So before the odds are even I'm leaving them laying there  
And I ain't even playing believe what I'm saying here  
Cause before this shit gets further your click gets murdered  
And found in a hole in the grass  
For trying to play that thug role I'll stomp a mud hole in your ass  
And this Cass, nigga I'm that sick  
Full Surface nigga I'm that shit, bitch!