

Cassidy, Can't Fade Me

(feat. Nas, Quan)

Yea, hehe. Don Quan

A vision of God's Son Nas. That nigga Cass rules. Whattup baby

[Chorus: Quan]

Y'all niggaz is crazy. (To think) Y'all niggaz can't fade me
(Trick these) From the bottom to the top, from the booth to the block
Anyway I got to get it, I'm givin it all I got
Y'all haters can't hold me. (No Way) And y'all don't want to zone me
(Want it your way) So when I get, I'm gon' get it, in my life how I live it
and whips I be whippin, smokin on the exquisite

[Nas]

In the crib, two bricks of coke, liquor and dope
Pretty Hawaiian bitches who eat choch and deep throat
Same niggaz that get down, remember them
California style, yeah I went back again
But much wiser, 'cause these guys are
Leave you up shits creek and won't lose sleep
So while we pack the heat, I got the heckler and koch
My man got the dot, five-oh block
It's like the movies shots as niggaz watch
But the American version
East coast, west coast as we connect these curtains
'Cause we ain't scared to buck, step on the Timbs and Chuck's
Is gonna happen, gun clappin, remember that
Now we on the soothern part of the map
Houston, party of the year, everybody there
Texas, no guestlist, only real players allowed
Me and my dudes make out rounds *Y'all must be crazy*

[Chorus: Quan]

[Quan]

VA game spittin, platinum grill grinnin
Chrome rims spinnin, with wood grain glistenin
Any amount we sippin, passion for thugs livin
Free, fresh and out of prison
Flexin that new edition
Good grain gettin, shit and lovin the feelin
Bobby Womack singin, Marisa Rings gleaming
Hat cocked duce, puffin the quarter loosely
Poppin the bottle and tippin fifth of that to goosey
Shinnin for Swill and Halle, smokin for Lil' Shawney
Still reppin Bad Newz, and all my soldiers for me
Enjoy some better days, dispute burdens I carry
See cousin hookin money, for God momentary
Floss every chance I get, spread love freely
Still spittin gangsta shit, 'cause the streets need me
Still got that mack with me, for niggaz actin silly
still pimpin gangsta pretty, reppin in every city

[Chorus: Quan]

[Cassidy]

Yeah, I pray every day for a better life
I think it's gon' get better but it's like I'm never right
Make about it Christ, I'm on both of my knees
There's no hope, that why I'm smokin the trees
Damn, all for the chees, I lost both of my mans
That's why this toast is in the both of my hands
Damn, and I'll sell coke and birds 'fore I go to work
I go to the Range more than I go to church

My whole mentality twisted, but this reality isn't it
I ain't tryin to be fatality listed
And yo reverend, gettin dough is like goin to heaven
And goin to jail, like goin to hell
But before I go in the grave, I'll go in the cell
Just send my son mo' dough in the mail
Oh well, but I got god on my side so I'm beatin the case
This life crazy but I'm keepin the faith