

Cassidy, Get'em

Intro: they ready for the kid to say lay yeah
this the boy cassidy man and im feelin like a red nose that we just let outta the cage man, im ready
verse 1

my shit is the truth
i get in the booth
and start spittin
like im missin a tooth
u listenin dude
im grippin the coop
liftin the rippin
sip the orange juice mixed wit the goose
wit shots of the yat
i got gats
that can lift up a moose
stay wit the biscuit to shoot
like im bishop and juice
i get more bitches than luke
when i run the block
fiends scream i want a rock i want a rock
im writtin a curbe
bitin the herb
and i got a nice price on the birds
u might could get served
you come wit the dough
ill come wit the blow
but if u dont come wit the change
i'll come wit them thangs
run up on you wit the gun in the dickie
the calicoe hold a hundred and fifty
u wanna get busy
come get me
i'll bury u cats
cuz i'll wife the knife
and i marry my gats
hook
get em get em get em get em get cass(4x)

verse 2

a yo my flow sick
i need a anneistermean
both of my wrists gleam
and my fish just as mean
its blue
but its see through like listerene
i get the cream on the strip
fuckin wit the fiends
so go and get ya team
and i'll get em all smoked
like a stick of nocateine
or a nick of green
and i dont talk to these hoes
like im mr bean
i just let em mop me off
get a mt clean
and i might pop her off if the chick is mean
i got some stories i can tell
to sell a chick a dream
i let her sip a little liquor
let her hit the green
then imma unbutton her blouse
and unzip her jeans
and merk that ass
hurt that ass
cass show u
how to work that ass

and i aint wit my boy kells
in the hotel no more
im on the strip
makin sells fish tail galore
hook
im still actin a fool
packin a tool
go back to the dude i was
before the plaques and the jewels
i dont feel right if i aint
strapped with the tool
but give me a gat and im cool
like the mack or the uz
and i'll clap at u dude
i aint scrappin u dudes
im highlightin
i aint fightin
i got ratchets to use
i have cats like
damn yo what happened to dude
listen homey if im hungry
you get jacked for yo food
im back on the move
back on the grind
im a natural born hustler
i just happen to ryhme
who woulda ever thought
ill be the cat to get signed
but life hard and predictin
shit happen sometimes
cats jackin my lines
takin my style
but aint no perpatraitors allowed
if u die then u cant testify
when i take it to trial
u can hate it i'll just take it and smile
mothafucka
hook