

# 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