

# Cassidy, Ice Cream

everything i write nice, but i freestyle err day tho  
money aint nothin im husslin wild yayo  
i stay on my J-O  
i play tha passenger side of tha geene  
eatin fettucini alfredo  
my chick ass fat but her waist like J-Lo  
i ball but not in tha league like A/O  
no way yo  
i get mine soft like play dough  
my coke off white like mayo  
yo you betta lay low for you get laid down  
whole lotta cats that had heart in tha grave now  
whole lotta cats that was smart is in tha cage now  
thats why i stays wit my pound dont put my blade down  
im paid now i got G's wit me  
i cant rely on security to squeeze for me  
cause believe when you me  
when tha chrome to ya dome ocky  
ya body guards gon be tryin to gurad they own  
i could ride tha best verse you heard in ya life  
then rip it up  
ya greatest hits like mixtape shit to us  
stay wit a spliff in the cup stay twistin up  
liquored up off tha hawk i henney an hip it up  
an my wrist man i lit it up  
my bezel got so many pebbles bam-bam couldnt lift it up  
but try an stick me up blam blam stiffin up  
ain't no stitchin up them holes  
ya soul liftin up  
but im still pitchin on tha stove whippin up  
thinkin bout them franklins stinkin tha kitchen up  
yup i be dealin an fillin them coke bags  
but been ill wit tha pencil an notepad  
i been hot from the start  
an i aint just a battle rapper  
hotel on tha top of the chart  
im dealin weight got real estate  
an go shoppin for art