

# Can I Live

Casey Veggies

He ain't ridin insurance like whatever though  
Say you got a bad chick, mine looks better though  
Got her on lock, but I swear we ain't together though  
She's just gonna ride with a nigga 'till I let her go

Rapping what I'm living man, the shit I spit is medical  
Soothing to the mind like Cali green, that's medical  
Young boy flyer than that time I ate an edible  
Keep going up like a kite when you let it go

I be on some new shit, new chick from Mexico  
Trying to have kids, I told her I wasn't ready though  
Yeah, they ain't know me like shawty know me  
And [?] they ain't no better than shawty though

You niggas be playing so I had to hit the audible  
Touchdown pass, sold crack going Roddy though  
Rocking that shit, got me looking like a pot of gold  
Hit the jackpot, now we popping, it's the party ho

I just want it all, so I can have enough to give  
No more worrying at all, baby I just wanna live  
We can go to the mall, then be back to the crib  
Then you can tell your friends that you relaxed with the kid  
(Lay back, get it big, can I live?)

Living flyer than I've ever been, you just mad you never been  
Bitches at the tele getting freaky like they lesbians  
And they noticed everything I kick incredible  
Mac Miller here with the homie Mr. Vegetables

Most Dope general, I know you see us on tour  
Do a thirty minute set, the people want more  
And that's an encore  
The show runs late  
Bitches give me head trying to find out how my cum taste

I ain't talking about the jeweler, saying "Fuck Jake"  
Iphone on me for my Sports Center updates  
OH, the Steelers won again  
And groupies rolling through, I tell them bring a hundred friends

It's good we out in Cali, and Casey that's my homie  
We cooler than Moe Dee, it's easy macaroni  
Shawty wanna ride that pony, tell her give me brain, no teeth  
Boy we party all night and we don't sleep

Got up his endurance about his cheddar though  
Got the chick in her bare ass, Plaxico  
Rappers off that cheap gas, got that shit from Texaco  
Rapping until you're thirty, don't really know how to let it go

Yeah, my father had to let me know  
Everything he did were situations to help me grow  
As a young kid little shit makes you miserable  
Now I'm grown up, told that man that I'm about to blow

Once I get going there's no stopping  
They roaring, we're show stopping  
Wasn't even aware that my flow's proper, but it is fosho  
Once you makeup your mind, man you can get the dough  
Split up your time and clock in, you'll grow

I talk about uplifting shit  
Plus all the chicks I hit  
Plus the one girl I love  
She knows exactly who she is

Sincerely, rap's hope  
Hope you're hearing me  
My future's so bright  
That it's scaring me