

Street Fame

Casey Veggies

(Zombie on the track)

My daddy told me "Boy, you been the illest"
I told her baby keep the card, swipe for incidentals
My shit paid in full, ace boogy ya'll like rent us
Ay word out on the streets I been the boy, I'm independent
Five hundred thousand sold, I'm goin' gold, Master P shit
Really thinking platinum, y'all on some weak shit
Call me what you want, I'm whatever that you see fit
Posing off on Instagram but really you ain't seen shit
Dropped Customized Greatly I was before my time
Volume 3 popped, they said this lil nigga gon' shine
Life Changes came, that's when I hopped up off a Porsche
Momma need a crib, my brother Corey want a fort
City showed me love and Mac ha, run it
Just turned 21 but I'm countin' old hundreds
They see them bottles coming and them hoes get to running
Some my niggas hoop, some my niggas slangin' onions

You can check my whip game
You can check my flip game
You can check my wrist game
You can check my chick game
Nothing but a G thang
'93 man
Yeah I got my stripes cause I done come up out the streets
Got it off that street fame

My nigga told me the other day there ain't no time to play
The big homie told me to get money all kind of ways
2Kin' all day, I run a lot of plays
I read the bible, got honored, I That's on me, you fuck with me then I'm a g
o hard
Ttryna make a hundred mil, I can't doze off
I do the shit to cop the Rolly for all my dogs
Fuck em all, they send it all off the catalog
Yeah, they say I'm getting hot
Wait, they say we blowing up the spot
They wonder who just copped that new drop
Young nigga pull it fresh up off the lot
I see a lot of boys coming for my spot
They tryna pull me down and make it to the top
Champagne on the plane, let it pop
If you asking who the realest, you not

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Yeah I got my stripes cause I done come up out the streets
Got it off that street fame
(Got it off that street fame)

Street fame, one hundred, two hundred, three hundred
Straight cash Ride around the city on

All hustling no talking, we got the ciyt locked
I dance all in that pussy, I make her milly rock
Two milli for the dealy I do the diddy bop
Come out to my city, I show you who really hot
All night at the we go so crazy
Baby girl bomb, she got hoes hating
I need a hundred bad I got no patience
Pull up in that foreign, she going no waiting

Street fame, yeah
Yeah come with my shorty
We ain't bout to waste no time, we bout to get it in real quick like this, y
a dig?
Yeah uh, yeah uh, ok, yeah, uh huh, aw man, yeah
Young Veggies nigga
(Zombie on the track)
Organic