

## 93 'Til Infinity Freestyle

Caskey

Pops left, what a fortunate step  
To turn me to a man, or into an orphan of death  
In the gym, forcin' the reps  
Rocky theme song playin' while I'm on the porcelain steps  
Why rest? Life get harder to digest  
And the weight of my sins been layin' on my chest  
Online, people are tellin' me, "Try less"  
But how the fuck is that gon' take me to my best?  
I'm restless, even with V's in front the S's  
And big ass rims on the cars and all the flexes  
Probably 'cause there's so much more to my message  
Like if you got a vision, you could take this shit far  
Into a place others could not see  
Them rappers without bars, they definitely not me  
And when this shit here drop, it's definitely not free  
I've never been top five, I'm definitely top three  
I'm easy, growin' up, no one's foreign, believe me  
I've been blessed like I'm in the corner, sneezin'  
Or in the coroner, body short of breathin'  
'Bout to leave my foreign, then go on to mourn with Jesus  
Demons been knockin' on my door to pieces  
Campin' outside like it's shoe store releases  
Raised with the sun on my face  
And this inspiration come in waves like I toured the beaches  
I never had a hurricane storm of reaches  
It's always been a cult fan base and that's fittin'  
'Cause it'll take a cult to adorn these teachings  
Let the mainstream give they vote to preachers  
I'm past death, givin' out smoke to reapers  
Y'all sell coke, but you don't evoke my speakers  
Shouldn't wanna go with me  
Same way you wouldn't go into a lion's den, pokin' creatures  
Most of this world just some hopeless sleepers  
Some of them eventually promote the seekers  
A few like me'll go, approach the ether  
Then be an outspoken teacher  
I'm one in a million, ridin' dirty as a hunnid Chamillions  
Hard to reach me when you sittin' under the ceilin'  
I always knew the sky's the limit  
Man, the devil came to me with a bag, I declined the visit  
I'd rather take the underground route than pivot  
And sell out for my fifteen minutes  
I mean, you see these rappers doin' mumble rap, don't say nothing in it  
Then wonder why there's something missin'  
I just did three sold-out shows in New Zealand  
The blue strips seem to negate all blue feelings  
You gotta play the hand dealt to you in this life  
'Cause they don't care 'bout rules and who deal 'em  
I broke a generational curse, that's true healin'  
Left out of my hometown, saw new ceilings  
My pops never caught a flight 'til his mid-thirties  
I'ma drive around the world 'til the Benz dirty  
Took it far, I'm 'bout to take this shit a bit further  
Prayin' that I make a hit and never get murdered  
Barely touchin' my peak  
Because I've only given 20% so far like I'm 'bout to tip servers