

Adios

Caskey

Ayy, everything I do gon' rock, child (rock, child)
I'm feelin' like a Rothschild
So much money in the bank
Try to touch that and I turn into a rottweiler
Hate on me 'cause I got hot style (huh)
That's why I stopped tryin' (yuh)
Yeah, can't be friendly with these fuck boys
Gotta be hostile (yeah)
Shout out lil bitch in the back tryna coach me
She don't know I got no emotion (no! no)
She the opposite, she overdosin' (huh)
Off feelings, I am not hostin'
I make her feel like the ocean, uh (woop!)
When we in love, her body is floatin' (floatin')
The second that I gotta leave
It's a tidal wave, her body explodin'
This isn't boastin', hey
A lot of these people be hatin' online
And they never approach me, ayy
That's some of that hoe shit
I never do entertain it, it's atrocious, yeah
If they got a problem with me
I put my location on my posts, bitch, uh
I'm never hidin', on the contrary, I've been arrivin'
In the city where they strugglin' survivin'
Helpin' all the kids expand they horizon
I just went and made a big ass deposit
Look at me and I ain't make it through college, huh (woo) huh
You could do anything, just make it yo' goal (make it yo' goal), uh
One thing I ain't never do is fit the mold

I, might just dumb out and go buy the whole store, yeah
I, might just cop a flight, fly 'round the world some more, yeah
I, move in slow-mo, but there's nothin' in my phone
I'm, so, so high off life, I can't feel my face anymore, yeah
I, ain't got no enemies, they not foes
They just hatin' from a distance, I ain't barely even know
I've been so stuck in my zone, they try knock me out the zone
I could tell 'em leave me 'lone, but instead, I say adios

Adios, huh, adios
You ain't addin' to my bank account, don't talk to me no mo'
You ain't tryna bring my life up then don't talk to me no mo'
You 'bout drama, you 'bout bullshit, you 'bout all that shit fo' sho'
Adios, huh (adios), adios
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Had to put down the lean and the oxys
I am way too poppin'
Had to get away from the toxins
They, wasn't puttin' nothin' in my pocket
I, only concerned with the profit
I'm, I'm comin' light like a socket
Almost died on kawasaki (almost died on kawasaki)
Saw my life flash before my eyes

I don't be on Shade Room, readin' the gossip
I'm tryna pop shit
I'm tryna take a [?] and go top it, I'm tryna go (I'm tryna go)
There's so much more to life
Than chasin' money, chasin' hoes (I'm tryna go)
You could go and start a business, make a business plan
Get it with your bros
When I'm smokin' bowls
Make me forget about all of the dark shit that I know
I was sixteen years when my pop died
Had to be a man too quick (yuh, yuh)
I'ma go and get rich for my mother
Never let another man do shit (yuh, yuh)
I had to learn how to hustle, with my mind, never muscle
I'm shootin' before I'ma touch you (doot, doot, doot, doot)
Life wasn't easy, but somehow I made it look easy (what?)
They gotta respect how I bubble
Bitch, I'm wilin'
And my bitch bad as fuck, look like Kylie
But she real all the way to the core
Good personality and she loyal
That's some shit you can't buy at the store
That's some shit they don't post on the 'gram
Qualities they want you to ignore
More ass shots, more tit shots
Is anybody bein' real anymore?

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