

Been Solid

Caskey

Yeah, it's just like
Every time I get in this bitch... whoa
Ugh, you know it's coming, yeah

Been solid, been solid, been solid, been solid
Been switching up cities, rolling and ducking Impalas
Been solid, been solid, move like a gangster in silence
Been stacking it up, you know the tale, more money, problems

These hoes gon' respect me
So many cars, I just went through my gutter, Lex key
Ain't no police around, this forty gon' protect me
I poured some liquor out for shorty, told him, "Rest in peace"

Yeah, poured some liquor out, for my pops
This week I'm in Houston, Texas, inside a drop
He used to want the red Corvette, fresh off the lot
I bought one just to park it in the driveway in your spot
I'm thinking 'bout you daily as I'm stacking up the cheese
Back when me and Ebo had that mixtape unreleased
You used to bump the shit so much, it had the young boy geeked
Eight years later, I'm with Birdman, look what I achieved
But don't know how I'm 'posed to feel 'cause I'm still on my knees
Yelling at the sky like, "Why the fuck you had to leave?!"
You was s'posed to be there with me, clutching on the keys
Then you passed away, was some of the hardest shit to see
But you know I been solid

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Bitch, I'm stacking all my money mountain tall, I ain't down at all
And I got that pill bottle for sale, this ain't Tylenol
Keep Pushin' the squad, tatted on me, who you ridin' for?
Made my resolution this year to be rocking diamonds more
Had to text my bitch to say, "I'm sorry, I'll be rhymin' more
That mean that I can't be off at your house, try reclinin' for"
People wanna come and take my spot, yeah, you try your luck
He done tried to catch the wave and missed, now he mighty stuck
First thing they gon' do is hit my line, I got the Midas touch
Wonder why your shit don't feel like mine? You don't write enough
Wonder why your fans ain't riding for ya? 'Cause you sellin' out
That's why I'm the realest rapper out here, they could tell ya 'bout
And you know I been solid

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