

Casting Couch

Caskey

Whoa, check the box
Yeah, from the shrooms, I just came to fresh some minds
So much God damn drugs, got me passin' out
I just turned the living room into a castin' couch

God damn, ay, touch down in LA, come to spend the guap
Yeah, time been moving slow, bitch, I'm bendin' clocks
Dip out of the Rarri, hop off in the Lamb, yeah
Started this with grams, caught three hundred grand

Run up a check on them boys, run up a check on them boys
We too faded to be pouring shit, we the ones making the noise
Run up a check on them boys, run up a check on them boys
We the ones making the noise, we the ones making the noise

Damn, touch down in the city, faded
I'm high and I done came in peace
Why the fuck they intimidated?
I'm high and I done tried to give your shit a chance
Fuck it though, we hate it, just did a 180
All your shit sounding dated, and that shit is goin' plated
My shit goin' gold, crazy
Rico, check up on my phone, look, watch me work
I got a Benz full of purp, and I'm trapping off the chirp
And I'm popping all the Percs, yeah, hey
Turned the hotel lobby to the trap spot
Started this with nothing, I'm a have-not

Run up a check on them boys, run up a check on them boys
We too faded to be pouring shit, we the ones making the noise
Run up a check on them boys, we not in Honda Accords
That thing, we got it off of tours, we tryna be on top of Forbes
Run up a check on them boys, run up a check
Run up a check on them boys, we the ones making the noise
Run up a check on them boys, we not in Honda Accords
We just tryna be on Forbes, tryna do this shit for tours

Got the Mazi, want the Rolls Royce, ran up a check on them boys
Rich The Kid on the Forbes, big house got four floors (What?)
I gotta flex with my chains on, walk around, too many rings on
Your bitch keep calling the same phone, trap work, still goin'
Yeah, yeah, ran up a check and I flex
Tennis diamonds on my neck, facing too much disrespect
I fuck your bitch in my Yeezy, trap or die like I'm Jeezy
Two cups like I'm Weezy, money on me, please believe me
You flexing that Rollie, it's fake, I ain't took her on a date
Ran it up and now I'm straight, I got the [?] i8
I keep them at the computer, I buck a round with my shooter
Fuck it, I might do ya, old bitch, I'd fuck a cougar

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