

Comeback Kid

Caskey

I was fallin' off for a minute but I'm back now (yeah, I'm back)
Y'all been hatin' from the sideline, prayin' that my time never come, fade to the background
What goes 'round gotta come back 'round (gotta come back, ayy)
Too much fake lean goin' 'round the city so I can't be sippin' on the Act' now

If you're hatin' on the kid, brother, back down, chopper gon' act out
And it ain't got a gat sound, when you come to the crib, get a pat down
Choppin' up pills, slangin' up dope, whatever make fiends come alive
No, this ain't prescribed, but we done did worse things on the road to survive

But I'm gettin' to the bank like Slim, yo' bank account too thin
Shawty think we in love on the [?], she get the boot like Timbs
If you wasn't in the clique to begin, you won't be there in the end
Yeah, one thing that I'ma ride for, man, that's my pride and my kin
I just got a new gold rim, and I got a gold grill sittin' on my mouth, it's all gold trim
I'm feelin' like Em 'cause I just went and looked at my bank account and that shit worth a M
I ain't tryna blend, bitch, I'm tryna stand out 'cause I ain't get a handout, I was in, the trenches
If I'm loaned somethin', gotta get interest, car and my Glock sittin' on thirty inches

If I'm gon' go down, then I'm goin' out swingin', yeah, they gon' see him
I checked my pinky ring, it's blingin', that's my per diem, yeah
I know they hate 'cause they wanna be him, but they can't be him
I ain't even got a baby mama, but I'm still in the BM

I was fallin' off for a minute but I'm back now (yeah, I'm back)
Y'all been hatin' from the sideline, prayin' that my time never come, fade to the background
What goes 'round gotta come back 'round (gotta come back, ayy)
Too much fake lean goin' 'round the city so I can't be sippin' on the Act' now

My music transcend category
I'm a white rapper, but they can't Macklemore me
All that gimmick shit y'all doin', it kinda bore me
Y'all could talk about the trends or you could tell your story
Break from the mold, keep shit one thou', stick to the code
Like this twenty thou', I'll never fold, tryna be the same person when I'm old, as I am now
Put the work in with my hands but I ain't get a hand out
Only have my ma and my sister
Show me how to live, but I still took the main route
Ain't nobody built like him, yeah, that's word to my kin (yeah)
You don't own up to yo' sins, you gon' be alone in the Benz, yeah
And my L turn to a win that's 'cause I work harder than them (yeah)
The mind what I'm tryna transcend that's why I been smokin' again

If I'm gon' go down, then I'm goin' out swingin', yeah, they gon' see him
I checked my pinky ring, it's blingin', that's my per diem, yeah
I know they hate 'cause they wanna be him, but they can't be him
I ain't even got a baby mama, but I'm still in the BM

I was fallin' off for a minute but I'm back now (yeah, I'm back)
Y'all been hatin' from the sideline, prayin' that my time never come, fade to the background
What goes 'round gotta come back 'round (gotta come back, ayy)
Too much fake lean goin' 'round the city so I can't be sippin' on the Act' now

If I'm gon' go down, then I'm goin' out swingin'
If I'm gon' go down, then I'm goin' out swingin'
If I'm gon' go down, then I'm goin' out swingin'
I ain't even got a baby mama, but I'm still in the BM