

## Conversation

Caskey

If money ain't the conversation  
And we ain't family, I don't know ya, I don't love ya  
Well, I'm sorry, got no obligation  
Play with me, I promise I got somethin' for ya  
(In the kitchen and it's Taysty)  
Say you with me but it's complicated  
And I need someone solid in my corner  
Ain't no stranger to the confrontation  
I don't trust ya, how I'm gon' be ridin' for ya?

Yeah, it ain't addin' to your life then it ain't worth your while  
They gon' keep they eyes on me 'cause we gon' set the style  
Even in the sprint, I go the extra mile  
Know my cars ain't got no tint so you could see this smile  
Collect money like I'm owed somethin', move like a loan shark  
So when I show up at ya do' huntin', it's ya own fault  
Move solid as the pyramids, cut ya face, why so serious?  
Where I've been at if you're curious  
I'm stuck to the money but I ain't attached  
I'll lose it all and I'll make it back  
Sleepin' one eye opened, so I ain't relaxed  
Paper come, you hangin' long enough, I had to stay for that

Wrist was super wet, I had to slide  
Say it's a problem but we gon' work it out, no exercise  
I had to leave 'em mesmerized  
If you see me once, prob'ly ain't gon' be a second time

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I've been stabbed in the back so many times, don't even sleep on my stomach  
You don't got to be perfect, dog, just keep you a hunnid  
Comin' from my type of city, how I ended up in London?  
Man, my world view expandin', but I shrank my circumference  
'Cause I can't trust nobody  
They got motives, I can see it in they eyes  
They want me dead but I'ma keep on survivin'  
On the news, they left his seats bloody red  
It wasn't a hood that he should've tried to ride in  
Type of shit been goin' on in my city  
Make somebody scared to go outside at night when  
I come alive, then I'm a Poseidon

But still, my wrist was super wet, I had to slide  
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Yeah, now I've got enough friends, and I've got a family to feed  
So please don't mistake me guardin' my time for not bein' humble and all about greed  
It is a fine line, you could do somethin' for somebody nine times  
And when you don't come through the tenth, they go in contempt and tell you to die tryin'  
Well, I ain't no 50 Cent, I got some issues with many men  
'Cause the mo' money comin' in, the mo' problems, I'm gettin' what Biggie meant  
A hundred dollars on a mixtape just to play it and get the whole city bent  
Y'all keep throwin' salt on my wins, I'ma go really vent  
Then tell ya about how you wasn't there when me and TJ was stuck inside them apartments  
People'll say they're your friends, but I put them all in different compartments  
Workin' like a carbine does, they act like they was magic in the compass  
Before I flooded out my wrist, I flooded the market  
I ain't go shoppin' at Target, I'm shoppin' for bullets, I'm hittin' the target  
All of them so-called friends that were never there, they're gettin' discarded  
That shit was yo' fault then, yeah, but all of it made me sharpened  
You wanna get used to wins, you gotta get used to takin' losses

In the kitchen and it's Taysty