

DNA Freestyle

Caskey

Yeah, yeah
Bootleg Kev, Cas, lil bitch
Yeah, check, yeah

Drop me in any circumstance, get the same outcome
Me on top of the mountain
Infatuated with the juice, it's attached to my hip
And I can't be without one
When I shoot, wouldn't wanna be ya
It is like a cheetah, somethin' you can't outrun
I manage to the micro-millimeter
Michael Myers on the beat, I'll Halloween ya
Never met a rapper with a meaner type demeanor
Or a badder señorita
Usin' yo' two cents, throwin' blue on my print
But I don't move in centimeter
I'm a leader and I put down the liter
But I'ma activate when I go to ether
Phone bein' blown up by the devil
Say he ain't tryna go to war with my either
'Cause even that'd be a mothafuckin' landslide
And I'm still tryna get it
So when it come to helpin' you, I guess I got my hands tied
And before you step to me
You're better off steppin' on top a landmine
Least then you get airtime
Wonder how I wash the dirty money and still got my hands dried
It's easy as blue skies
Easy as it is for Jordan to get one of his shoes signed
Easy at it is for Trump to get a bunch of racist white people unified
Easy as it is to be a bitch and get a trick to fly ya out to Dubai
I'm a businessman, but I don't be in suit and ties
Tell the truth 'til the day I get crucified
Treat every day like it's do or die
So it's not a toss up between you and I
I redefine myself every mornin'
When I look in the mirror and say, "Who am I?"
Warrior inside my DNA
Been should've won a VMA
Flex would've dropped so many bombs on me
We would never make our way through TSA
I don't put on for USA
I put on for me and mine, so don't try to read the line
'Less you want my 'ttention to get realigned
I'm a nice guy but I can't be defined
Difference 'tween yours and mine
Yours on decline, mine got a sleek design
So put some respeck on my name
Like Birdman when he said that Aretha line
You went wrong when you tried to seek a sign
Instead of makin' one yourself
You went wrong tryna compensate your lack of style
With a fuckin' Louie belt
'Stead of buyin' all that True Religion
Should've saved your money, been your truer self
Feel like Conor McGregor the way I step up
Any weight class and then I scoop the belt

I done been signed to a major, still ain't get attention
I don't know, I'm used to shelves
One thing I never did was feel sorry for myself
Screw the help
I'll make it out the mud
Make it by myself, make it to the sun
Live my best life, fuck a past life, scoop a million dollars
Make it jack knife, remix all the work 'til it's mad
White in my eye, it go black
Second you touch it, sorry, I cannot be busted
I am not human, my mom was abducted
I told 'em it's lean but it's just robitussin
It's not for discussion
Take the money like a usher, throw in the collection plate
So many eight balls in the corner pocket
Thought I made this shit off Section 8
But I came out of FLA
Where the playgrounds started turnin' to spray grounds
Where you're twenty-two shots short
If you holdin' a clip that only got eight rounds
When the lean dried up in the city
But the heroin turned that shit to H-Town
I was still down to make rounds
I took that from Pine Hills down to Lake—
How I turn the livin' room to a lake house
While they doin' stakeouts I'm eatin' fried shrimp at the steakhouse
Every time I get red hot
Put a red dot on your forehead, call it breakout
To the beat, put it in a styrofoam box
Put it in a bag, call that mothafuckin' take out
Pull the fake out, bitches done seen how I made out
Now them bitches wanna make out
Bitch, what I look like? I'm taken
Kanye told me "Jesus king but that iron forsaken"
I told him it's cool, I am a god by myself
Me and the universe got an arrangement
And this shit is not for the takin'
Either with it or without it so don't be forsaken
'Cause God damn it, got the burner
And I let it burn ya, on the burner like Usher Raymond, bitch