

Firestarter

Caskey

Momma always said I was a fire starter
Guess I'm just a rolling stone like my father
Getting richer than I ever been ain't tired of balling
Rolling in these Cadillacs until the choir calling
In the south cause out in Hollywood it's plastic
And we know who you are
Bury me not in a casket but the seats of my car
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This shit going up so fast pray all the homies finna stay down
Never did somebody dirty even in the sandbox on the playground
My bitch got a Georgia peach like she done made her way up out the A town
Plane Jane watch had to buss it down like I put it on the greyhound
Addicted to balling and scoring I did it off mics and recordings
And I came out of a city where people was rapping but they wasn't actually t
ouring
I coulda put on some wings and they would still look at me and say that I do
n't be soaring
Ya'll couldn't box me in if this shit was Creed and you turned to Michael B
Jordan
I made it
When making it looked like Goliath I came out the car and I turned into Davi
d
Ya'll giving up on all your dreams then look at me living mine that's why yo
u hate it
Entangled in all of this money before I get played I'll turn to a player
I'd rather be August Alsina than Will Smith when it's coming to Jada
In the O-town I'm the mayor
Keys to the city and keys to the Caddy
Jersey on me like I'm leading the Magic
In Florida but somehow I'm freezing the Patek (ice)
Spend what you want on the car that you want that's priceless
But you try touching this car and you gone be lifeless

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The Cadillac came outta 69
My hustle inspired my Nipsey's grind
Pick all the greatest rappers: Eminem, Nas, Tupac, Biggie, this them combine
d
I had to get all my credit and cheddar cause label execs wouldn't give me mi
ne
There's too many diamonds inside of the watch
It's flooded but I know its really time
Flash back to the trap
Me and Pimpin tryna put the city on the map
Washing dishes at the restaurant selling weed
I told em meet me in the back

Pops died almost dropped out of school
My grades D's like the rims on the lac
Wrapping up the packages
I never thought I'd go and make a million off of rap
My God how my life changed
This preparation with right aim
Going against me like a hose of gasoline trying to fight flames
All you gone make it some torches
Then you gone make me pull up in them Porsches
Beat him up outside 7eleven
God damn, got blood on the forces
My cars got too many horses
My bitch do too many contortions
My account got too many commas
At the dealership with too many choices
God blessing me foreal
Cross on my head cause I been anointed
Trying to stop the wave like running in circles
All that shit is pointless

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