

# From the Bleacher to the Field

Caskey

Ooh yeah, what's happening, ZZ?

From the bleachers to the fields  
To the Heisman Trophy, I know how it feels  
Scorin' me a touchdown, touchin' on the mills  
Moved back to the O 'cause I ain't with the Hollywood Hills  
Buildin' me a compound  
Back when I was tryna ball, people told me, "Put the ball down"  
Now they lookin' star-struck when you pull up with that car  
With the stars in the ceilin' and you came out of a small town  
This for every kid in Winter Springs  
Who knew that they was destined for bigger things

'Bout to get me an assistant 'cause I'ma need a bigger team  
Playin' with my paper put your head in a guillotine  
Shot caller, made it to the top 'cause they payin' top dollar  
When you this lit, give a bad bitch a heart attack  
If she ever cheat, it'll be a cold day in Hell 'fore I ever call her back  
A rapper, a painter, entrepreneur, yeah, I'm all of that  
"You the best out," when I pull up, they gon' holler that  
Man, I swear that I could make Gwen Stefani holler back  
Growin' up, barely had shit  
Walk into the 7-Eleven, ain't had money for a slurpee  
Why I started sellin' weed and the perkies  
Sew it up at the hotel, doin' burpees  
Ferrari horsepower got me doin' one-thirty  
Get the worm 'cause I'm wakin' up early  
How you got a top five you never even heard me?  
The car clean, but my enemies, I gotta do 'em dirty

From the bleachers to the fields  
To the Heisman Trophy, I know how it feels  
Scorin' me a touchdown, touchin' on the mills  
Moved back to the O 'cause I ain't with the Hollywood Hills  
Buildin' me a compound  
Back when I was tryna ball, people told me, "Put the ball down"  
Now they lookin' star-struck when you pull up with that car  
With the stars in the ceilin' and you came out of a small town  
This for every kid in Winter Springs  
Who knew that they was destined for bigger things

Big ass and she say it's all natural  
I found out that she more like Liver King  
Y'all beliefs limiting, mine are untapped  
Throw a stack of money, I ain't askin' for the ones back  
O-town on the jersey, homie, 'cause I run that  
Used to go and flood the east side with a hunnid pack, yeah  
I'm tryna upgrade the properties and real estate  
Touch another M again, make 'em really hate  
Tried to give 'em game, but I made the gilly face  
Y'all should go and move to LA where you fit in 'cause they really fake  
Probably don't got what it really takes  
So you say that it's impossible and settle where you at  
'Fore I ever turn into that  
I'ma go around the world, represent and put my city on the map

"Ah dude, tattoos don't even hurt, dude, you're just bein' a bitch-"

Bruh, shut up! Shut up!

Look at what I got, you don't got nothin' in this area, shut up

I can't relate to you anymore

I can't relate to you anymore

I hope you find another way

I hope you find another way

I hope you find another way, 'nother way

Without me, without me