

## Hills Freestyle

Caskey

Ayy, I'm the best rapper, ayy  
Black Sheep, Generation (Hector Sounds)

In the field, like I'm on fourth and inches  
Government wanna start hanging off of lynches  
IRS audit me like I got all the Benjis  
I pop a shroom, take me into new dimensions  
My IQ high as fuck like da Vinci's  
I can't let nobody out here penny pinch me  
My worth more than what they making in a century  
Money on the table, got some choppers by the entry

I can't let nobody run up on me, tryna take my sack  
My momma know I keep blue hunnids on me, she say that's bad  
I got a fear and got a fetish for dyin'  
It's like I'm scared to leave the earth  
Somehow I'm always tryin', I keep that iron  
Just in case they wanna flex on me and take my chain  
Shit, my pops shot himself, just like Kurt Cobain  
In the hills of Hollywood, this life get awful strange  
Human sacrifices, tryna conquer fame, yeah  
I'm one of them souls still as pure as the snow  
Like there's 20, 000 in my pocket, I'll never fold  
Know I did some things I'll never do again to get the gold  
Know some people switching up on me, but that's just how it go  
Know I kept this shit 1, 000 and the wrist worth 30, 000, bruh  
I still jump on the Harley bike and ride it through the mountains  
I don't post my stats online, know they always tryna count it  
Figure that is all you got, you must not know my accountant  
You must not know how much I give all my side hoes for allowance  
You must hate the life you live, you must never find no balance  
You must think that I ain't get this off of hard work and my talents  
Y'all gon' make bring the mileage, I sip Henny by the gallons  
I smoke weed by the quarter P, ain't no one shortin' me  
That's your gang, but when you ride out, it's all disorderly  
If you slang and they try you, gotta act accordingly  
When I wake up, thumbin' through the check, it's like a chore to me