

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 lynchies
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