

# I Got Time Today

Caskey

I got time today, pussy

Yeah, ayy, charge you for a feature I slid, you never promoted it  
You pussy and you've been on my dick, wishin' you'd throated it  
Flashback three years ago, when I was so in it  
I took the rap game in a hold, then I goated it  
If a rapper didn't wanna fuck with me, wouldn't complain  
Daddy should've left you under sheets, like a cum stain  
I don't make love on rap beats, I just run trains  
Didn't like you way back then and ain't nothin' change  
Pussy, and I say it to your face  
When I twisted up the hair, made you wanna get the braids  
Then you opened up in Gainesville, they booed you off the stage  
'cause you've been a fan, all this hatin' shit is just a phase  
You did SlumFest, they didn't invite ya back  
Rode on Devil's Pass 'cause I've been down with the pack  
Killin' you at life, but I still could get you whacked  
Me and your favorite rapper, we just did eleven tracks  
Kill yourself, pussy, 'cause you'll never get on my level  
The iron metal and I shoot it when I find devils  
I keep on elevatin' daily, though, 'cause I don't settle  
And now you dead like the presidents that I embezzle

You was beggin' for some smoke with the kid, then you got some  
You shot your homie by mistake with a shotgun  
Then went to prison, say you a gangster but you not one  
You just a kid holdin' fire, never shot one

How did it feel when you looked in his mama's eyes?  
I know that you traumatized, you still tryna harmonize  
Your conscience with them lies you tellin'  
You just a lyin' felon, shit, I'm surprised you yellin'  
You could have a million plays on every song, still wouldn't sweat you  
A million dollars, money long, still don't respect you  
My success really got you goin' off the deep end  
I was rhymin' for years, but you wasn't tryna beef then  
So don't pretend that it's deeper than that  
Wanted a handout from me, you bought a feature for that  
It didn't work, now it's years later, you gettin' merked  
I'll kill you with success and kill you on a verse  
Speakin' of merks, saw you bein' thirsty, DMin' Merkules  
I got the screenshots 'cause I'm cool with him personally  
Just a week before, he was gettin' a verse from me  
Somebody sing this pussy-ass boy here a nursery  
I done did everything you wish you did  
I done rapped with every artist that you love, you know I slid  
I know that it's killin' you this year to see me really big  
Got you throwin' tantrums, boy, you just a silly kid (bitch)

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Pussy, you thought that you did somethin' with that weakass verse  
If your dog was on a tee, I'd piss on the shirt  
Then show up at the gravesite and shit on the dirt

The pandemic got you broke so I give you this work  
Never lookin' for a handout from a grown man  
Tryna come at me for the smoke, you got no chance  
Can't even get inside your mindstate  
Man, you dropped that song on Valentine's Day because you lonely with no romance  
Jelly Roll, Struggle, Yelawolf, they don't fuck with you  
SCFMG, they my dogs, they don't fuck with you  
Every rapper that you ever met had enough of you  
That's why you ain't got no features  
They see what I see, that you a hater on the low and a leacher  
I make one phone call, Pablo would come eat ya  
This was written with the same pen Nas did "Ether"  
Jay-Z wouldn't want none either, pussy

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