

I'm a Virgin

Caskey

Anonymass

Still in the Cadillac, swervin'
Makin' church money off a sermon
Two cell phones, I've been servin'
Never been fucked out a check, I'm a virgin
Bad bitches that I've been curvin'
Washin' dirty money in detergent
Still ridin' 'round the town, swervin'
You should probably chill 'cause you're makin' them nervous

I'm gettin', big checks
I'm gettin', big checks
This is not a, big flex

Yeah, I make M's, please don't call me Dr. Dre though
Forty on my hip, but I'm not Canseco
Knots and payphones, keep a Glock like Waco
Coolin', tryna make myself a lot like Bedros
Two phones, the burner stay close
I'll make a fool out a rapper like the first of April
Bumpin' Lil Durk, gettin' work from Draco
I take her to the trap, not to Turks & Caicos
I made it out the city, but boujee, I'm far from it
She could fuck me, but she ain't gon' get her a car from it
Every month, pay my mama's mortgage in all hunnids
And my dogs, they'll never say a word, but they still all gunnas
Clutchin' the pack like ball runners
I'd be ashamed to rap if I did y'all numbers
Y'all out of style like tall tees and hummers
If you in the field, it must be an off-season summer
And I don't mean an album by J. Cole
It's obvious that y'all Achille's heel ain't just under the ankle
I stepped into my greatness, it made 'em ungrateful
When you the GOAT, you gonna be somebody's scapegoat

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They come in the game for the fame, they pop and never last long
I made a rapper advance off of my trap phone
Then toured around the country and brought it back home
Hard to stay relevant lyin' in all your rap songs
Spent a lot on your chain then didn't stay in your lane
So what you blew up fast? You gone as quick as you came
Y'all some industry plants that couldn't weather the rain
All that money from the label was a waste, what a shame

This is no clout, this was all game
I took the slow route, made it all gains
They threw dirt on my name, I made a campaign
Then took the blood, sweat, and tears, made it champagne
Tap water to Fiji, black balled, they ain't need me
Now there's ghosts 'round the crib like I'm playin' with ouijas
Ten years goin' hard still, make it look easy
Talk back, you get smacked, dog, better believe me
Mask on like Yeezy, I stack freely
Bring the drama to your DJ, is that Jeezy?
I got 'Mass on the track like he Mancini
And I got everything I wanted like I had genies

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