

LIVING PROOF

Caskey

You're now
Witnessing God splitting hairs at the alter
I kill a body then I do a grave yard departure
Before you go and judge a book by its cover
Make sure you turn round and get to stare at the author
Black sheep
Bringing mass sheep to the slaughter
Last week I took away the sleep from the martyrs
Athletes can't even compete with the hustle
They clocking in for doubles
Need moccasins to shuffle
I keep a muzzle
For all the rappers talking bad bout me
Could work at Louis and they still wont get a bag out me
Be humble tatted on my hands but I'm far from meek
Cuz everytime I go to sleep people brag bout me
I wasn't born with a silver spoon
But my family put a flame to the silverware cuz they feel the blues
So when they tell you that your past finna limit you
Take a look at me motherfucker
I'm living proof

Haters gonna hate
Real ones finna give you flowers
I'm out the circle that they made but I'm in power
I pull up in that 911
Cuz my enemies broke
And they thought that it was sweet but it's twin towers
Upper echelon
You a stepping stone and you right inside the path that I'm stepping on
Aye why you talking bout them guns if they never drawn
I'm in Boston at the Middle East like it's Lebanon
This hustle that I got that shit forever long
Tryna come play with the kid
Should make some better songs
Some people only get the praise when they dead and gone
I keep on going cuz my legacy is set in stone
Metronome
Setting the tempo to put this record on
Reconciliation and repercussions for repping wrong
Reptile rip off your body expose the skeleton
They get the message wrong like playing a game of telephone

This for the hustlers with work
The workers that work a 9 5
People working on they craft thinking time flies
I lost all of my lives and did it 9 times
And I keep a 9 in the cut so you can't blind side
Between love and hate there is a fine line
Most of your haters they love you when you align fine
Most of your lovers they hate you when it is grind time
Prolly cuz they spent their life there on the side line
Me going broke is possible in a time line
But not this one
This one I'm closer to Einstein
Shout out to God I'm blessed with a divine rhyme
And I get better with time like it was fine wine

Hail marry the devil gotta be plotting on me
If they don't wanna see you win then they not a homie
If they don't wanna see me win pray they got an army
Now give me space or get introduced to the rocket on me
David blain turn the dodge to a Bentley coupe
The other car a V12 call it 10 and 2
So when they tell you that your past finna limit you
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