

Lost Y'all Mind

Caskey

Y'all must've lost y'all mind
What, you think I ain't gon' grind?
I ain't gon' shine? I ain't gon' grind?
I ain't hustling, for what's mine?
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Yo, who the fuck tryna say I ain't got it? Beware
Circle takes the square, octagons, they could stop and stare
Populous of an entire city behind me, my grind diligent
Obvious the city reminds me of my illness
And ignorance at the same time, the same mind
Of the greats of the past, same time I integrate with the stash
Me and the work become one and the same
Got one mic, one gun to my brain
I'm contemplating if it's better to live
Contemplating if it's better to die
How many nights I spent bent at the sky
Begging God but ain't get no reply
I guess he like my old girlfriends, we ain't really talking tonight
I'm sipping Remy out the bottle, the chaser is incognito
The veto is not possible, optimal on my C-notes
I'm in the cut and buzzing with Ebo
Contemplating how to take over these people
If you thinking we'll slow it down, y'all must've lost it

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Y'all must've lost y'all mind, me, I'ma floss for all mine
What you think? I'ma talk this and draw lines?
Or just cross it? Spitting that I'll noise, boy, I'm Boston
And often, I take out position, leave them in coffins
I'm coughin', indo that I be smoking exhaustin'
But I don't ever sleep, on my grind 'til
Couldn't explain it, calculations of how my mind ticks
I just know it's timeless, and all my haters, they must be mindless
'Cause I swear to God, this is so logical, philosophical
Both my eyes got dollar signs in they opticals
That mean I ain't picturing these obstacles
I just see these million dollar visions of what's possible
Bitch, I'm out my mind, and this what I incline
I'ma introduce the proof to this intelligent design
It's relevant tonight, so quit with this tonight
If you sleeping on my grind, then you sleeping where a lion is
Man, y'all must've lost it

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Damn, I think y'all really done got me confused
How could I lose, never sleep, I'm awake with the juice
Ain't gotta chase with the goose, I guess I'm sipping straight
Just another scene of the grind, shot a different day
God knows I love to recline, ain't no different way
I just keep workin' and workin' 'til I'm a inch away
Cops be lurkin' and lurkin', somebody snitched today
I still keep the purp on my merchant and I got shit to pay
Who the fuck told you all to slow down?
Me and some of my connects really run the whole town
Ok, so you heard about my mission, probably heard I was pimpin'
Heard I was getting wild, but don't know how I be livin'
My intuition, it keep me out of touch with the law
Ok, so I slipped once, but everybody gotta fall
And I'm all in for my mama's sake
And when she ask me what the cost is
I say, "You thinking I'ma stop, you must've lost it"

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