

No Volume!

Caskey

Aye yo I'd rather get my ass whooped than let you motherfuckers talk to me
I'm in the fast lane and Ima let my money talk for me
It's a sack chase and you been at your momma house asleep
Man I make enough to buy my mom a new house every week

Just get the fuck up out the way
Money talks people don't say nothing
It's probably best you run away
Should tell the truth but they gon' stay bluffing
Just get the fuck up out the way
Money talks people don't say nothing
It's probably best you run away
Start a riot got the whole thing jumping

Aye don't play with my intelligence
I killed a rapper once, now my closet full of skeletons
People mentioning my name cause they irrelevant
The car was black on black like it skin was full of melanine
Stay away from fuck shit, I'm celibate
My homies serve the pelicans and did that shit with elegance
Management took me to court they got a settlement
I paid it off, still ain't let it slow down my development
I paid the cost, to the boss, you ain't paid at all
'I was you and looking in a mirror, I would hate it all
I ain't got no time to chill with broke boys I skated off
One look at you and it say it all

Aye yo I'd rather get my ass whooped than let you motherfuckers talk to me
I'm in the fast lane and Ima let my money talk for me
It's a sack chase and you been at your mommas house asleep
Man I make enough to buy my mom a new house every week

Just get the fuck up out the way
Money talks people don't say nothing
It's probably best you run away
Should tell the truth but they gon' stay bluffing
Just get the fuck up out the way
Money talks people don't say nothing
It's probably best you run away
Start a riot got the whole thing jumping

Yeah, and Yelawolf I got, both lanes bumping
Got no stains in the seat, no grains cousin
Yeah the drop, 911 with my old main woman
50k up in Chanel I'm in the old same clothing
Big talk, same motive
You a lame, can't quote em
You would swim, what's in my ship?
We ain't in the same ocean
Ima skyscraper with the skyscraper crane holding
Fifty tons over your punk ass weak rap shoulders
Ima southern God quoted, Sipping Patrick Van Winkle
Bitch the heat, from the swipe, left the credit card crinkled
Look, I don't give a fuck about no million dollar tinkle
Ima faucet with this shit, I got billion dollar people
Boy you know the A.K.A.
Bitch it's M.W.A.

I done peddled to the top, I gave your bitch a bouquet
I done spit so many bars I should have nothing else to say
But its pop-pop-pop-pop never stop vocabulary

Aye yo I'd rather get my ass whooped than let you motherfuckers talk to me
I'm in the fast lane and Ima let my money talk for me
It's a sack chase and you been at your mommas house asleep
Man I make enough to buy my mom a new house every week

Just get the fuck up out the way
Money talks people don't say nothing
It's probably best you run away
Should tell the truth but they gon' stay bluffing
Just get the fuck up out the way
Money talks people don't say nothing
It's probably best you run away
Start a riot got the whole thing jumping

(Black sheep... Yelawolf)

(Catfish Billy... Bitch)