

Pound Cake Freestyle

Caskey

Part 2

Might just take back up smoking to cultivate my perspective
Checked the bank statement swore that I was dyslexic
That's a whole lot of numerical intersection
The number so big I gotta be out in Texas
Ya'll desire for clout it perplex us
Between being broke and rich I'm at the nexus
Never wanted to be famous
I wanted to make a grand entrance kill it and make an exit
But since attention is money I'll take both
Rather be first class and playing, then stay coach
I hear some goat talk from rappers that ain't goats
If you watching this throne I gotta make moats
Mozart in the flesh
Noah's Ark way I got two of everything
It's like breasts
Joan of Arc way ya'll bitches in disguise
And if you come round me and the guys
Well you know the rest
Comparing me to them gotta lay that to rest
Ya'll like an 8 out of 10 when you at your best
I'm off scales your stories are tall tales
And them parties that you throwing in Hollywood all males
This shit deadly to ya'll, carbon monoxide
In the front seat of the Urus eating popeyes
If Big and Pac was alive I'd be they top 5
Ya'll could wet the floor with grease and still do not slide
I'm not in the LA circles of who's, who's
Or into sharing my personal life on Youtube
I come from a rough life of holding .22s
And seeing drugs in the house at an age when few do
You ever seen a family member overdose?
Gotta rush em' to the hospital when they comatose
I didn't think so, reason that I drink slow
And I don't relate to these rappers when they brag and boast
I mean I'm all with flexing getting' checks in
And putting big diamonds on necks n'
But just to be honest I lost my pops when I was an adolescent
So if there's not more to your story I gotta next it
The tip top not far you don't got hip hop bars
Ya'll put the skill down and turned into some Tik Tok Stars
Keep that wave to yourself dawg cause it's not ours
We still got shit to talk about and it's not cars
Though my fleet is quite unique
And the woman that I'm married to pussy juice on the seat
Faithful as they come but death I'm tryna cheat
Play with basketball money but not for Miami Heat
I disappeared like a David Blaine trick
Man they say they push P but they never claim trick
I learned early on that most of ya'll ain't shit
Blood 'posed to be thicker than water it ain't thick enough
Seeing me in good health got 'em sick of us
Most be Rob Dyrdek that's ridiculous
Especially when they talk bad 'bout ya behind ya back
Then they see you in person say "get a pic of us"
Fake friends gotta tell em' take 10

Sometimes gotta swap your day ones for your day tens
I forgive and forget but still I hate them
Sometime your world sit still but your fate spins
I probably woulda been bigger if I had stayed in my lane
Didn't experiment with sounds, rap so much 'bout my pain
Or went to content house when I was in LA
And wasn't so committed to going against the grain
Or if I did photoshoots when I hopped on the jet
Or made sure to take pictures with the rappers I met
Or if I didn't buy the Chevy and I copped me the Vette
But I gotta be me, and I can't be the rest
Black sheep
Forever