

Priceless Cuts

Caskey

That's not too much
Anybody lay one finger on a dollar, they get touched
Standin' on my own two feet in the street, need no crutch
On the money track a it's rush, tell me, what's the hold up?
I went to California for the goldrush
Bank account on swole, I put the doors up
I race the police doin' two hunnid, can't slow up
All of my opps, they wanted smoke, so I had to roll up
I'm the only when the pressure hit, I ain't fold up
Matter fact, I done doubled down
I heard that you run the city, when I showed up, got the runaround
I wish a mafucka would so I could feel good when I gun him down
Y'all big homies bitch-made, my big homies shot a hunnid rounds
Stayin' strapped on this side
Been had the fishscale on me, no fish fry
Know my next move, I ain't even gotta decide
Bitch said I fold under pressure, well the bitch lied
I ain't takin' baby steps, I'ma take a big stride

I'm a diamond in the rough
I'ma die 'bout my respect
My diamonds priceless cuts
So I'm comin' for your neck
And you can't buy respect
But you could get hit with this tech
I'ma flood out my baguettes
When I pull up to collect, ayy, yeah

I keep a P like I was slidin' in mercedes
Back in 2012, was goin' codeine crazy
Artists got me jaded
But I done made it out the mud, so motherfucka, it's amazin'
What's with all the hatred?
Oh, you mad 'cause you wanted me here stretched out on the pavement
Me and death flirtatious
But I made pleasure from the pain like I'm a fuckin' dominatrix
I slide on 'em, slide, you can't hide from him
I take ya for a wild ride when I'ma ride on 'em
I'm 'bout my business like I got a suit and tie on 'em
My homie serve the eightball and he got the nine on him

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