

PUT SOME MORE WORK IN

Caskey

Yeah yeah
Black sheep 5
Top 5

Fresh out a Nicholas Cage
I'm gone in 60 seconds
You play it safe you broke
Am I wrong for living reckless
My streaming check look like I got a series on Netflix
Put all of my eggs in that basket and made a breakfast
What's my motherfucking name
Black Sheep
It's hanging off of my necklace
My haters gonna respect it
They don't respect the hustle
And I don't respect my exes
I guess that empathy ain't an attribute I was blessed with
Pussy ass
Sucka ass
Sit em down
The only time you hold the crown when you sipping brown
The way he always clique hopping I guess he get around
Good thing this drum hold a 50 round
Pussy I was blessed with the gift of gab
He say he getting to them bands
But them bands looking something like my missing dad
Non existent
Fuck it I hope it get em mad
They telling on they self
Doing interviews on Vlad
You speak it you don't know it
You know it you don't speak it
I been a street poet
If that money that you got is illegal then don't show it
Unless you want them police around here to come forward
Yall moving backwards
Bad actors and bigger cappers
Couldn't see my next move if you at lens crafters
Put the work in first
Get the ends after
On my way to the bank it's only laughter

It's a bad day to fuck with me
Feeling celibate
If it ain't about the money
It's irrelevant
12 come around just know I ain't selling it
Me without a check is so out of my element

Uhhhhh
Put some more work in
Put some more work in
Put some more work in
I said uhhhhh
Put some more work in
Put some more work in
Put some more work in

If it ain't about the money it's a dead phone line
You play with me
That's gone be where your headstone lies
And I don't mean to start a fight
But on that white Mount Rushmore of rappers
It's my head four times
I get inspired by Millyz and Jack
MGK and Mac
Eminem and Yelawolf man there's so many that snap
But all of heavens talents really fallen into my lap
And saying I'm the greatest ain't a statement I'm gone retract
Packed shows man I came out of the trap doors
I'll probably always be underrated like Ab Soul
Flag poles I ready for the sky
Like I'm tryna ready for a piece of my dads soul
You got it

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Ok my dad had corvette dreams and Kia nightmares
I'm tryna make it so a C8 is a light scare
And when I look out the Rolls a lambo right there
So bout this rap check money I ain't gone fight fair
Car bomber Unabomber
Introduce him to his karma I'm the Dalai lama
He think he fucking with me
He must have head trauma
Don't make me turn these AF1's to some red bottoms
Homie
I go dominatrix
Dominate the game then hop out the matrix
I go ape shit
Rearrange his face he gone need a facelift
They gone think he shape shift
Looking like a bad haircut he must have went to great clips
One of the greatest of all time
If I ain't that
I'm one of the greatest of my time
They wanna see you fall off so they hate when you aligned
I hate it when they try to dim your shine

All I know is
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