

SHOULDA STAYED SOLID

Caskey

Aye aye one two one two

Black sheep 5

Yeah

Left all that bitch ass shit

Yeah

Aye

Y'all ain't ever sold no pack out of no Coupe De Ville

Don't shoot my shot cuz when I pop out I'm gone shoot to kill

My homie switched up for some change

He know how Judas feel

But fuck it I keep sluggers in the hammer like a Louisville

My dad wasn't rich but I got tatted like I'm Ricky Hill

And that's my dawg

Still gone hustle till there's 50 mil

I put some homies on

They flew out to LA and got a sticky deal

I guess that's karma cuz he shoulda kept it real

He shoulda stayed solid

I know you my day ones if you got some loyalty for me and you don't play about it

Spray about it

Stay repping

Got that 1911 like it's 1947

I been sinning for some time

Might not get to heaven

But when winnings on your mind

Gotta do what give you leverage

Man I keep a 4

My homie put a 4 inside his beverage

Then he fucked round overdosed

I told God I got the message

And I changed my ways

King of diamond not the ace of spades

You work this hard and everyday feel like it's Labor Day

Been in the street for so damn long

Feel like I can't escape

But homie I get magic with this mic

I feel like Channing Tate

And I hate suckers

I'd stay around but I can't kick it with you fake fuckers

Make sure you keep some strong women in your life

So you don't get up on the mic

And get to talking like the Tate brothers

I milked the game for so damn long I gotta make butter

If you don't put on for your dawgs then you ain't brothers

For every lame that die

They'll reincarnate 8 others

Make sure when the real ones come around

You pussys take cover

He shoulda stayed solid

I know you my day ones if you got some loyalty for me and you don't play about it

Spray about it

Stay repping
Got that 1911

Since the adolescent thuggin with a Smith & Wesson
Probably shuda learned my lesson when they caught me slippin
Plenty stripes war wounds, show I'm battle tested
You know My Mama was my Daddy she was Transparent
A man first I neva want no handout
And fukk the Judge u shud see the time they handout
My big bradda got 5 life sentences
Now tell me: how tha fukk I'm supposed to explain that to my nieces?
Please

I just pray they don't blame him for leavin
And start tell themselves that they don't need him
On top of that, me and my bradda beefin
This Cane n Abel shit this shit a lil different
Thought dat if I love you I kud tell ya when ya trippin
You should neva have to question my intentions
Especially when you know how I be livin
Know how I be standing on bizness
Hol up let me get up out my feelings

He jus shoulda stayed solid
I know you my day ones if you got some loyalty for me and you don't play abo
ut it
Spray about it
Stay repping
Got that 1911 like it's 1947

Black sheep