

Still Ridin (Interlude)

Caskey

Ya, fuck what they told ya
I'm ridin' round with Stunna servin'
In the cuts of Magnolia
I guess he still
Got them thang for ten a brick
What shall I benefit learnin' from my predecessors
It's immanent that I ball on the nay-sayers
Their hate layers
They wish I wasn't deep like the chakras and great prayers
They prefer that I was shallow with the stairs on the hot tub
They send all this hate, still I got love
Look, I'm so unacquainted with cameras and gettin' painted
It's something that'chu not
And this industry rather tainted
Realize all that Gucci Wear is a heinous disguise
Forty caliber it ain't at ya sides
Aim at your ties
I'm tired of fake ballers
I give it to ya, you great stallers
But the truth on the way
You on the way up out the door
When I come around things in alignment
I ain't talkin' about the rock when I say throw up the diamonds
I get some steel
I hear on some fuck shit
And you still servin' mid on some out of luck shit
Ya I'm still ridin' 'round with the same homies
You recognize but you ain't even know me
Mother fucka and I'm still ridin', still ridin'
Twenty years in the game
Mother fucka and I'm still ridin', still ridin'
Ya, I'm a legend in my city
Mother fucka and I'm still ridin', still ridin'
Too much dough to count
Mother fucka and I'm still ridin, still ridin'