

## 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'