

The Drop

Caskey

My homie car push-start, he still drop off the keys
She not a religious girl, she still drop on her knees
I'm not pimpin', but I still made some guap off the P's
They've been askin' me for favors, need to stop all that please
Gang members in my city know that I'm an honoree
I'ma get that check regardless of the damn economy
It's like a Tesla how I got the drive, there ain't no stallin'
me
I got three different phones, destiny still callin' me

This car cost two hunnid fifty thou, to think I came from Honda
Civics
Yeah, basically fuck all the critics
If you hatin' and you make more than me, speak up 'cause I'll a
dmit it
Every time I ask, all I hear is crickets
Y'all some broke boys, still off at yo' mama's house and on the
couch
Don't take advice from people I don't respect, fuck what they t
alkin' 'bout
Folks should just be happy I'm too busy to come chalk 'em out
Stacks of twenty thousand make it too easy to block 'em out
Y'all blockin' blessings, can't finesse the kid 'cause I come f
rom finessin'
Only time I be filled with regret is when I'm in regression
Top five rappers, I hang with the pros 'cause that's my profess
ion
Might go start a boy band 'cause I'm headin' in one direction
Up, y'all still down, you stuck
When they hate to say you did it all by yourself, they say it's
luck
Still don't entertain these haters, truth be told I give a fuck
Y'all some low lifes, I'm sittin' high like inches on the truck

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In the kitchen and it's Taysty