

Thought U Lost It

Caskey

Yeah, 2016, no more games with these fuck boys
Cash Money mo'fuckin' Records, bitch
Yeah, yeah, smoke one
It happened in 1947

The bigger the test, the bigger the conquest
The bigger the check, the bigger the complex
This morning, I woke up to some bomb sex
From a freak bitch that I met at the front desk
Taking off like my brother, Offset
'Cause I got the diamonds Bird gave me, they offset
Somebody gotta point me out a rapper who ain't taken a loss yet
(Point 'em out) I turn his downtime into cross-fit
2-thousand-16, I'm on boss shit
Even when I served, I was never on no "takin' no loss" shit
You ain't got a pistol, don't floss shit
My homies, they a different type of artist, they draw shit
Have you feeling sketched out, playing shit safe the best route
These the games you wanna be left out
Sometimes I get on Percocet when I'm stressed out
Other times I get some head with her chest out
How many hoes I fucked that I can't announce?
'Cause she got a man, try me, I make the cannon bounce, yeah
That's black and white, San Antonio Spurs
If you ain't 'bout action then you only your words
If you ain't actively manifesting your destiny, it only occurs
If it don't hook you in, it's only a verse
If you been talking like you gon' do something to me, show me your worst
I ain't scared of nothing, I'm shooting first, yeah!

Goddamn!
Thought you might've lost it
Heard you just hit up Avianne with the watch
And you told 'em boy to frost it
Goddamn!
Thought you might've lost it
Heard some of the shit that you dropped last year
And you sounded so exhausted
Goddamn!

Pull up whipping at the spot, sitting low, it's the 4-pop
Something fishy 'bout ya like you work at the pole shop
All of y'all dramatic like you act on the soap-op
Probably 'cause my shit is popping off and you so not
Don't wanna be like Jay, politician' with politician
Rather be on shrooms at the beach, writing composition
I put in the effort, there ain't gonna be competition
This a PSA to every rapper, your clock is tickin', got a vision
Got a mission, gotta let it known that I'm not permittin'
Anybody stopping my shine, got a pot to piss in
But that ain't finna stop me from shittin' on 'em, yeah
That ain't finna stop the sauce from drippin' on 'em
They sending shots 'bout the lyrical context
When I don't talk about the spiritual concepts
But sometimes gotta increase the fanbase
I know a snake when he can't do the handshake
Put the lawnmower to landscape

Start to paint a picture so vivid you can't erase, handle plates
Our country fucked if I'm assessing the candidates
If Donald Trump win, may be a man of space
I'd still be smoking on Moon Rocks
High like the days I had dime bags stuffed in the tube socks
I got a mouth like that jit on The Boondocks
I'm tryin' to stack six figures in shoe box

Goddamn!

Thought you might've lost it
Heard you just hit up Avianne with the watch
And you told 'em boy to frost it
Goddamn!
Thought you might've lost it
Heard some of the shit that you dropped last year
And you sounded so exhausted
Goddamn! (Whew, still got it)
Thought you might've lost it
Heard you just bought the whole team new brights
And you had 'em all frosted
Goddamn! Still got it (GAHDDAMN!)
Thought you might've lost it (God damn, you still got it)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Life's a bitch and I'm Bill Cosby
Counting more money, I'm in the lobby
We got the hoes and got the oil, Abu Dhabi
Stunting ain't only a habit, that shit a hobby, you got me?
Pussy better never try me, I'm with the YG
Someone asked him, "Where is the chopper?" He said, "Beside me"
Someone asked me where are my problems, I said, "Behind me"
Same place I left all my haters, they tryin' to blind me
My bitches wily, they on a trance out they body
On the molly, going fast, no Ducati
Jump out Bugatti, got that shit they tryin' to copy
It never stop me, told my bitch to get the posse
'Bout to do a fucking naked tour, I feel like Miley
Have these bitches looking at my dick and getting smiley
I'm tryin' to dip and tryin' to disappear, they tryin' to find me
So I don't need a critic to remind me that I still got it, bitch

My God. There's been an explosion
One minute 15 seconds, velocity 2, 900 feet per second. Altitude 9 nautical
miles, down range distance 7 nautical miles
This is not standard, this is not something that is planned...