

Too Much

Caskey

Bag up the zippy, I'm going hippy
The dope is so butter, it's Jiffy
I got here quickly so now I'm gon' be here til 2050
So please don't fuck with me, I'm high
The streets full of snakes
Gotta move through them swiftly
Most people are sheeps
And for that reason there, I am forever trippy
Back to work then I'm out the house
Counted out so many times, couldn't count the doubt
Got two bad bitches giving mouth to mouth
I'm feeling like the hottest rapper ever out the South
Like Wayne, Trae, Pimp C, without the clout
I'ma serve the whole city, pull 'em out the drought
They never on, when they out, they out
They talking like what they 'bout, they 'bout
They really lost, they without the route
Always doing too much
Bitches in the city always tryna pursue us
I just poured a hunnid dollar lean inside of two cups
Fuck the other side, know somebody wanna shoot us
We don't be with broke boys who ain't ever knew us
We ain't out beefing with the broke boys
I just pulled up in a Rolls Royce
Birdman gave me no choice

Smoke one, let these hoes rotate like the wheel
I'm so high, I ain't ever coming down off the hill
I don't touch the lean 'less I bust that bitch out the seal
I just fucked two hoes, I don't give a fuck how they feel

Swear I never call too much
My homie on the pill doing too much
We at the trap house moving too much
Bitches on my phone always doing too much
Those who got the most to say never really do much
I swear they doing too much
Yeah, somebody run the city, I'm like, "Who us?"
When it come to the weed, to the money, to the pussy
I could never have too much

Left out the crib then came back in a Bentley
Bad bitches tempt me
Second I give in, she know I ain't fucking her gently
Devilish smile, but got the voice of an angel
I don't know who sent me
Looked in my closet
I'm thinking 'bout swapping all the shit I got for Givenchy
Live by the code, I'm da Vinci
Stay with the blade on me, think that I'm Kenshin
Pop me a shroom, now I'm jumping dimensions
Got these hoes all in my mentions, may be a mile from inches
Pouring up the Hennessy
I don't need no one to tell me that's the remedy
Some of these rappers really not who they pretend to be
Don't need to meet 'em, feel it all in they energy
I can see the signs, man, it's all in assembly

Hit the homie Plies and we draw on the enemy
I ain't got the time, I'm tryin' to stall what is meant to be
Every time I drop it's like the song of the century
Talking 'bout the greatest and you flawed not to mention me
Fuck it though, we ain't out beefing with the broke boys
I'ma pull up in a Rolls Royce
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Black Sheep fucking 2
Yeah, we ain't doing none of that fake shit no more
No more fake chains, no more fake rappers
No more fake money, fake relationships
Just us