

Upgrade U Freestyle

Caskey

Yeah, rarely deterred, rarely scared, very busy with words
Ain't gotta say that I'm the best 'cause that shit is inferred
Bein' this talented at anything a gift and a curse
Front of the car got a R like that shit in reverse
Solo 'cause I get it with the beat alone
Freezin' stones, every deacon say I got some demons on
Gon' be a cold day in Hell I leave my heater home
Say what I want and you could put that shit on speaker phone
They sleepin' on, that boy from Florida, well, to each his own
This shit was brought to you by dope like Big Meech's home
I had a group of brothers and my own bread, so I ain't need a loan
Plus, I never went to Diddy parties
So the industry execs in the game don't wan' bring me along
It's cool, I'd rather be independent and rich
Than covered in baby oil and desperate to get some freakin' on
I got this chain by myself, so I'ma keep it on
You keyboard warriors swore that you were some D-boys
You never sold a pack out in Ybor
You'd probably get popped for a zip of the weed
Then tell the police that you'll record
Somebody else to avoid touchin' the sea floor
Get out my way and let me be poised
This is America, bein' pussy's a free choice
Give 'em hysteria, put the guns in the carrier
Kill you bitches myself, call my cousin to bury ya
Call my uncle for alibis, call the bank for a check
Can't name a debt somebody owed me that I ain't collect
Can't name a better rapper out there that I ain't respect
Until I took they beats, and made a major threat
Eatin' ramen at the crib like it was commissary
Rappers givin' up on they dreams, that shit is kinda scary
They get a podcast mic, start doin' commentary
That shit is comedy to me, but ain't no Tyler Perry
I guess do what you gotta do to go get the commas
I ain't gon' switch my whole career, just might switch the genre
Drop a couple freestyles, sit you boys down and cook
Right in front you at the table like it's Benihana's
Your first problem was too many baby mommas
I know some rappers my sons, but, dog, I'd hate to find 'em
I know some rappers with guns who still let people try 'em
Can't relate, you play with me, it's gon' be people dyin'
Ridin' sunk, low in the Chevy box
Still keep one eye open when I sleep, like I'm Fetty Wap
Turn you to spaghetti, bumpin' Tom Petty, hold my arm steady
Man, they told me lighten up, but this fuckin' charm heavy, ah
Yelawolf told me make you miss me, I should drop less
And yes, I probably should
But when it come to rappin' this good, I think I'm God's best
Plus I've been hearin' this new shit and I'm not impressed
I'm a mess, undiscovered talent like the Loch Ness Monster
Felony arrests, so I got less sponsors
The fanbase a cult, so I don't get less concerts
I pull up to the show and go full-time bonkers
Damn, that boy cold, it's like he came out of Yonkers
But you know I'm Florida-born, I came up out the swampers
Make 'em unconscious, obnoxious
In every hater mouth, like a fuckin' pair of tonsils

Gold on me, you know I'm royalty, but not no oil sheik
The car was painted sour milk, but no one spoiled me
Apparel ain't by M.I.A. but, damn, they tryna foil me
Buyin' all these toys, it's therapy for that lil boy in me
Name a rapper who wan' take a go at me
Last one who tried checked the score and he was oh-and-three, OMG
Drop him from the sky like some Boeing seats
Then I resurrect him out the ground like the Lord, but he know it's me
Fly as G5's, it's like there's wings on the Levi's
I must be a king, should call me T.I
Probably why I get so many of these damn rebuttals from princes
They tryna stop the bubble, but this hustle relentless, okay
This entail a kid who write his hits in braille
So they could feel it even on the day they senses fail
As a jit, I got in trouble 'cause I couldn't sit still
Nowadays, all that movement made me plus six mill
This shit trill, my girl wearin' six inch heels
I did a merch drop, made six figures, this shit chill
They make up stories 'bout ya 'til they find that shit get real
It's all gravy 'til you find out how that biscuit feel
Really, really, really, really reckless
Really big where I grew up, like I'm out of Texas
Really took an L, turned that shit into a Lexus
Really down to punch you in the face and get arrested
Real rockstar, reincarnated Presley
Really make a call and get you sniped like you Wesley
How you doin' hits on rappers, makin' it look sexy?
I should blame that on the killers that I call my besties, besties
Made a million then I reinvested
Peel off on a motorcycle like I'm DMXin'
Movie budget at the crib like we CMXed it
My enemies' budget lookin' like somebody hexed it, ugh