

# 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 swamps  
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