

A.M. to P.M.

Cassidy

I still move work from the AM to the PM
Niggas got beef, I'ma spray 'em when I see 'em

I'ma spray 'em when I see 'em
I'ma spray 'em when I see 'em

I pump on the streets from the AM to the PM
A nigga want beef, I'ma spray 'em when I see 'em
Lay 'em when I see 'em, AK 'em when I see 'em
Hop out the Bronco and OJ 'em when I see 'em

Cut a bone out his skin, fish fillet 'em when I see 'em
Than wire his grill, Kayne 'em when I see 'em
My young'ns on they job, so I pay 'em when I see 'em
Turn Boyz II Men, I Juanye 'em when I see 'em

'Cuz I be on the grind from the PM to the AM
Paint pictures with my rhymes, you can see 'em when I say 'em
My songs like movies, you can see 'em when you play 'em
If a nigga want beef, when I see 'em I'ma spray him

For six G's, I can get your whip swiss cheesed
I'm like a red nose pit you a mixed breed
Bitch please, all them dudes in your crew ass
I get you strangled with the strings on your durag

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Niggas got beef, I'ma spray 'em when I see 'em, nigga

I'ma spray 'em when I see 'em
I'ma spray 'em when I see 'em

I'ma let you niggas talk all stupid
'Til you get hawked all stupid, sparked all stupid
Outlined in chalk all stupid, dog got bite, I don't bark all stupid
It is what it is

I'm in the coupe droop, dropped all stupid
Fitted hat cocked all stupid, gettin' top all stupid
My clientelle cop all stupid, we make sales on the block all stupid
It is what it is

It's a fact that I rap all stupid
Get your wig pushed back all stupid
We strapped all stupid, I'll get you clapped all stupid
Don't let the pills and the yack make you act all stupid

Yeah, I do my thing all stupid
Let my chain bling all stupid
My ring all stupid and my earring all stupid
I got them things and I sling all stupid

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Yo, my flow, have you amazed and astonished
I been hot since I copped my first Sega with Sonic
Back in the day, when Shawn Kemp played for the Sonics
I rocked the used jeans and I played the atonics

You know I blow haze, I be blazin' the chronic
It got my mind scrambled like a egg in a omellete
I talk to God every day and He made me a promise
Me and T like Malcolm and Elijah Mohammed

Me and Swiss like Martin and Jessie
But the fact that I can get assassinated is starting to stress me
I ain't tryin' to let the police department arrest me
But I still keep a steel tucked under the fresh tee

And I ain't just rappin' for my health
So before you diss me, you be better off clappin' at yourself
'Cause I ain't trying to battle on the mic
I'll have them goons hop out on you like they did Harold at the light

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