

## AM to PM

Cassidy

(Refrain)

I still move work from the AM to the PM  
Niggas got beef, Imma spray 'em when I see em  
(Gat sounds)  
Imma spray em when I see 'em  
(Gat sounds)  
Imma spray em when I see 'em

I pump on the streets from the AM to the PM  
A nigga want beef, Imma spray 'em when I see em  
Lay 'em when I see 'em  
AK 'em when I see 'em ( Roxy u sexy fukin girl )  
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 Imma 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 wit the strings on your du-rag

(Refrain)

Imma 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 (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 the things and I sling all stupid

(Refrain)

Yo my flow have you so 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 with 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  
( I LOVE ROX !!!!! )  
Peace out Niggas !  
(Refrain)