

Apply Pressure

Cassidy

Yeahhhh
This Cassidy the hustler
I'm back on my bullshit
I just was online readin' some of the comments niggas was making
Cause I put out a couple mixtapes and I put out this freestyle with Cory Gun
z a couple days ago
And I think niggas got me fucked up
A couple niggas said they wasn't feeling my last couple of joints
But you know I was going through a lot of trials and tribulations
I had to get my head right
I had to get out a couple of contracts, get my business right, and get situa
ted
Plus I was recovering from the accident, you know I suffered brain damage an
d amnesia
So I had to get myself situated
But I'm back and I'm better than ever
Another nigga typed in the comment and said that I can't make a hit record
Like he wasn't in the club Chi-
town steppin' thowin' his 6 in the air to Hotel
Like he wasn't tellin' his girl it dont get no better
Like he wasn't in his hood talkin' about "im a hustla."
That nigga know he had his drink and his two step, but he try to front on me
But I don't even give a fuck about making a hit
I'm not doing no dance record
I'm not trying to throw a t-pain effect on my voice to make a hit
I'm just giving the streets what they need
I partnered up with Carmello, Kross Over Entertainment
So im doing it on my own
I don't got no A&R or no CEO picking my records
Picking my albums and narrowin' down shit
I can do that on my own
So I can give the streets what they really wanna hear from the hustler
So im about to jump in my bag and fuck niggas up
Im about to put pressure on you niggas
My cologne is the scent of haze
I drink silver Patron
Mixed with the pink lemonade minute maid
Hennessy with the iced tea Snapple
Goose and pineapple,
I'm high as a pterodactyl
You dead like a dinosaur when its time for war
What you think I got the iron for? you diein' whore
And you ain't never popper iron, stop lyin' boy
You not a thug and you not a drug connoisseur
You not a hustler, you ain't never grind before
What you lyin' for? you never even sold a dime before
I was eating off the trees like an omnivore
Yeah I had herb I had birds and they were flyin' boy
You a pussy cat, I'm a lion whore
But I don't roar like a lion, that's what the irons for
I been a threat but the world ain't convinced yet
I guess its cause I ain't makin' enough dollars and cents yet
Thats cause J-records couldn't make it make sense yet
I Coulda been the best if they were ready to invest
I'm with Carmello now you should be impressed
Cause he got plenty of dough and he showing interest
He a baller he getting them grown men checks

So you gotta love it, 'Melo gave me a budget
For 'Melo I clap my gat right out in public
And watch you die right outside just like fuck it
I just started to punish it with a denver nugget
He told me whatever I need he got it covered
I could discuss it, it don't hurt to explain
You know he working with change, he drop 30 a game man
I'm independent how I'm supposed to be
I'm with a baller not another rapper trying to shine over me
And no ain't no CEO controlling me
I control my own shit
Thats why I'm on my own dick
Shout out to my boy swiss
He out there trying to get that Oprah
Im still reppin' full surface to the death
And supply whoever got high
To get the chicken, I cooked birds like popeyes
I'm a ghetto superstar, but im not Pras
The drop I drive is the color of hotfries
It seem like hiphop died when pac died
Hiphop died cause everybody that hot died
But not I, naw I did not die
I'm in gangstas top 5, alive or not alive
I had a lot of street dreams, but im not Nas
I still chill in the cut like peroxide
My ice shines so bright, I cannot hide
If you stare at rocks I wear you be cockeyed
But I never got robbed, cause I pull them thangs out
And blow niggas brains out like carbon dioxide
Them cats actin like gangstas, do not ride
They scared, but I dont fear nothing if its not god
I got squad like AR, my man pretty
No security guards, I got my fam with me
And I keep a gat the size of my lil man with me
Stop playin with me, I be popping a gun
Thats about the size of my biological son
And everybody is the same biologically son
But everybodys ain't the same psychologically son
If you know you not a thug, don't try to be one
Its cool if you not a goon, you ain't gotta be one
But if you think you hot as me, then you gotta be dumb
Cause im hotter than whoever, and you ain't got it together
I'm going down in history, I got it forever
I'm raw as Eddy Murphy when he was rockin' the leathers
You not never gonna be better than me
And we can get it in whenever, its whatever to me