

# Barbarian

Cassidy

I'm what you call a veteran  
Y'all should call it off cuz all of y'all I'm better than  
My flow dope, all my bars is heroin  
And my tongue crack, the buls a barbarian  
I'm undefeated, I'm getting better with every win  
A loser just something I've never been  
I've got a cemetery to get y'all buried in  
Tombstone rap, the buls a barbarian

Is you strapped cuz I carry two gats, they brother and sister  
I call the sister Missy, I call her brother Mister  
Got another sister, I call her Ms. Niny  
Cuz brother Smith and Wesson spitting [?]  
They kind of nice but Mister meaner  
I fuck with Missy cuz Mister meaner better than her sister Nina  
Last time niggas seen her, she got trained by  
A gang full of shooters with bar hands and a bitches [?]  
But they ain't silence her, all they did was pop her  
Wipe her off then threw her in the back of the challenger  
They cousin Tech said "Let's go dance"  
He heard drums and started jamming, Techno dance  
Man I'm the only human in my house, but missy and mister  
Is having a family reunion in my house  
I'm about to go ham in this verse  
But I had to talk about that family first cuz family first  
I can get your whole family murked, or call my Haitian bitch  
That do voodoo and get your whole family cursed  
I'm crazy with this shit, that crazy shit that I spit  
Proves you can't get this sick without losing your sanity first  
I don't need the chance to rehearse, cuz no flow tighter  
And no ghostwriter never hand me a verse  
I got this shit that work for me, I pay with xanies and percs  
Fill a pocketbook with coke and put the can in her purse  
Before the binge you might got to buy the camry first  
Baby I been the shiz since I was pampered at birth  
Dog I'm a boss cuz I put my hammer to work  
To stop the blood a baby pamper will work  
I'm on a strip with a baby bottle, diaper bag full of crazy pit  
And the baby doll wrapped in a blanket I babysit  
You a real tough talker but softer than baby shit  
If I'm not your favorite rapper, you must be on Shady dick  
Or maybe Kiss but big jif you got eyes  
You can see I'm top 5  
So fuck them niggas that made the list  
Why you bitches getting paid to strip  
I was in China eating chinese food with these twin Asian chicks  
They gave me pics, caption "Black cocks matter"  
Cuz after I gave 'em dick they think they ass got fatter  
That was crack (that's a hot rap)  
That's a fact, matter fact, nowadays the facts do not matter  
We all got bladders, but I get pissed off quick  
I cop up getting boxed up  
The grower on my call list, I get that shit Fed-Ex  
You like a fed-ex, you was fucking with the FBI  
Snitch, lift they right hand and testify  
They extra [?] they say time got 'em petrified  
They scared, I don't fear nothing except for God

So if I come around tuck your chain, make your necklace hide  
I wouldn't care if you left us bye  
Or a bullet hole make you take your last breath  
Hold your breath and die  
Breath ease these bars will have you punch drunk  
Play this record and drive, get pulled over and breathalyze  
Yo my whole team I personally train  
And I be giving work out everyday  
You trying to exercise?  
Cuz when you get your health up, you get your wealth up  
Before you can help somebody else, help yourself up  
Parents stopped beating they kids, they put the belts up  
We used to get beat until we welped up  
And it helped us  
On any night I perform like Mike  
I got that Tyson, Jordan, Jackson and Phelps touch  
Yup, them niggas died they should of been in [?]  
You beefing with any of them guys is genocide  
I put my faith into God, cuz he bless me with a gift  
And what was in the prize was an enterprise  
I got a Jesus piece from my jeweler, then sent it to Medusa  
And told that bitch "Look that man in his eyes"  
Nah my rocks not costume but they bright  
Like a bunch of stars that's in the sky was in disguise  
Hotel drop I hopped on the women's side  
Hustla was a hit cuz the husters identified  
2 Step had 'em drink a Patron, put the Henn aside  
My pen provide me proof I was sent from God  
I ain't mad at the fact that you gay and you into guys  
I'm mad that somebody writing 'em raps that you memorize  
I've been deprived, I see an island ima buy soon  
Cuz I had 'em tuned in before iTunes  
Off my shrooms, you can plan a trip to Mars  
I'm high off the moon, I'm really dancing with the stars  
I'm from another planet with the bars  
After this verse I might have to get researched by NASA  
These rappers an example of what goofy is  
Nowadays these rappers more groupied out than the groupies is  
Cuz first all he had was his man with him  
And then he drop a hot song and every rapper want a gram with him  
Nigga I couldn't picture that, with a filter on  
He the cash cow, they trying to squeeze til the milk is gone  
Money I like to keep y'all niggas might be sleep  
Well say goodnight to this beat, cuz I just killed this song

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