

# Expect The Unexpected

Cassidy

They expected us to be on DVDs talking reckless  
They never expected for us to get connected  
But you gotta respect it, expect the unexpected  
But you gotta respect it, expect the unexpected  
Ayo I've been sick everybody getting infected  
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I'm Murda Mook and Cass track on you niggas  
Yeah, pulled the rabbit out the hat on you niggas  
Back track to the past smack on you niggas  
That was half flat, Nelson ran rap on you niggas  
You thought you would've never saw this  
But I probably would've have a better chance driving next to your car seeing  
a swordfish  
Applaud this, this is history  
Real niggas meet each other and connect instantly  
It was never no beef it was crabmeat  
But watch your speak or you could sleep where the crabs sleep  
When I was young I used to wanna be an athlete  
But I admit I really couldn't shoot plus I had bad feet  
Hardly sleep so I meditate more  
I still spit sick like what's the medication for  
I still spit clips that'll levitate your boy  
Open up his top floor like the elevator door, ding!  
I'm just tryna get millions  
Tryna get bread off squares like Sicilian  
Tryna get straight but I gotta keep dealin'  
Damn the rock landed on me, I'm a pilgrim  
I got the juice believe it's that raw  
Niggas ask me what's shaking the leaves in that jar  
Was down in Miami, Khaled tried to scoop me  
I'm a S550 though Khaled had a hooptie  
All you niggas groupies, you could call me Mookie  
Playrock cats stay cocked and they shoot me  
Bet yall, when I let off, got a better arm than Bret Favre  
Bullets hit yo chest watch yo chest fall  
Watch yo breath leave up out yo chest when that tec spark  
Mets par that's ready to sketch y'all  
Heckler & Koch that'll dead y'all, infrared wreck y'all  
Plus I got an eagle that'll peck y'all, boom!  
I'm a detonator, Schwarzenegger  
Strong as a nigga on that OJ flavor  
No, no neighbors, God I'm the Christian  
And the Catholic don't hate uh, I'm the savior  
Spit it like Satan, Hell you forsaken  
Cooking motherfuckers in my apron, damn!  
Murda known for spitting raw bars  
That'll deck a nigga like 54 cards, easy!

Ayo Mook they wanted us to battle, talk reckless, spark weapons  
But we met and we got connected, so niggas better expect the unexpected  
For real

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I got shit sold, like Michael Jackson with the big nose  
Before he turned white like the shit I whip on a lit stove  
I sold rock and got sick flows  
About to take the game over like Hova, ask Ms. Knowles  
I'm on the grind til the strip close  
That's why my crib so big they gave it its own zip code  
Bricks get sold every day I'm good  
I just bought a house about the size of my old neighborhood  
One button could remove the Mercedes hood  
I'm on my job and the pay is good, you dig me?  
But I'm tryna run my city like the mayor should  
I've been on my grind ever since they elected Mayor Goode  
If you play the hood its gon eventually move  
So I started hustling in elementary school  
Getting cold cash, the richest nigga in my whole class  
I was so cool, name known through the whole school  
I'm no fool so drugs I wasn't selling none  
I wasn't tryna catch a felony cause I was hellas young  
I was selling gum and bags of potato chips  
But even back then I was on some get paper shit  
You see me, I'm on some "hi hater" shit  
I'm on the top floor, my condo on some sky scraper shit  
And my crib is on some 18-acre shit  
That's a large house but yours the size of my doghouse  
That's a small house, that shit there cheap  
My rottweiler spot got more square feet  
I'm the one they wanna hear speak  
Cause everybody out here weak, and niggas wanna hear heat  
It's like my knife keep cutting like Jazzy Jeff  
And my guns keep banging like Premier beats  
I got the most punchlines the most analogies  
And the shit I'm rapping happened in actuality  
I hold weight no calories  
So my jewels frozen like a Sub Zero fatality  
And where I'm at, it's Mortal Kombat  
But when you take shots ock it's not gon be cognac  
When I role up you get smoked like a dime sack  
I'll clap at you every time we come in contact  
Or I'll put a contract on your head man  
And give it like a day or two and you'll be a dead man  
I ain't scared man, we could do this shit  
I been ludicrous since fetus in mom's uterus  
And you a bitch you ain't never have heart nigga  
You ain't the shit just 'cause you on the charts nigga  
I'm the shit you a fart nigga  
Man I can't stop shining like I'm scared of the dark nigga  
Every day I play my part nigga  
All I do is smoke piff and get brain, I'm a smart nigga  
I got too many fans now  
Even people with no arms say that I'm the best, hands down  
Man up, stand up or stand down  
Expect the unexpected Mook they fans now