

# I Get High (Freestyle)

Cassidy

I aint wit the monkey business kuz my block bananas  
Im the shit, I need a get a box of pampers  
I just copped some hammers, and ripped some verses  
Ima bubble like dish detergent  
Yall dudes know I love jews but my biscuits german  
This for my chicks gettin a perm and  
And gettin they braids did  
And my dogs doin the state bid  
Alotta niggas spit but I'm sicker than aids is  
Liquor and hazes usually the reason why it look like my pupils is bleadin  
And who you call hard fallin off to be truthfully speakin  
All them dudes used to be decent  
And you was stupid for sleepin  
On that volume 2 shit  
But since then I wrote all kinda new shit  
I come thru strips, pop off lead  
And make yall dudes roll like hot dog bread  
I got that put it in ya nose and sniff it  
My records like the wretches to the road to riches  
I knock on ya door like jehova witness  
And bring niggas to ya crib like ya older sisters  
You cant hold ya liquor stop drinkin  
Kuz you not thinkin  
But watch you sober up when that shot stingin  
And the box stinkin murder for hire  
Spread ya herb ass on the grass like fertilizer  
I heard ya album aint get nowhere  
What happened  
Im goin platinum like sisqo hair  
Niggas get so scared when they hear me on swisses beats  
Im versatile I got styles like kissin sheep  
Yall weak aint got a smash hit yet  
Com'on op, I'm hot like my last piss test  
Give cass respect for what I'm doin on the block  
You goin in the trunk and we goin to the docks

I dont just show my ass I shit on niggas  
I spike my punch lines and spit corn liquor  
Throw the clip on quicker, with nothin on my hands  
My fingerprints burnt I keep dutches in my hands  
Forget a mask, I just frown my face up  
You shakin on the ground tryna hold ya face up  
And if you wake up, you can tell the cops that  
If you get me popped, dog ill get you popped back  
Show em' where my spot at, some police in my crib  
I hop out jeeps and send theifs in ya crib  
Drag you down the steps, heat to ya ribs  
Choke eat ya seeds with sheets from the bed  
You in the kitchen missin a piece a ya head  
I turn the tv on, eat in ya fridge  
Lay you out, on the couch, neat with ya kids  
So when the neighbor peep they think you sleep but you dead