

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