Niggaz Is Wack

Cassidy

Rap is like setup,
Alotta games, alotta sucka's with colorful names
I'm so and so, I'm this I'm that
(huh) but they all just wick wick whack!

Ye, ladys and gentlemen, with no further adue

Ye, I spit bars and I spray down hoods
I cant be wack, everything I say sound good
I punch you niggas stump you like a A-town hood
But no name throwin' punches like you lay down, should
Niggas trippin' like the grey hound hood
Ill put the metal in you
Ill I say is spray rounds hood them shells leveling you
Real is real, cold is cold, old is old
You cats sold your soul like Kanye
You got the devil in you
Play it cool cause my team is like apes
Real nigga have a rat nigga seen you like drake, wait
South central I'm a veteran there, on fire
Jag smokin' like peppermint hair
Hommie show some type of love
You and your floyed bag
You try'na destroy jag
Say I'm on some type of drug but
I ain't on the roids just piff, clown
You sick now you playing and I'm sprayin' like
Chris brown, so get down
Chain got em stingin' like Chris now
Paul niggas yall bitches all on my dick now
I'm pissed now, leavin trails smellin' like shit now
I took shit south, got me a brick house like Rick now
Its lost in me and we dat click now
You niggas boo boo
You can slide it in my house man my click coo coo
Hella gats have you skatin' like the bitch new new
We da'' best out bitch screw you...Jag

My truck got a sunroof, the coup chopped it in half
I buy property, but not with monopoly cash
Lil mommy ask, did you hit the lottery cass?
Then gave me brain like I'm takin a psychology class
I'm the shit jumpin in my colostomy bag
It's a gift, I could come up with analogies fast
You know I'm hot like venus, and I'm cold like Pluto
I'm a genius I could jump in my astronomy bag
Since you ain't got a job like Tommy you mad
Us eatin' ain't the reason the economy bad
You a bitch like all the baby mommas you had
I'm pilin' in the line up you don't want no drama with cass
If your forgot 'dat I was hot, I'm remindin' your ass
I'm so hot that I could pop the thermometer glass, cass
Women love him, gats, got plenty of em
When shit pop you could get shot with any of em
As far as females I got too many of em
That's why I switch every year,
I got chicks everywhere yea,

Every chick I be bringing by
On my dick so they go down quick like the kinda ki
I, stroker make a rida like a rolla coaster
With Cass, she be screamin like she has six flags
I never spit trash but now that I'm with Jag
You could get smashed quick fast with ya' bitch ass...Cass

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