

No Trouble

Cassidy

Yeah
You ain't never heard this
Yeah
You don't want no trouble
Yeah

You don't want no trouble
But you keep talking reckless
You don't want no trouble
You talking greasy on them records
You don't want no trouble
Cause I could get the weapons, you don't want no trouble, I could knuckle, s
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I played with guns as a kid, it was a fascination
But now I love everyone, its an infatuation
And everybody gotta die, why you procrastinating
You should just kill yourself now, and start decapitating
Its hollows in my gat if cats is hating
I'll make 'em swallow the nozzle, then bust in they mouth like ejaculation
In the kitchen, I'm a chef without the cap or apron
I cut the coke, then whip till the water evaporating
The water disappeared, yeah, when I whip it up
And then I piff it up with my nigga Luck, and Mr Bear
Sometimes when we on the road, AB would disappear
Then go home, cause him a go move a hundred bricks a year
I carry hunting guns, but I ain't trying to hit a deer
Ion hunt rabbits either, the automatic ether
For a human, or an animal with human features
If you ain't know I was a goon, then I'm soon to teach ya'

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Ya boy undefeated like Floyd, I could knuckle boy
I been in a couple wars, you don't want no trouble boy

I'm worth a couple mill, but still want a couple more
I'm 'bout to do a couple more albums, and a couple tours
You never took a life, I might take a couple more
An' break up a couple couples, get brain from a couple whores
I want more real estate, and a couple stores
I invest in cake, so the Feds don't investigate
I got lawyer cake, but I ain't tryin' to catch a case
You a grown ass man, livin' in a section 8
Man the TEC'll make, any man defecate
Yeah, whole section of your face, what the TEC'll take
PRLFAT, PRLFAT, is the sounds that the TEC'll make
It'll push ya wig back so far, that ya neck'll break
I'm too real, and too ill, to respect the fate
Let's investigate how many hollows your vest can take

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I'm so gutted, that the ground is my mother
But I'm so fly, that my father is the sky
I'm grindin', tryin' to make a couple dollars 'fore I die
Cause ain't nothing in this world worth a dollar when you die
Yeah
I'm so gutted, that the corner is my brother
But I'm high of the liquor, so the clouds is my sister
I'm the king of the jungle, but I ain't got whiskers
And I ain't even lyin' dog, I'm hard as a lion, dog

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Damn, that shit was dope!

Larsiny Family
Cassidy the Hustla
Yeah!
I sleep with my gat, and I'm looking for a reason to clap

Oh he can scrap? Well he ain't buyin' a weave, or a MAC
Yes, he could be the next one I'm squeezing at that
PRLFAT! I leave his hairline receding with that
Homie, you only a killer when you reading your raps
But if they read you your rights, I believe you a rat
I buy guns like T.I, how illegal is that?
It could get you Fed time, but you gon' need you a gat
Shoutouts to Free, Chris, Neef, Siegel, and Crack
And shoutouts to major figures, Gilly, leave it at that
I can't forget about Reed, Dollars, Joey Jihad
Or my man Meek Millz, that nigga going is bad
But for rookie of the year, give the trophy to AB
He got the best punchlines, and keep a toaster to grab
And he down with me now, you supposed to be mad
Larsiny the best thing since coke in a bag
Yeah!