

# 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, so fuck you  
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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!