

# Plagiarism

Cassidy

I know that nigga Tory goin' through it  
But I wish that I'd get dissed just to respond to it

Let's get back to business  
After I rap, it's a wrap, it's finished  
This goin' on WorldStar, Shade Room, and Akedemiks  
The Baller Alert, or catch it on The Breakfast Club  
See, when TMZ mention this, it's gon' get extra buzz  
Wendy Williams gon' mention how upset you was  
'Cause when this get spin, you gon' be salty like Pepa was  
Hollywood Unlocked, on drop, I'm goin' ham on him  
Tory had to move from L.A. 'cause they put hands on him  
I'mma turn fans on him, all his shit taken  
My algorithms have risen, I got shit shakin'  
This jawn goin' on platforms like Dish Nation  
'Cause dawg stole my bars on a big station (What?)  
He was next to Flex acting like he catching wreck  
Using my bars like my fans can't recollect (Yup)  
I'm a winner, 'member I was living check to check?  
Now I'm getting the type chicken that they connect collect  
Nigga, we ain't neck to neck 'cause Tory Lanez ragging  
When he got his chain snatched, it went from neck to neck  
You know Cassidy (Cass!), I don't use autotune  
But they still be tuning in automatically (Damn)  
Hitman said, "Cass, sign a autograph for me"  
And Tory corny, using my own lines to battle me (What?!)  
(Facts. This nigga got me fucked all the way up)  
Yo, you never killed men  
Show your true colors, you a chameleon  
Like Wack100 told 6IX9INE, you a civilian  
(Yeah! Yeah! Let's get-)  
Tory Lanez, you're a lame, even though we never met  
Yo, when we finally meet, would you be silent or speak?  
Would you act like you know me or show me no respect?  
Tell the truth or get the long nose, Pinocchio effect  
A hoe never told me no for sex, the smoke compress  
You need some smoke to blow, I'm the do-si-do connect  
I just mailed some smoke I grow to a Tokyo address  
That cost like a long phone call from Tokyo, collect  
I'm confused how some dudes broke and blow a check  
Then try to take yo' dough, when they cake go low  
That's why my Draco (Drake go) blow with no OVO connect  
Listen nigga, they find your body, nobody gon' miss a nigga  
And how you diss a nigga sounding like Meek?  
That's wack, cause, I'll bathtub drown you type ease [?]  
I don't keep an assistant around to type tweets  
But I do keep a biscuit if it's sounding like beef  
Phi-Philly my city and gritty what they call our shit  
You not from Philly, but you still be stealing all our shit  
All I grip is ratchets, homie  
The thing ring like matrimony, in this galaxy, cats is phony  
Wait, pussy, don't Facebook me  
You bite bars, if somebody bite yours, they'll taste pussy  
I'm-I'm the type to tell you right to your face, pussy  
"Fuck you!" Then cut you like classmates that play hooky  
I cooked Free and made a little chunk  
But when you try to earn cash, it burn fast like a little blunt

I was little jumping niggas, you a little chump  
B.A.R.S. been had a A.R., you got a little pump (Lil Pump)  
You little punk, hopefully, your folk'll see  
I'm the GOAT and you don't want no smoke with me  
You a fucking joke to me, I hang with a gang that made a oath to me  
You bar bite, soft like luxury car upholstery  
And I can tell a shooter close to me to grab the cannon  
Spray like potpourri where your hairline supposed to be  
I'm never toaster free, I had a weapon since an adolescent  
Tory Lanez' story change every time he asked the question  
Cass a veteran, on Flex, you did a Cass impression  
So using my music was a bad selection  
I was Da Hustla 'fore Usher ever had confessions  
My presidential had them Joe before the last election  
When I'm driving to my house, I got bad reception  
I could quit rap and just trap, I got mad connections  
The men in my gang mean, they got mad aggression  
I done seen inmates get gangrene from staph infection  
Selling hard was my last profession  
And I go hard like my last erection, out here bag collecting  
If a robber come in Cass direction, I'm popping the K  
To knock him back the opposite way  
Off my CBD site, I made a profit today  
To make the cake stretch, invest, don't lock it away  
My nigga locked on a cell block rotting away  
He just got out the hole, been back on the block for a day  
For that trial, he gave his lawyer all the guap he could pay  
But that law firm ain't handle it the Cochran way  
Like the end of trial, I blew back in Cochran day  
And been okay ever since then, word to O.J. Simpson  
Man, you can't battle with me if you got thin skin  
Bars been hard, no Viagra or ginseng  
When I first signed, they knew that I had a pen then  
Labels said, "Dawg is a star, Rin Tin Tin"  
Me and my AR been friends  
And we never even had an argument, a friend like that hard to get  
I got enough street credit to sign a artist with  
So, when I send them dudes, they don't move 'til the target hit  
A head shot'll make his lace front hard to fit  
He got a big head, I'ma humble him 'cause he small as shit  
You rather starve or fish?  
Look, I got hooks and lines and Tory bit the bait, that's what you call a lick  
He admitted he stole my bars, that's retarded shit  
And he stole a lot of other artists' shit, did y'all forget?  
That man confiscated all his hits  
Taking all that shit got him stressed, that's why his hair goin' bald and shit  
You should call it quits, just retire now  
His hood mad at him, he just embarrassing his entire town  
Don't get thrown in the trunk where the spare tire found  
I know a dude with no tools who could change a tire now  
So, I'm feeling real inspired now  
A worker say I'm ready to stop workin', I'm not smirkin'  
I got work in in my bag, but it's not Birkin  
You looking for the best? Stop searchin'  
Cass ass get it shakin' like a bitch that can't stop twerkin'  
They pussies bleed, but they not virgins  
Yo, I'm hoping my niggas cut you open, but they not surgeons  
My raps go over your head, but they not turbans  
One of my managers told me I should stop splurging  
That's like a guy driving drunk trying to stop swerving  
I got the word and he crazy puss, but playing wolf

I can tell that he crazy shook by the way he look  
Us battling is a crazy look  
I'm like before the shot: pedicure, after the shot: Megan foot  
Look, my guns got infrared dots  
You clap heat at feet, but I'm giving niggas head shots  
I'm cold-blooded, you was red hot  
But out here, falling off like Lil Wayne dreadlocks  
That's dead funny like Fred Sanford, Redd Foxx  
I'm ten toes down like the other Fred from Bedrock  
Soon as the bread stop, shit decay  
This for my niggas in the Feds not wishing they could get away  
We demons, but even angels might forget to pray  
What you rather, move a brick a day or work at Chick-fil-A?  
You ever glove up, grip a K?  
Mash your mug up and start throwing shells early like it's Mischief Day?  
Shit I say show that I don't give a damn  
If you a businessman, when your week end, it's still a business day  
This back and forth gon' end today  
'Cause you in the way and I already heard all the shit you finna say  
You nothing like myself, but even if you Michael Phelps  
In a pool of your own blood, you can't swim away  
I been this way, I'm still punching niggas  
I spit dumb rhymes, dumb times, I done battled a bunch of niggas  
I'm hungry, better break fast, I catch you lunching, nigga?  
Then you in the ER drinking breakfast, lunch, and dinner  
I felt like a fucking winner all summer, nigga  
Shit, it won't stop like I just got the plunger, nigga  
I know you a dumber nigga, but this kind of basic  
It's a sin to steal my lines 'cause my rhymes is sacred  
I black out like some kind of racist  
So, if I ever get you pussies tied up, it's not dominatrix  
BARS!