

Where The Bul At?!

Cassidy

Listen, all I'm trying to do is write raps, get money and relax
I've been way better than all you cats
Shocked when I got the news that
This nigga ready for war, then where that fool at?

Listen, I was getting to the chicken way before rapping (Facts!)
If this nigga ready for war, then where that bul at? (Yeah!)
We get busy, if they with me then, the bul strapped (Facts!)
This nigga ready for war, then where that bul at? (Yeah!)
If this nigga ready, if this nigga ready (What, what?)
If this nigga ready for war, then where that bul at? (Yeah!)
We real niggas, real hitters got the bul back (Facts!)
If this nigga ready for war, then where that bul at? (Yeah!)

If you give me a reason, I won't reason with you
Ratchet pretty, she have a tiddey, I squeeze her nipple
I send my O.G to get you it won't be an issue
Cause he'll fish you, right before he let you see the pistol
He'll whip you till he get exhausted like car smoke
My guy ride, he'll do a drive-by, pay his car note
My bars hard, you bite them and get your jaw broke
Like pop a xanny with oxycotton, my bars dope
Yo, I know a steppa that's crippled, that man can't walk
And man I can't speak sign language, but let my hands talk
You can get hit with the damn Hulk or the can spark
Play Tough Tony, get the iron like your man Stark

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That damn chalk will outline your body, I'll palm the shotty
To keep it fly, you should kill yourself and go Kamikaze
I'm not a bitch, my choppa kick like Taiwan karate
You think I'm choking till your shit get peeled, time for Cosby
We had to sit through bids, now rappers snitch to pigs
I miss the Pac's and I miss the Big's, Ronald Isley
My nigga shoot to get the loot through all kinda robberies
I can have a run in your building and redesign the lobby
You a son of a bitch I put that on your mom and poppy
Your mom a thotty, your pop a pussy, but mine's is cock
Stop trying to stop me, I'm the next wave, I'm back at it
Yo, for decades I had a flow that they been tryna copy, bars!

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