

Caasi, drop the beat
(I'm so proud of you, Caasi)

Bitch, I'm tryna pop my shit
Tryna be somethin' that you ain't, that's the reason Pac got hit
Sellin' dope in word form got me with a knot like this
I fuck her raw and spoil her rotten, but lil' baby not my bitch
Oh my God, don't care how tight the jeans is, the Glock'll fit
Come to my BM as a woman, that's the day I sock a bitch
Gettin' money out in Dallas off the grease, Djokovic
My granny ask what's all that noise, sorry, I just dropped a brick
I made it out the gutter, all my clothes get dry-cleaned
Dope jumpin' out the 'Rexes, white ho got high knees
Told Pharrell fuck Louis Vuitton, fat boy want the Ice creams
All this new shit in my driveway, I'm a fuckin' hype beast
A Max flats, swimming trunks, white tee
Niggas can't rap for shit, they just on a type beat
These hoes pretty, but they broke, Jigga had to wife B
And your bitch ain't really bad unless she got some nice feet
I fell off last year, but I'm back, can't turn me down
Can't fuck you from the front, you ain't my main, turn around
She got a pool, I need a life jacket, I'ma drown
He ran off with that sack, Sneaky T, gun him down

I'm with the same set, I'm not gon' lie
I'd die before I get my chain snatched, I'm not gon' lie
Off a Perc', baby, I ain't came yet, I'm not gon' lie
Bitch bad, but she got some lame head, I'm not gon' lie
Damn, I'm not gon' lie
Dope good, but it ain't hit his veins yet, I'm not gon' lie
Fuck me good, you can't be my main bitch, I'm not gon' lie
She delulu, baby need a brain check, I'm not gon' lie

Pontiac to Flint, these lil' niggas got me bent
If she a ten, I pay her rent, I'm in her guts with every inch (Okay)
I'm at Somerset, I can't keep track of what I spent
But I know I ain't make a dent, ten K to me is like a cent (Yeah)
I'm a motherfuckin' boss, nigga, I don't keep receipts, don't give a fuck wh
at that shit cost, nigga
Couldn't keep your bitch because you cheap, just take your loss, nigga
She a wife to you, when she with us, she gettin' tossed, nigga
Every woman cheat, they just discreet and don't get caught, nigga
248 to 810, my opps are stuck, I made it, though
He said he gon' make it out the hood, well, what he waitin' on?
Hit a ghetto bitch from Flint, her lace front I keep yankin' on
I don't know how it's hangin' on, okay

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