

Carrie Underwood**"6 Minutes"**

Visit "[6 Minutes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Cassidy speaks in the beginning and between each verse]

[Cassidy]

Yeah, I go by the name of Cassidy the Hustler
And I brought two of my niggaz with me
and we about to shut the industry down
Ayyo Wheezy let's get it poppin!

[Lil Wayne]

Hit me!

Front that shit this the south side, got a fat dick on your
mouth wide

I've come to take outside, nah do it right here

Hop out later owning on everybody's home that you
fuckin with

Wheezy F baby, please say the baby

Riding with your bitch got keys on the lady

Triple gold these four tires on the whip

Young Carter sliding out I'm flyer than the whip

Yeah, higher than an angel, or hotter than the devil

The pot or kettle, uh

The metal let 'em burn like Earth shiver births, uh

If there's any beef I come running like Mertz, uh

Word up, eagle street I'm throwing my curve up

We take your ice cream and turn you into sherbert

I got flow I'm like "Sure" but, if it's about dough I'm like
"Sure 'nuff"

I'm from the bird bunch, Birdman Jr. you niggaz bird
lunch

I see your lips moving but I ain't heard much

You see the wirst moving, it look like pure punch

I hear the playa hating but I don't endorse such

I got the Escalade, guts like the tour bus

I got the styrofoam poured up with syrup

And in the tires little package is gone

Might I spend a good deal with these Firestones

I spit like Myer's bones, born in chromers

For the buyers chromosomes I got summers

I got vicadens, valiums I ain't stopping

Got pot and heroin, ex, oxycontin

And that's how we rocking
How can you hear that bop unless I'm be-bopping
Yeah skip when you hear that click
Cash money nigga I'm that shit
I leave the begging ungh!

[Cassidy]

That's what I'm talking about
Now Fab, spit at these niggaz and let them know why
they ain't fuckin with you

[Fabolous]

Your goddamn right I'm feeling myself
A chauffeur no sir, I'm wheeling myself
Looking for a chick chilling for self
So I can show her the suicides and talk her into killing
herself
I'm having problems dealing with wealth
But you wouldn't understand it, until you get a million
yourself
You niggaz must've got a deal for your health
Your cd is frozen food, it just chills on the shelf
I spend big, at any time I can start splurging
The twin cigs open chests like a heart surgeon
And I'm buttoned up, I'm just a blue collar crook
But I keep a stack thick as few college books
I got a new polished look
And twenty dime bitches, to show y'all niggaz how my
two dollars look
The boy's got at least six digits on
So the guns gotta be at least midget long
The money, is like ten bridges long
I throw bread around just to turn pigeons on
I got some good smoke just for puffers
The two grand twenty's make the hustlers suffer
Plus it's fluffer, than a cotton ball
I've gotten calls wanting me to put the pot in malls
But nowadays you can't put it past 'em
I got a Dan Marino arm, I'm bout to throw some bullets
past 'em
And the niggaz in the hood keep quoting my lines
I don't jump ship I keep floating in mine
Long as I keep toting I'm fine
I'mma have these dick sucking niggaz deep-throating
the nine
I jumped in the English ship, Benzed whip
It's Terminator 2 chrome the engines dip
I'm reading scripts no, not the penmanship (no)
The box-office shit (yeah), I box off this bitch (yeah)
Jessica Alba, Kirsten Dunst
And still make a mil' off the first of months

These dudes be the first to front
'Til they family and friends is in limos, they in hearse in front
I'm in the top position, I can make you a proposition
I'm in the hard top waiting on the drop edition
To hell with the patience
I'mma send a niggaz down under like Australia
vacations

[Cassidy]

Yeah it is what it is, my niggaz just killed y'all and
I'mma close the casket
I'm tryin not to let this industry get the best of me y'all
I work hard in the game, the game's stressing me y'all
All they do is complain what they expect from me y'all
From the hood to Hollywood they respecting me y'all
And even overseas they accepting me y'all
All the ladies show me love, the thugs repping me y'all
I get a lot of dirty money so respect me or fall
But I'm saving all my checks, I'm investing 'em all
They say, what goes up is gon' definitely fall
Even the stars work success, it's my destiny y'all
Look, I cook tracks I got the recipe y'all
You can't name another cat that can mess with me y'all
At the shows all the hoes be molesting me y'all
I got broads crying trying to get next to me y'all
I got broads craving begging to have sex with me y'all
Screaming, "Cash you don't know how sexy you are!"
And I'm happy I'm alive, God's blessing me y'all
And all the problems that arrive is God testing me y'all
So I pray everyday but I ain't praying too much
Cause I be sinning everyday so I ain't praying enough
And we all could be beat, and I ain't saying I'm tough
But if it's beef I don't speak, I ain't saying "What's up"
If it's beef when we meet then I'm spaying shit up
Prreat prreat. I ain't saying too much and that's that
Cause that cat you embracing with love
Might clap that gat cause he got hate in his blood
Keep your friends at a distance and your enemies
close
Cause the folks you call friends can envy the most
Some cats'll hang themselves if you give 'em a rope
Burn the bridge and don't give a boat, let 'em sink
Sometimes you gotta give 'em some some time to let
'em think
But sometimes you gotta give 'em the nine and let 'em
stink
You can't bring every horse to the pond and let 'em
drink
I'd rather keep my eyes wide open instead of blink
As soon as your eyes shut, them niggaz will ride up

And the guys that you trusted be getting you tied up
And we all gotta die, but I ain't ready to leave
That's why even if it's petty I'll be ready to squeeze
But put a cheddar in cheese, guac-a-moola
I pop the ruger, send that hot shit through ya!
Like booya! That's the sound when the pound busting
Ooh, ah, you'll be laying on the ground suffering
Clowning's nothing to pull out and blast you
I try to only resort to violence if I have to
But man niggaz out here are playing fair
So before the odds are even I'm leaving them laying
there
And I ain't even playing believe what I'm saying here
Cause before this shit gets further your click gets
murdered
And found in a hole in the grass
For trying to play that thug role I'll stomp a mud hole in
your ass
And this Cass, nigga I'm that sick
Full Surface nigga I'm that shit, bitch!

Visit [Carrie Underwood](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.