

## Cassia Eller

### "Can't Fade Me"

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Yea, hehe. Don Quan  
Original God's Son Nas. That nigga Cass rules. Whattup  
baby

[Chorus: Quan]  
Y'all niggaz is crazy. (To think) Y'all niggaz can't fade  
me  
(Trick these) From the bottom to the top, from the  
booth to the block  
Anyway I got to get it, I'm givin it all I got  
Y'all haters can't hold me. (No Way) And y'all don't  
want to zone me  
(Want it your way) So when I get, I'm gon' get it, in my  
life how I live it  
And whips that I be whippin, smokin on the exquisite

[Nas]  
In the crib, two bricks of coke, liquor and dope  
Pretty Hawaiian bitches who eat choch and deep throat  
Same niggaz that get down, remember them  
California style, yeah I went back again  
But much wiser, 'cause these guys are  
Leave you up shits creek and won't lose sleep  
So while we pack the heat, I got the heckler and koch  
My man got the dot, five-oh block  
It's like the movies shots as niggaz watch  
But the American version  
East coast, west coast as we connect these curtains  
'Cause we ain't scared to buck, step on the Timbs and  
Chuck's  
Is gonna happen, gun clappin, remember that  
Now we on the soothern part of the map  
Houston, party of the year, everybody there  
Texas, no guestlist, only real players allowed  
Me and my dudes make out rounds \*Yall must be  
crazy\*

[Chorus: Quan]

[Quan]  
VA game spittin, platinum grill grinnin

Chrome rims spinnin, with wood grain glistenin  
Any amount we sippin, passion for thugs livin  
Free, fresh and out of prison  
Flexin that new edition  
Good grain gettin, shit and lovin the feelin  
Bobby Womack singin, My wrist and rings gleaming  
Hat cocked duce, puffin the quarter loosely  
Poppin the bottle and tippin the fifth of that to goosey  
Shinnin for Swill and Halle, smokin for Lil' Shawney  
Still reppin Bad Newz, and all my soldiers fallen  
Enjoy some better days, dispute burdens I carry  
See cousin hookin money, for God momentary  
Floss every chance I get, spread love freely  
Still spittin this gangsta shit, 'cause the streets need  
me  
Still got that mack milly, for niggaz actin silly  
Still pimpin gangsta pretty, reppin in every city

[Chorus: Quan]

[Cassidy]

Yeah, I pray every day for a better life  
I say it's gon' get better but it's like I'm never right  
Make it better Christ, I'm on both of my knees  
There's no hope, that why I'm smokin the trees  
Damn, all for the cheese, I lost both of my mans  
That's why there's toasters in both of my hands  
Damn, and I'll sell coke and birds 'fore I go to work  
I go to the Range more than I go to church  
My whole mentality twisted, but this reality isn't it  
I ain't tryin to be fatality listed  
And yo bredrin, gettin dough is like goin to heaven  
And goin to jail, like goin to hell  
But before I go in the grave, I'll go in the cell  
Just send my son mo' dough in the mail  
Oh well, but I got god on my side so I'm beatin the case  
This life crazy but I'm keepin the faith

[Chorus: Quan]

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