

Cassidy "Body Bagz"

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Cory Gunz:

Get Ready. Get setted Steady.
Bloody Spaghetti Shredded.
Heavy debted. Credit deadly
For bread you get jelly-spread.
The melody let me let it.
go medley Lindsey at it.
coke addicts with envy.
n Nicole Richie n Britney's habit.
Cass, a Lotta rappers seem militant, n be itchin' addicts
. .
puttin nuthin but wood on da shelves like a kitchen
cabinet.
cause if i feel da static. i peel the matic. they'll getta
static.
the cal. will go sporadic. now its not so radical
come to no compatible establishment.
U broke-nose, for tryin' to mike jones my Ozone.
behold embarrassment
shit im feared as an Afghani terrorist
im poppa's tool when im trying to bring yall Hailly
Marias
Take a risk at reading braille, stare at dis.
u dont live M.O.B. . . u nuthin but a queer therapist.
Nigga my M.O.B. get that money. even no T. no penalty.
when no C. that dinero B. That all i see mentally.
i shift y'all from manual to automatic physically.
chemistry cant infiltrate my men in street.
we in Da street - you industry.
LARCENY, militia Nigga march wit us.
if not, Cass put em on sum whole nother chart from us.
Body Bagz!

Cassidy:

I got my hand on my damn cock
Cause man, I copped a gun so big it could probably kill
hancock
I'm not a rat, me? Talkin' to the damn cops
It's like Lewis Fericon eatin' hamhocks
I'm a gorilla, but I'm slicker than a damn fox
Been cool since pre-school, playin' in the sandbox
I'm a hustla, I used to hand-to-hand, 'n I could stand on

the block sellin' gram after gram
And no I'm not from Japan, na', but it just look like it's
asian in me, 'cause I got the hazy with me
I been to jail, I got a couple hundred days up in me
But I still keep the HK, keep the razor with me
I ball hard, so other ballers is afraid to stick me
'Cause if I get fouled I'll probably shoot the tech
And you can be the next dude that I shoot to death

I wild-out, but if I foul out, I'll shoot the ref
I'm happy when I'm in the coupe, but the roof
depressed
'Cause I always put them down in the trunk, where I put
them now
I got dough, ever since O put a pound in my hand
I been the man, you should put the crown on my dome
I'm on the phone, havin' conference calls, with
millionaires
Yeah, look what I accomplished, y'all
And I ain't tryin' to take your life, I got a conscience,
y'all
Plus the law send you up north, like a compass, y'all
I was seventeen livin' out with youngers y'all
I sign the rough riders with a flow that was bonkers y'all
I can't even lie, you could ask DMY
You could ask swiss too, SP and kiss too
You could ask DMX, the female pitt too
And they'll let you know all the battles I had to get
through
You could ask track and sheep, about how I had to eat
Thousands of motherfuckers up, yup, I had the streets
But ain't no money in battlin', and I had to eat
I could spit reckless, but I had to make a hit record
And now I make hit record after hit record
And I make chicks get naked
Like this check it,
I just lick my lips on some LL shit,
And then I make 'em laugh, on some David Chappelle
shit,
And they be on some let's go to the hotel shit,
I Give 'em hard dick on some just got out of jail shit
The innocent man, been in the can
But I never made a statement, never been on the stand
And I'm independant now, but that been in the plans
'Cause it's all about the benjamins man,
Real talk,
And you dudes can't walk in my timbalands man,
And my sneaks don't fit you, the streets don't fuck with
you
I sip champagne and I throw back shots,
And I smoke pot the color of a Apple Jacks box,

I rap but I sold crack rock,
And had the block jumpin' like the frog on the honey
smacks box,
You dig 'em?
Body Bagz!

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