

Cassidy "Can I Talk To Ya"

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Gyeah, I need to talk to you, okay
Can I talk to you?
Come on, come on, come on
Hey, let me holla at you
Come on, come on, come on
Yo, stop runnin' from me

A yo, this Cassidy and niggas is not fuckin' with me
man
Yeah, I'm talkin' wreckless but you gotta respect it
It's in my DNA man, I was born to be a gangsta
Yeah, Kiss, talk to 'em

You know me K-I-S-S, kiss of death
LP soon comin' for y'all bless, bless
Metallic green paint on the Impala, the SS
And I figure the more niggas dead, the less stress

You love how I'm hurtin' the track
You wanna polly but I'm sort of hard to reach like the
dirt on your back
Hand to hand, like I'm workin' the sack
And I work out with my arms so I'll have no problem
workin' the Mac

Uh, never been a toe stepper, side switcher
A fence jumper, I was 10 with twin pumpers
Hustled with the best of them
Did whatever it took to make a quarter

I charge niggas to watch wrestlin'
I'm a heavy threat, D-Block double R
Full surface, y'all niggas ain't ready yet
Yeah, New York is mine, Philly is Cass, holla back now

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You know me, C-A-S-S, fresh dressed
Just copped some new 45's and a fresh vest
I just scout 'cause a bitch mouth is the best sex
But less talk, you ain't got no heart in your left breast

Go head, get your beef on, I'll let my wolves get they
eat on
And leave you with nothing but your sneaks on
But it don't matter 'cause your feet's gone
Now that's restin' in pieces so go meet Jesus

You little boys better ease up
'Cause them dudes you think hot'll see Cass and then
freeze up
You wan' scrap, roll your sleeves up
But I'll rather squeeze 'cause I ain't tryin' to fuck my
trees up

Or wrinkle my Dickie, I crack a dutch, sprinkle the sticky
I know you pissed, I got Kiss and 'em wit me, dig me
'Cause you dudes is haters and if you bet that
I was gon' flop, you gon' lose your paper, nigga

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A yo, get it through your head, there's no stoppin' me
Nigga, the R is double, the surface is full, the block is D
All it take is a Trey 8 and a mass nigga
It's Jada and Cass, I vision your face waitin' to blast

If money was food, y'all niggas be fastin'
And we stuffin' our face and eatin' with passion

In the herd like we run in numbers
Cass, ask these motherfuckers why they runnin' from
us

They runnin' from us, 'cause they petrified
I lift guns for the exercise and I spray like insecticides
You bugs better recognize when the weapon rise
You can catch slugs in your chest through your vest
and die

You on some sucker shit so I'll leave a scar on your
face
Longer than the knife that I cut you wit, prick
I done paid my dues so I'll blow your brains out
And then feed it to your seed like baby food, bitch

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