

Cassidy

"Expect The Unexpected ft. Murda Mook"

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Cassidy:

Lets go in on them. (x2)

The Hustla

Background:

New Cassidy.....Murda Mook

Murda Mook:

Ay yo Cass what up

Cassidy:

Wuuuuuussuuuuup wit you

This beat knockin right here

Mook:

They expected us to be on DVD's talkin reckless
But they never expected for us to get connected

Cassidy:

But you gotta respect it expect the unexpected

You gotta respect it expect the unexpected

Cassidy:

Ay yo I been sick everybody gettin infected

They never expected for us to get connected

But you gotta respect it expect the unexpected

You gotta respect it expect the unexpected

Murda Mook:

Im Murda Mook and Cass track on you niggaz

Yeah, pulled the rabbit out the hat on you niggaz

Back track to the past smack on you niggaz

That was half flat, Nelson ran rap on you niggaz

You thought you would've never saw this
But I prolly would've have a better chance drivin,
Next to ya car seein a swordfish
Applaud this, this is history
Real niggaz meet each other and connect instantly
It was never no beef it was crabmeat
So watch ya speak or you could sleep where the crabs
sleep
When I was young I used to wanna be an athlete
But I admit I really couldn't shoot plus I had bad feet
Hardly sleep so I meditate more
I still spit sick like whats the medication for
I still spit clips that'll levitate ya ball
Open up his top floor like the elevator door
Deeeeeeee!!!!
I'm just trynna get millions
Trynna get bread off squares like Sicilian
Trynna get straight but I gotta keep dealin
Damn the rock landed on me, I'm a pilgrim
I got the juice believe its that raw
Niggaz ask me whats shakin the leaves in that jar
But down in Miami, Khaled tried to scoop me
I'm a F-5-50 though Khaled had a hoopti
All you niggaz groupies
You could call me Mookie
Playrock cats stay cocked come and shoot me
Bet yall, when I let off
Got a better arm than Bret Favre
Bullets hit yo chest watch yo chest fall
Watch yo breath leap up out yo chest when I tec spar
Mets par thats ready to sketch ya'll
Hekler & Koch that'll dead yall
Infer red reck yall
Plus I got a eagle that'll peck yall
BOOM!!
I'm a guitar-nator
Schwarze-negger
Strong as a nigga on that OJ flavor
No, no neighbors
God I'm the Christian and the Catholic don't hate-a
I'm the sav-ior
Spit it like Satan
Hell you forsaken
Cookin motha fuckaz til my 8 break down
Murda known for spittin raw bars
That'll deck a nigga
Like 54 cards

Cassidy:

Ay yo Mook they wanted us to battle, talk reckless,

spark weapons. But we met and we got connected. So niggaz better expect the unexpected.

Ay yo I been sick everybody gettin infected
They never expected for us to get connected
But you gotta respect it expect the unexpected
But you gotta respect it expect the unexpected

Murda Mook:

They expected us to be on DVD's talkin reckless
But they never expected for us to get connected

Cassidy:

But you gotta respect it expect the unexpected
But you gotta respect it expect the unexpected

Cassidy:

I got shit sold, like Michael Jackson with the big nose
Before he turned white like the shit I whip on a lit stove
I sold rock and got sick flows
About to take the game over like Hova ask Ms.Knowles
I'm on da grind til the strip close
Thats why my crib so big they gave it its own zipcode
Bricks get sold everyday Im good
I just bought a house about the size of my old
neighborhood
One button could remove the mercedes hood
Im on my job and the pay is good
You dig me
But I'm trynna run my city like the mayor should
Cause I been on my grind ever since they elected
Mayor Goode
If you play the hood its gonn' eventually move
So I started hustlin in elementary school
Gettin cold cash, the richest nigga in my whole class
I was so cool name known through the whole school
Im no fool so drugs I wasn't sellin none
I wasn't trynna catch a felony cause I was hella young
I was sellin gum and bags of potato chips
But even back then I was on some get paper shit
You see me, I'm on some hi hater shit
I'm on the top floor, my condo on some sky scraper shit
And my crib is on some 18 acre shit
Thats a large house but yours the size of my doghouse
Thats a small house, that shit there cheap
My rottweiler spot got more square feet
I'm the one they wanna hear speak
Cause everbody out here weak, and niggaz wanna

hear heat
That's why my knife keep cuttin like Jazzy Jeff
And my guns keep bangin like Premier beats
I got the most punchlines the most analogies
And the shit I'm rappin happened in actuality
I hold weight no calories
So my jewels frozen like a Sub Zero fatality
Cause where I'm at, it's Mortal Kombat
But when you take shots it's not gonna be cognac
When I role up you get smoked like a dime sack
And I clap at you everytime we come in contact
Or I'll put a contract on ya head man
And give it like a day or two and you'll be a dead man
I ain't scared man, we could do this shit
I been ludacrisin since fetus in mom's uterus
But you a bitch you ain't never have heart nigga
You ain't the shit just cause you on the charts nigga
I'm the shit you a fart nigga
Man I can't stop shining like I'm scared of the dark
nigga
Everyday I play my part nigga
All I do is smoke piff and get brain, I'm a smart nigga
I got too many fans now
Even people wit no arms say that I'm the best, hands
down
Man up, stand up or stand down
Expect the unexpected Mook they fans now

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