

Cassidy "Ice Cream"

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everything i write nice, but i freestyle err day tho
money aint nothin im husslin wild yayo
i stay on my J-O
i play tha passenger side of tha geene
eatin fettucini alfredo
my chick ass fat but her waist like J-Lo
i ball but not in tha leauge like A/O
no way yo
i get mine soft like play dough
my coke off white like mayo
yo you betta lay low for you get laid down
whole lotta cats that had heart in tha grave now
whole lotta cats that was smart is in tha cage now
thats why i stays wit my pound dont put my blade down
im paid now i got G's wit me
i cant rely on security to squeeze for me
cause believe when you me
when tha chrome to ya dome ocky
ya body guards gon be tryin to gurad they own
i could ride tha best verse you heard in ya life
then rip it up
ya greatest hits like mixtape shit to us
stay wit a spliff in the cup stay twistin up
liquored up off tha hawk i henney an hip it up
an my wrist man i lit it up
my bezel got so many pebbles bam-bam couldnt lift it
up
but try an stick me up blam blam stiffin up
ain't no stitchin up them holes
ya soul liftin up
but im still pitchin on tha stove whippin up
thinkin bout them franklins stinkin tha kitchen up
yup i be dealin an fillin them coke bags
but been ill wit tha pencil an notepad
i been hot from the start
an i aint just a battle rapper
hotel on tha top of the chart
im dealin weight got real estate
an go shoppin for art

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