

Cassidy

"I'm Stupid Wit It"

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I'm stupid wit it, I'm stupid wit it
I'm stupid wit it, I'm stupid wit it
The money, the cars, the clothes, the hoes
I'm stupid wit it, I'm stupid wit it
Know I'm on my grind and a solid nigga focus stone
Catch me in the kitchen and I'm whipping till that work
is gone
I'm stupid wit it, I'm stupid wit it, I'm stupid wit it,

I'm on it just to keep it trill, bounce
Give a fuck how these niggas feel, bounce
My crew is all up in this bitch, bounce
I'ma hustle till I get rich
Them stupid stacks look like I cloned it
So many digits like I'm telephoning
Then I jump out the stoop, fuck on the
You ain't fucking heard nigga passing the
If she ain't tryna fuck, let's pass in the coop
In tap of like warrup dog
Cooking on these hoes nigga, no stove
Then I'm right back on it, put the backpack on it
Stacks on deck, it's a fact I'm on it
So emo, I had her back pack moaning

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I'm stupid wit it, I'm stupid wit it, I'm stupid wit it,

Trying to get this chicken, that's all a nigga focused on
On the stove, whipping till the coke is gone
The biscuits spit so every bullet on the toaster gone
If we beefing, you gonna wind up bleeding with some
broken bone
If you think I'm joking homes, then you must be
smoking stones
Choke the chrome, and make you disappear, get my

hocus pocus on
Turn you to a magician, then put you out of commission
Listen, you be shaking and twitching
Curbed up in a fetal position
My trigger finger keep itching, till I'm rich I'm gonna be
pitching
Longest fiends got that addiction
I'ma be cooking up in that kitchen
I always play my position and they say I'm stupid wit it
But I keep it street and I keep my heat
If it's beef I shoot you with it, you could get it

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