

## Cassidy "Imma G Boy"

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Yeah Yeah Cassidy and i aint no motha fucking gang  
but I'm a motha fucking gangster real rap

"Imma G boy get smoked by P boy coc by the key boy  
got dope and E boy Imma G boy Imma Imma Imma G  
boy

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all this rappers is acting like all the actors in the  
gangster flicks they act gangster but really don't do no  
gangster shit you not a gangster cause you on a real  
gangster dick a gangster rap is a rap that a real  
gangster spit a gangster should never kiss another  
gangster lips you shouldn't even kiss a gangster bitch  
on some gangster shit

my flow cold like a runny nose I'm bouts to blow like a  
handkerchief and you ain't on my thank you list  
think of me when you think of jay-z think of kiss five or  
Em when you think of them think of this

I'm ma bout to go pick up this little stinky bitch and get  
brain but not the same brain she be thinking with  
banger by my pancreas if a nigah think he slick I'll blow  
his brain out now he can't think for shit bitch this how  
goon talk clip look like half a moon and it will make a  
nigah moon walk

I'm not the king of pop but my thing finger pops i sell  
bricks and got that Elvis I'm the king of rock I'm still  
slanging rock trap phone ring a lot clientele popping up  
I'm on the block guapping up i got that fish you got that  
shit that they locking up yup is going to be hard to push  
if that shit is hard to cook the hard i cook give the  
phines the retarded look i get stupid cake cause one hit  
will give'em the stupid face they smoke your coc and  
there no result they not high they smoke my coc and  
they over dose they not alive i aint bagging white for  
bragging rights but i was broke so i had to sell coc to  
get my swagger right I'm the hustler cause I've been  
hustling for half my life anything I'm hustling I bought

for lease half the price my coupe blue and I'm cute too  
ask your wife she had a tight little ass she could only  
take half the pipe you have a pipe but you pussy a  
Hermaphrodite is a men's world but if is drama you girl  
up when ice cube was Jerry curled up rap was my hole  
world until rap started fucking my world up  
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Where I'm from money be the object i get mines  
putting fire to the Piraeus so fuck a diss track i bring it  
to you direct i kill you then the witness die next forty  
four bulldog get the five vex you never progress if you  
only side bet I'm trying to kill two birds with one stone i  
just grab two birds now one gone I supply it well that's  
my clientele i fire shell if any of my client tells well they  
say is a long line to hell but I'm ma either get rich or I'm  
ma die in jail until then I'm only trying to gain revenue  
raise a blade in a plate full of residue Nine-Six Impala  
it's heaven blue being broke like you is what I'll never  
do purple juice and them zens got me sleep walking  
she said nigahs like me she don't see often and i don't  
care if he shot i just keep sparking i make nigah throw  
towels and give peace offerings i got two baby moms  
and we don't speak often i just give'em bank rolls and  
tell'em keep walking i just show a bitch money i don't  
keep talking then she slob on my nob like she retarded  
sour D four grams stuffed in a dutch fifty grand rubber  
band tucked in the cut two bitches four hand touching  
my nuts then i give'em long dick touching they gut if  
money is the topic i get like Floyd i be O-Ting moving  
grams of the boy if i don't know nigahs my hand on toy  
cause I'm ma a fucking shooter Brandon Roy my nigah  
Cass got the bent i need the 550 only blow good smoke  
an L 550 his not a real connect if he cant supply 50 my  
cousin na get half cause he'll die with me O B A still a  
set and we gone make ours couple nigahs got shot  
trying take ours i was in the crack house with eight  
vows you was like Eminem of eight miles in your shitty  
house writing rap song i use to run in nigahs house with  
the mac drawn i guess you only need one mic like Nas i  
take a four pound and a white-pot Glock 30 con-pact  
it's the right size vision ware on the stuff watch the  
white rise I'm talking brick sales get your order up i dry  
cook mine i don't like it watered up if you short a buck i

send them to the coroner the gun small the clip hang  
like Florida it say a stack on a scale when i weight  
powder I'm a gangster a goon to the eighth power  
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