

Cassidy "Microphone Fiend"

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Tha Hustla...Larsency Family...Crossover

I serve Fiends, Before I became a man
but sellin cocaine wasn't part of the gameplan
I was rappin on stages before you cats was originated,
before autotune and that bullcrap was created
When i grabbed the mic and tried to spit my rhymes
they said i couldn't, they wouldnt let me get my shine
Cool..cuz i aint get upset,
I lit a dutch, found a chicken to fuck and i left
to the hotel, she said she likes the weed she smells
and i was rollin L after L
1 after after another 1 and i rolled another 1,
to much dutchies im gone need another lung,
i blaze haze but i dont fiend for nicotine,
cuz i dont smoke cigarettes, just the green
im blazin, lightin up the haze and dont i look asian
the bud im smokin is amazin
kush sour, grandfather and the piff it'll
have u twisted thats the reason i twist it
it'll get u twice as high if u try to mix it
higher than your rent bill when your gettin evicted
rhymes overflowin, imma get dough and,
im blessed si i guess thats why my rhymes coincide..
with my thoughts in god, i gotta thank him that he kept
me alive
the invincible microphone fiend thats me
cassidy, theres no match for me
E-F-F-E-C-T, i need my R-E-S-P-E-C-T
cuz cass is a problem, i gotta have it
and your retarded plus your a fagget
my dj gotta microphone his name thorough
and im dope with the microphone like heroine
i make the bass flip, you need a fix
gimme some soda, some ice, and a brick
i whip, wait til it cool, n cut with the razor i made ya,
if u fuckin with me you touch paper
middle fingers up fuck haters
I keep the weapon, get assassinated when them guns
up haters
see a part me people at home never seen
when im feinin for a microphone, imma microphone

fiend
after 12, im worse than dracula,
turnin pages in my rap book, i need a spatula
thats intense, im convinced you terrified
you see the barrel size, u gunna die or be paralyzed
by any means necessary, this is what has to be done
make way cuz here cass come
my dj cut material material material material
n he'll bury u
it's a must that i crush any mic u hand to me
its inherited, it runs in my family
i wrote the most rhymes, i wrote the most raps,
but my dad could rhyme and my mom had dope raps
now i dont wanna have to pop off n bust a shot off
if you cant keep the stage warm, then hop off
ladies and gentlemen, ur about to see
me the best in the game imma bout to be
take it to the maximum, i cant relax and um
so coca cola on ice mixed wit yak is 1
hell of a the antidote and hella the damn smoke
you wanna roll a gram of the smoke but u cant u broke
you makin me crack up, u shouldv'e stacked up
those who act up need to get more than clapped up
any entertainer i got 1 in the chamber
2 take away 1 and im the remainder
so close your eyes and hold ur fuckin breath
and imma squeeze til theres nothing fuckin left
before you go u gunna know that you've seen
a fiend on the microphone, imma microphone fiend

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