

## Cassidy

### "New Jack City"

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[Poster Boy]Poster Boy, Fosterville, Kay Slay the Drama King

Fuck with the kid, gotta throw ya moms over the bridge  
RP put the hawk to ya over ya ribs  
Keep thinkin' that the god is chillin'  
I'm the reason custies is comin' to the Carter Buildin  
And it aint no tellin what I do  
They may find ya body on 16th smellin like a (\*jew\*)  
I'm the number one stunna when it comes to the east  
In the Jag with the .40 cal under the seat  
Nigga this is my block, Name a nigga who run me out  
Friday come, you and you have your money out  
Son, my gun'll bring a playboy bunny out  
Somebody gotta die, I'm a try ya hunny out  
Send her to ER with half her tummy out  
No C-section, no infants comin out  
She can't have babies again  
Me and Kay gettin money so it's feelin like the eighties  
again  
Holla!

[Shells]Ayo, You boys is silly, I'm next since Pac and Biggie  
And I'm Bout Major Figgas like Dutch and Gillie  
Catch Shells all-star weekend down in Philly  
On my hip, pack heat like a bowl of chilly  
Look - I Clap milli's, act willy, you a chump  
Only kid in the hood with elevators in his truck  
See, I flash bucks, rock all black doors  
And my watch ice'd out like Jacobs store  
When you boys gon learn I got this game lock  
What you got for your deal, I spent on X-Box  
Keep frontin like you hungry, I'm a feed you a biscuit  
I got rock and roll bullets, leave limbs like bizkit  
So hey, it's ya life involved - act like it is  
My chain light gray like trash can lids  
If one of yall take my chain - none of yall live  
You like, "I aint do it Shells", One of yall did!

[Grafh]'Cause A lot of yall are fakin', one minute is

asolama laken  
2 minutes later is where's my salamy bacon  
Niggaz swear the product the makin' requires rockin a  
aprin  
They liars cause it's Betty Crocker they bakin  
Not that I'm sayin that I Cook, Cause I don't  
I keep it as raw as you seen it before it was put on the  
boat  
The hookers'll open they jaw for free  
Fuck being a gentleman, ya girlfriend open the door  
for me  
When a pimp walk the beat, you shut up one day  
The day the dick had ya mother next up one way  
I come up one way drunk pushin a porshe

Make beef and I'm cookin the sauce - Gravy!  
I be lookin like a boss  
I pop at ya hood on ya snorkle til I have the fur lookin  
like a scarf  
Lookin like I robbed 'em  
Tell cops is easy to find like chinks in a nail shop  
Holla, cheah!

[Cassidy]Ayo, get back get back for I click clack click  
clack  
Where that shit at? Get that 'for I bust shots!  
Get crunk if you want to, drunk if you want to  
Front if you want to, And get slumped with the gun too  
Gimme mine cause any time I could run through  
And put ya brains on the mini blinds in sun roof  
Try run dog, you can try hide man  
But when I bust the gun dog, you gon die man  
I drinkin rum dog and I'm gettin high man  
Say good bye man or a prayer - "Aman"  
Look It aint hard to get at you dudes  
I screw waitresses that'll slip shit in ya food  
I got yay for sale and I got crazy shells  
I got it locked from Illadelph to ATL  
The wait is over, I'm a take it over  
I'm a bubble like vinegar and baking soda  
Easy!

[Jae Hood]Ayo, I'm a D-Block nigga - I don't respect  
wack rhymes  
If you had a gat in a clock, you couldn't kill time  
Yall cowards don't want beef, why even start?  
Yall like dicks in the pool - none of yall hard  
Come thru in the spit white 330 with a mean birdie  
Holdin my hammer cause she know it's dirty  
You got questions, holla at me - I tell you what's what  
Lay you on ya back and yall chumps'll really see what's

up  
On the real, yall niggaz better chill  
Think ya crew spittin flames - I'll put ya hot dogs on the grill  
It gotta be a conspiracy if niggaz aint feelin me  
Like a nigga with no eyes - yall not seein me  
Call me a director - I give clips to ya broad  
Bullets is like gum - How they stick in ya jaw  
Go 'head, call the narcs - I put a hole thru ya heart  
And leave you on the train tracks in a shopping cart  
This aint just beats and bars, it's things I'll do to you  
In Compton fuck, I'm tryin to get through to you  
The gauge'll open ya chest like vics  
How you went from being soft to hard - niggaz is dicks  
I don't wanna hear nothin bout ya coke and ya toast  
Liars get shot in they tongue - I'll put the mack to  
Ya throat motherfucker!

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