

## Cassidy

### "Niggas Is Wack"

Visit "[Niggas Is Wack](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rap is like setup,  
Alotta games, alotta sucka's with colorful names  
Im So and so, im this im that  
(huh) but they all just wick wick whack !

ye, ladys and gentlemen, with no further adue

ye, I spit bars and I spray down hoods  
I cant be wack, everything I say sound good  
I punch you niggas stump you like a A-town hood  
But no name throwin' punches like you lay down,  
should  
Niggas trippin' like the grey hound hood  
Ill put the metal in you  
Ill I say is spray rounds hood them shells leveling you  
Real is real, cold is cold, old is old  
You cats sold your soul like kanye  
You got the devil in you  
Play it cool cause my team is like apes  
Real nigga have a rat nigga seen you like drake, wait  
South central im a veteran there, on fire  
Jag smokin' like peppermint hair  
Hommie show some type of love  
You and your floyed bag  
You try'na destroy jag  
Say im on some type of drug but  
I aint on the roids just piff, clown  
You sick now you playing and im sprayin' like  
Chris brown, so get down  
Chain got em stingin' like Chris now  
Paul niggas yall bitches all on my dick now  
Im pissed now, leavin trails smellin' like shit now  
I took shit south, got me a brick house like Rick now  
Its lost in me and we dat click now  
You niggas boo boo  
You can slide it in my house man my click coo coo  
Hella gats have you skatin' like the bitch new new  
We da'' best out bitch screw youâ€¦Jag

(Chorus)

my truck got a sunroof, the coup chopped it in half  
I buy property, but not with monopoly cash  
Lil mommy ask, did you hit the lottery cass?  
Then gave me brain like im takin a psychology class  
Im the shit jumpin in my colostomy bag  
It's a gift, I could come up with analogies fast  
You know im hot like venus, and im cold like Pluto  
Im a genius I could jump in my astronomy bag  
Since you aint got a job like Tommy you mad  
Us eatin' aint the reason the economy bad  
You a bitch like all the baby mommas you had  
Im pilin' in the line up you don't want no drama with  
cass  
If your forgot 'dat I was hot, im remindin' your ass  
Im so hot that I could pop the thermometer glass, cass  
Women love him, gats, got plenty of em  
When shit pop you could get shot with any of em  
As far as females I got too many of em  
That's why I switch every year,  
I got chicks everywhere yea,  
Every chick I be bringing by  
On my dick so they go down quick like the kinda ki  
I, stroker make a rida like a rolla coaster  
With Cass, she be screamin like she has six flags  
I never spit trash but now that im with jag  
You could get smashed quick fast with ya' bitch  
assâ€¦Cass

(chorus)

Visit [Cassidy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.