

Cassidy

"R.A.I.D"

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[IntExplainro]

Everybody know Cassidy does what he do man, know
what I'm saying
It ain't easy to get around them punchlines he gon'
bring to you in a battle
I don't care what you say
How it sound back then or, you ain't getting around that
in no battle
It ain't easy, you know what I'm saying
That boy, that's what he do professionally, he been
doing it
I seen Cassidy been in probably more than five-
thousand battles
You know, and I don't think he had one L
And I don't think a new guy is gonna step up and give
him the L that easily

Yeah, you been on my dick
You should've took your own fucking advice
You know you not fucking with me
I used to help you write your raps, give you tips on how
to get better
I used to tutor you, know you want to disrespect your
teacher?
Well you got a problem on your hands that you can't
deal with
Bitch

[Verse 1]

Aye yo you ain't got nothing on me
They couldn't wait for me to diss you on a song
Cause you was fucking corny
Remember when you used to run up on me, like
Cass', please listen to my song
You used to play your shit like, this a hit Cass'
I was thinking, man that shit trash, why you lay this shit
You said Cosmic Kev gave you shit
Cause he ain't never played your shit
If you ain't mean it, why you say this shit

[Verse 2]

Now your song getting played everyday and shit
So you gassed up, but I still eat your ass up
You turned into a fag to get your cash up
But, I'd rather be broke then get my ass fucked
I started off with 50 Cent, I ain't lying
But I'mma get rich or die tryin', like a half buck
Yo my bars so raw, it could get bagged up
But yours got mad cut and not the kind that scab up
Yup, this what I'm gon' do to you, kill you in the battle
Then Wale can say a poem at your funeral
Cause you wasn't getting bread then
Now you trying to ride out, but you coming down a
dead end

[Verse 3]

You was a fucking bum, you couldn't even get your
braids fucking done
It looked like you was growing dreads
And we know, I turned to Christ like Tebow
But in jail was the only time I hung around a C.O.
I'm the illest M.C. yo
Why you wanna try me? Man I'm the S.H.I.T.
You niggas shook up like Ali
I spit cook up, you don't wanna be hooked up to an I.V.
You would rather eat a whole bowl full of dog shit
And drink a cup full of hog spit before you try me
R.I.P. see the mortician
Boy, I ain't doin no more twittin', get your door kicked
in

[Verse 4]

Come on you be drawn, nigga I ain't bull shittin'
How you go on Twitter tweeting that the bull snitchin'?
Listen, you better off tryna' make a verse
Cause the shit that you tweet only gon' make it worse
You a dry snitch, tryna' say that I snitch
Bitch I never opened my lips, where the paperwork?
You was in Pit' on the court with a P.D.
No commisary, couldn't even make a chee-chee
When I was locked up, I was on T.V.
Soon as dudes turned on the news they would see me
So yeah they put me on P.C., I'm not debatin'
For the first month, did the final seven on population

[Verse 5]

I hate talking bout the past
But why shit be coming out your mouth, cause you're
talking out your ass
But watch how you talk when you talking bout Cass'
Cause I'm seriously offended, don't get your career
ended

You finished, your whole career is a gimmick
You must of lost your damn mind screaming all the
damn time
You can't rhyme, and if it wasn't for Charlie Mack
You wouldn't even have a house to have a house party
at
You can hardly rap, all you do is make party tracks
Niggas know Meek sound so weak on a slow beat
You blew up fast, but now you got a slow leak
All you gon' hear about is how Cass' aired you out

[Verse 6]

Who cares about how you supposed to be rich
Or how you riding in your Ghost, Rollie on your wrist,
bitch
You really hyped but you ain't even repping Philly right
You not a Big Willie just cause you know how to wheelie
bikes, right
It's like I was sixteen doing it
You cockroach, I'm the dopest nigga you seen doing it
Don't make me put you on that Summer Jam screen
In them dirty ass jeans and the sneakers with the wings
on it
Your first album and that compilation flopped
Cause you tell a bunch of lies and you exaggerate a lot
Stop saying you was making guap hustling, cause you
wasn't
You never had keys, like a combination lock

[Verse 7]

That ice Moissanite in that imitation watch
So why you always rapping bout how much cake you
got?
You a son of a bitch, tryna imitate your pop
And you never was a thug, why you imitating Pac?
You was wrong for doing that song 2Pac Back
I seen the video like, where the fuck is 2Pac at?
I saw your boss like nah, 2Pac not fat
I had Philly on lock before 2Pac got clapped
You know me, an O.G. in the game
On point, like Derrick Rose before he hurt his knee in
the game
For ten years I've been the dopest M.C. in the game
How you expect to keep respect long as me in the
game?

[Verse 8]

See your name was Meek Millz and now it's Meek Mill
You couldn't even keep the fucking z in your name
You the biggest pussy in the game, I got your cat shook
"Cassidy losing to Meek," now how does that look?

Why you drop that song Repo? That was a whack look
The streets know the people need to repo your rap
book
I'm back look, this what I prayed for
You dug your own grave boy, that's what I made the
song Rave for
And Meek, how you gon' wage war?
When the G.D.'s made M.M.G. shut down their paid
tour?
You getting paid, I got paid more
Way more, I just get it and spend it, I should've saved
more

[Verse 9]

I signed a deal when you was in the sixth grade, boy
You got some nice whips but none of them shits is paid
for
Man you leased it, don't keep it a damn secret
You could front for a couple of months but you can't
keep it
And everybody know that you niggas is fucking bogus
You might as well pre order your rest in peace posters
You niggas bout to go night night, buenos noches
Fuck them all, "I bury those cockroaches"
This ain't about who the richest and who the brokest
This is about who the dopest, a nigga focused
You moved from Philly
You only in the city cause of L.A. Big U signed your
eviction notice

[Verse 10]

You jokers better keep your mouth closed
I was a household name 'fore you was coming out your
household
I roll with a bunch of goons so I'm extra safe
But I still gotta keep a weapon on me just in case
No I don't wanna catch a case
But I never keep the safety on my weapon, I ain't tryna
keep my weapon safe
You extra fake, show some respect
Cause I was there when all you used to wear was dirty
ass v-necks
You spit a bunch of B.S., you don't want it with me
I get fucking busy, ain't nobody fucking with me

[Verse 11]

Under dignity, I been pretty all my damn life
Damn right, you might can flow but you can't write
You not trying to go to jail and lose your damn life
If we start beefin' so lets keep it on the damn mic
Fuck all the damn hype, this about bars

It's not about rollies, it's not about cars
It's not about Y.S.L. or Audemars
You jumped off my dick and dick ride Ross, pause
Keep your eyes on the sparrow Meek
Cause riding other niggas dicks is not a good way to
travel Meek
So get off, yeah you tried to get your shit off
But your shit soft, you gon' get your head ripped off
And all the fronting that you doing got me pissed off
Nothing that you write true, that's why I don't like you

[Verse 12]

I don't know why hyped you, all your bars recycled
Fuck who got opinions, you know you not winnin'
I been hot from the beginning
Son you got problems when they tired of your style
after one album
I'm not finished, you the dude I'mma chew up
You my son, one of my sperm cells that grew up
Yup, I brought you in this world and I can take you out
Then let your bitch and my dick start making out
You already know every radio station bout to have this
song bumping
Like a nigga that's breaking out
Look, you can put my raps in the crack file
That style you got not yours, that's Peedi Crakk style
And that's foul, I told you to switch your rap style awhile
back
Let them get your style back
You not a loud pack, you a black mild, you just rap loud

[Verse 13]

And you are whack cause you rap with another cat's
style
I ain't feeling Robert Meek Williams
I'mma kill him, and I can care less if he catch feelings
The Meek shall inherit the Earth
Well that's exactly what Meek gon' inherit when he
buried in dirt
Meek, you never should've spit that verse
I ain't loaded lux but you know what's up
You bout to get that work
Get that doctor, get that nurse
In the hospital bed, you won't get that first
Yeah, get that casket, get that hearse
Get that pastor, get that church
Your career dead, yeah
And you can keep sleeping on me

[Verse 14]

But I'm bout to blow up like an airbed, you air head

I keep it gutta' nigga, word to mother nigga
You signed to a nigga that's signed to another nigga
With a three-sixty deal
So that mean any time you get money you split money
with other niggas
You break bread, your homies will say I love you nigga
But they not supporting you, they extorting you
When you was broke all them niggas was not around
But now look at all the niggas you got around
Yeah you popping now, but if you stop getting chisle
All them niggas with you gon' want to start forgetful
I've been through it before, I'm not gon' bullshit you

[Verse 15]

It's official, same shit different toilet tissue
It's like they might shoot they pistol
But if somebody get shot, then the cops gon' come to
get you
That's your case, they only know your face
And you can't afford it nigga, even if your dope
straight
It's a slow wait, plus you on probation
And being caged in is a fucked up situation
I'm trying to school you cause you my kid
And I'm concerned that you gotta learn from the dumb
shit that you done did
But you always been a stupid kid
You got a little brain even though your head's stupid
big
And you might be getting up in some puss
But "what you think, you getting girls now cause of your
looks?"

[Verse 16]

What? You look like an animal in the face
You remind me of that monkey on Planet of the Apes
Wait, I see panic in your face
I know I'm scaring you, this the cockroach burial
I'm too hot and got too much material
But you annoying, I'm getting tired of hearing you
You so pussy you probably get a venereal disease
Meek I'm your father, how do you lead?
You know your whole team weak
And you was mad Kendrick Lamar sold more than ya
ass, nigga I seen the tweet
My nigga Jad' made you had your worse nightmare

[Verse 17]

Lost any fam' right here, and we don't fight fair
And we ain't like your squad cause we all ride
Meek, you be looking all nervous with the frog eyes

And Ruff Ryders gon' ride with me too
So Robert's ass is dead, and ain't shit you can do
Plus the rest of your niggas can get it too

[Outro]

I get at them, right after I get at you
Yeah I said it, the rest of your niggas can get it too
I get at them, right after I get at you
Fag

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