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Cassidy "Same Damn Time"

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Wearin' Polo, wearin' Gucci, at the same damn time Gettin' head, eatin' coochy, at the same damn time Smokin' cush, smokin' solid at the same damn time Sellin' hall, sell Impala, at the same damn time At the same damn time, at the same damn time At the same damn time, at the same damn time Countin' money, twistin' green, at the same damn time Drinkin' liquor, sippin' lean, at the same damn time

If y'all try to rob be, got to shoot me first The gun is under my Gucci shirt The ball of G, I got a hoe with me And she keep the heat in her Gucci purse I got dough to give, yea yours to flip And I might throw the dick in this groupie first I like the bitch cuz her coochy squirt Imma hit it, I'm lickin' that coochy first Chicks like me now and they wipe me down I might go buy a Free Bruce Lee shirt Imma pipe it down till that coochy hurt Imma hit but I'm gettin' that coofee first I'm on the strip with that fish scale This row, we call that sushi work A closet full of that (Gucci) Li-like the anklets in our Gucci verse III sling bricks they can't flip The same shit that got pookie murk I'm a G but not on that gang shit That's the same shit that got tookie murk I'm a gang star like Guru With the seaman freezed that's true blue You cheatin' on your boo boo But your girl cheatin' on you too I said I wanna fuck you, boo And she said I wanna fuck you too But all you can do is give head tonight Cuz at a red light I'm like soo woo III ain't gotta front It's a lot of things I want So I'm grindin', t-tr-tryna do a lot of things at once Wearin' Polo, wearin' Gucci, at the same damn time Gettin' head, eatin' coochy, at the same damn time Smokin' cush, smokin' solid at the same damn time Sellin' hall, sell Impala, at the same damn time At the same damn time, at the same damn time At the same damn time, at the same damn time Countin' money, twistin' green, at the same damn time Drinkin' liquor, sippin' lean, at the same damn time

Yeaaaaa Cassidy Lost and you found 'im Shoutouts to Chubby Jag and A R Add Yeaaaaa

I'm back on my bullshit And some of you niggaz act like y'all forgot about the pressure I was applyin' So I'm about to refresh your memory I'm 'bout to drop the hottest mixtape on the street Mayhem music

It's about to get ugly Feel me Pissed of avenger

Bangers in the air This for the niggaz that love bars, love real rap, love hip-hop That shit ain't died cuz there's niggaz like me still alive Niggaz that could still buy the ship And that's exactly what I'm about to do Stock body and shit Imma buy these mike beats, off these niggaz beats Whatever motherfuckin' beats I feel like jumpin' on I can even buy this shit acapella I don't even need no motherfuckin' beat Y'all niggaz know you're scared of me Stop frontin' Y'all know you're afraid of the shit I be bringin' to the team Cuz every time I get in the motherfuckin' booth I spit bars to embarrass motherfuckers

Feel me Pissed of avenger It's about to get ugly

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