

Cassidy

"Speaking In Tongues"

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Yea, feel me,
Who else wanna hold this down?
Yea, The hustler,
I'm the problem lemme introduce myself
My life rough but, I would never shoot myself
Anything I once done I execute myself
I'm a one man army I solute myself
I'm the hustler lemme introduce myself
I just stood on the block and got loot myself
??
I'm the truth in the booth I solute myself
You ain't got no wins in me casa
That piffy get me open I be smokin like a rasta, Vodka,
Henny get the semi or the choppa, blocka,
You be screamin "Get me to the doctor!"

The hustler, Yea,
Philly, Yea,
Show time lets go grind its a gold mine we be rich in no
time,
I'm gettin guap strip poppin
If they hear some they be speakin' in tongues
What you say? I cant hear you?
My glock poppin' whats poppin?
I ain't fuckin dumb, you don't never bust guns,
What you say? Get the fuck outta here

Yo, You already know my flow been discussed and I
been hustlin I dont really need an introduction
But I'ma introduce myself anyway,
I'm the hustler And you could try your hand anyday,
Anywhere, any place, at any time
I did plenty crimes, I got pulled like many blimes,
Look, Yall took my shit way to many times,
Any rhyme you spit gonna sound like one of mine,
But the many kind, You a mini me, I'm a amazon, If you
wanna battle stand in line,
I'm a man with mine If you think you better then me
then prove it, I'm undefeated,
You lost before and you gonna lose again,

You will get chewed again,
That's what kinda mood I'm in,
I'm gonna make spittin hot punch lines cool again,
You dudes hot right where the hot music then?
People ain't gonna let you keep foolin them,
Ain't nothin change Im still aimin, bangin still,
You don't gang bang for real, you still need trainin
wheels,
Cause you not a rider,
I'll show you how the flamer feels
Hotter whole clip and a bullet in the chamber feels,
You don't know how carrying a banger feel,
You don't get no respect like Rodney Dangerfield You
prolly never slammed crack cocaine for real,
Or took them white things on an airplane for real, I had
my young boy slang your grills,
And this little bitch runnin with the rocker one named a
mil,
You could ask about me my name is real,
I'm a one man army and I was trained to kill,
For real.

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