

Cassidy

"Spittin' Freestyle (murda Mook && Cyssero Diss)"

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The block pop, so da strip fall.

Rocks got a fist full. Bull pop shit, dat hot shit I got a clip fo'.

When I start sparkin', it be barkin' like pitbulls.

Matta fact rotweilers when I let dem shots holla.

Chicks on my cock, I'm still on the block holla.

S'Cops on da block, they still gon' cop holla.

I g-got sense, and dass why I got dollas.

I was told the rules, I'm old school, like my pop fatha.

I was showed da moves, schooled by the olda dudes.

How to show improve, so I move like a soldier move.

Real militant, I'm ill still killin' it.

I'm real. Guys dass paralyzed and still feelin' it.

Yeah I'm still on feet and my toes.

Gettin' higher den da President, you sweeta den doze.

Gettin' higher den a nose bleed, see to muh shows.

Fuck a mayback, I pull da back seats to da rolls.

Fuck a GT, I pull up in a CLS.

The guts soft like muh female breats.

Is it a D-12? Yes.

I cop da un-copable nigga, you can't stop the un-stopable nigga, I pop a shot thru you niggaz.

And I was like a pop to you niggaz. I gave you a flow.
Adopted you niggaz. I did a lot fo' you niggaz.

And this da fuckin' thanks I get?

You my son, you should thank my dick.

You take my shit, flip it around, and now you think you sick?

I guess you think you Cas, but I think you trash.

And I spank dat ass. You aint fuckin' wit me.

You wouldn't even rap like dat if it wasn't fer me.

Wow! I been had my weight up.

How you gon' battle me wit a style dat I made up?

Wow! When I'm home, it's envy.

I feelin' like the ?Bob?, when he was on da fone wit Jimmy.

Wow! What the fuck is goin' on out hea'?

What the fuck is niggaz doin' out hea'?

Niggaz drawn out hea'. Ya block hot? I put a drawin' out thea'.

My block hot, your shit warm out thea'.

So we goin' out thea'. Set up shop and get it on out thea'.

I'm on point like a thorn out hea'. Come to Philly, I'm a don out hea'.

Yeah youh know imma boss dawg. Nah, this aint IZOD, it's LaCross dawg.

I floss dawg and I stay wit my jewels on.

You prolly wouldn't see dis much ice in a hail storm.

It's nuttin to flash, but fuckin' wit Cas will get you buck or buck Å€"n- a half.

Cuz' it's only a hand full of rappers dass touchin' da cash.

And most of dem are getting' fucked in they ass.

There's snakes up in the grass, but Cass gon' blast
when da beef is on.

I walk wit the shells, and I aint got no Adidas on.

And I squeezed da John, even if da law watchin'.

I'm too hard. Da rap version of Bernard Hopkins. Nigga.

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