

Cassidy

"Whoa 2k10"

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Cassidy:

First of all yu not hard, yu a bitch yu too emotional/ yu my son i should Maury Povich yu, how old are yu?/ ima a bad dad i aint mean to cold shoulder yu/ but dag man the magnum aint do wht they say trojans do/ im hot im not as cold as yu im exposing you/ i know you not really a killa its all just promotional./ larsiny taking ova its not negotiable/ but dont be mad at me cuz im dope im not as broke as you/ im a thinker ima drinker and a smoker too/ i tell a chick a joke or 2 and make a chick screw most da crew/ cass get more ass than most sofas do/ i get face like proactive repair lotion do/ my fans are fiending like smoker's do/ they need me to come back out and put more crack out/ I was sick of taking the rap route/ but im feelin betta got my business together im bout to blackout/ yu might have pulled out tha gat but who cares/ cuz yu scared like a rat trapped in a cat house/ yu scared like a cat trapped in a dog house/ my dogs in ya house wearin masks with ar's out/ Fuck wht ya bout my homie's start a trial today/ im really in the street yu nigga's sweet like alize/ shawty i made 40 thou a day/ my bedroom and kitchen a quarter mile away/(woooooow) And they say its a new style today/ that tight clothes style is gay fuck what a stylist say/ aye, i made more money did more wit it/ i get it my account balance got more digits/ im not the one to come rob/ yu a square like sponge-bob i carry shells like da boy squidward, get it?/ so when u see me nigga try something/ and get SMACKED like Mary J Blige husband/

Jag:

Look, i told Cass i need extra cash/ i cant wait i need it extra fast/ got me watchin who around me, quick to let da heckler blast/ cuz niggas is fuckin they own fam like Precious dad/ whoa..shit i told them from the door man/ u dead if im comin for the bread like Bro-Man/ show up at ya door arms up, 4-4 blam/ stand and clap rounds i dont back down for no man/ u lookin at the snowman, the dro man, i move keys/ im so fly its no lie im the truth please/ u think u gon stick me, rob me,

recoupe keys/ til we make it rain in ya house like the
brucenees/ yeah u gon be reggie bush and im drew
brees/ niggas keep talkin that BULLshit like 2-3/ u know
me nigga, i expose beats nigga/ im all about the green
like grove street nigga/ no i dnt need a jet or a bugatti/
jus a tech and a new shotty and a net so i can catch me
a new body/ moms told me fetch me a new hobby/ i
went and cop blocks, den i went and droptopped the
new ridey/ every mic i touch got shit stains on it/ yellow
things in the chain like piss stains on it/ nigga we dont
add up, you borin, you trippin/ im soarin u slippin, im
jordan you pippen/ do the math...u sick, im in to gettin
cheese/ im kobe, you vick, im in a different league/
read me, in other words i aint gon stand and let you jab
and hook me/ you guys sweet, im tyreke, i aint your
average rookie/ two-seater, skinny nigga Jag/ im
chubby baggin broads that the skinny niggas have/ i
dress baggy, but i aint in my skinny niggas bag/ but try
me and ill smack any nigga ass..no homo..JAG/

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