

Casey Veggies

"PNCINTLOFWGKTA"

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[Verse 1: Casey Veggies]

This shit is schizo, tell a chick to get low
Yeah that was an insult, sorry for that info
Young killa' that be ridin' round, swag me out, wipe me
down
Your bitch is just like a frog and she just be hoppin'
around
Whole squad be pipin' it down, that Peas and Carrots,
That OF
Gun fights with no vests, get merked off when I blow
checks
Ain't talkin' grams but I'm on deck, they talkin' grams
I'm focused
This flow sick, you know this, she rolled it like a mosh
pit
Imagine that, I hardly kick them braggin raps
But right now my swag is a bad ho, magnet
You hesitant and I'm adamant, can't stop this, got the
locksmith
In the door, on the scene, cash rules and I'm making
cream like

[Hook: Tyler, The Creator]

Niggas see the chains and the bitches and the gold
These niggas think it came with the fishes and a boat
Well fuck the bullshit it's time to let these niggas know
Let these niggas know, let these niggas know

[Bridge: Casey Veggies]

Getting money now nigga trust that
Fresh up out the plastic nigga fuck that
Y'all niggas talking shit but y'all won't bust back
Nah!

[Verse 2: Domo Genesis]

I'm high as my confidence, nigga sue me
Niggas acting like they part of the action I'm in the
movie
Lets get it crackin', young nigga with fashion, two piece
Louis
With a hand full of hoochies tryna to stuff em in the

hoopty

Yeah I'm bougie, but nigga fuck it do you and I do me
Was frontin' like my new teeth and now they lookin like
"Who he?"

Oops this Domo Genesis, Wolf Gang syndicate
Wolf Gang we in this bitch, thick like Brazilian bitches is
Listen kid, this is the part where I'm swearing we win
Money make the world go round I'm preparing to spin
I swear I love LA but when it's ready to end
I'm in New York tossing dimes like I'm Jeremy Lin

[Hook] + [Bridge]

[Verse 3: Hodgy Beats]

I'm a silent flexer oh, hybrid Lexus, low
I bred measures, my hybrid's better
Sativa dominant, abolish kids with prominence
Demolish and conquer shit, faggots wanna honor this
I know you see the cars and the whips
Broads and these bitches on my balls and my dick
I'm here for the cash I ain't calling in sick
Next time I pick up the phone, I'm calling in rich
One dollar, two dollar, three dollar, four
One nozzle, two models, three bottles pour
I wake up in the morning like I missed the night before
I know I love my life for sure
You know I fucked your wife, my whore
I'm a fucking animal, that's one hell of a species
I move you niggas out the way with my telekinesis

[Hook] + [Bridge]

[Verse 4: Earl Sweatshirt]

Jive pants tattered kicks, Sunday sabbath-less
Lose-lose, .22 caps in that catchers mitt
And daddy's absence was the reason why the
swagger's this
Similar to abstinent ass and you ain't tappin' shit
Who rap rancid as rats acid with four and a
Half rations of horse laxatives down the hatch again
And dip fast as shit when all the cash cacklin'
Stanzas is them axes that him have to cut the chatter
with
Hard as the wall of Clay Cassius that my back against
Hulk smash brackets that the masses try to stash him
in
Half pans labyrinth, half black magic grip
Black flack jacket tap dancin' in a passion pit
Golf Wang cut and stitch surgical
Lips slurpin' that lit purple, my bitch circular
Not givin' shits like writers when its personal

Disgurstin' as dick burpin' when its vertical

[Outro: Tyler, The Creator]

(Oh shit that's the end huh

Aww, un uh man, I like talking shit, I feel like P. Diddy!)

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