

# All That

Casey Veggies

I pop up on yo' block, pull up on yo street  
Girl, first I got your number, then I got under them sheets  
Then I hopped on top of these beats, I ain't been home in weeks  
Yeah, I know you tryna eat, but, nigga, I'm tryna feast, so I gotta go  
We got hoes, we got drinks, we got all that  
She gon' go, she don't think, she do all that  
Wasn't feelin' lil mama, had to fall back  
Hit my phone, ain't talk no dope, I don't call back  
Write these verses so, player, we read verses in Isaiah  
Baby ain't even gotta state it, she know that I'm a smooth operator  
Baby talk too much and I don't like that  
Gotta leave tomorrow and I ain't book my flight yet  
Sometimes, no matter what you do, they forget about all that  
But I know they gon' remember me, cause a boy all that  
I'm ballin', she want it, I get it, I get it  
I'm plugged in, got friends that, spend millions

We got hoes, we got drinks, we got all that  
She gon' go, she don't think, she do all that  
They don't think we from the streets, but I'm bout all that  
I came up from the bottom, I do all that

All of these bitches be jockin', all of these niggas keep hatin'  
I get Jacksons, Grants, and Franklins so we call that changin' faces  
Stuntin' off in the Bugatti, drive so fast you think I'm racing  
My nigga, this weed so strong, I'm gone, you might think I laced it  
Ballin', bitch, I thought you knew  
If you niggas had my paper, you'd be ballin' too  
Teach a nigga how to stunt, I should start a school  
All I do is press a button just to start the coupe  
Swimmin' in so many women, I lost count  
Once they give me that pussy, homie, I dog 'em out  
If you ain't talkin' bout money then what you talkin' about?  
If they say money talks, then my dollars shout  
Popsicles on my chain, ice cubes on my wrist  
Snow cones on my fingers, yo' bitch on my dick  
Street nigga, still have a mill up in my shoe box  
Old school, still keep a stash in my tube socks  
Kush, all up in my rollin' papers  
Got me coughin' like a cancer patient  
Countin' cash like a calculator  
OG still gettin' dome like activator, all that

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I fuck bitches, I get money, I do all that  
Niggas want me to impress 'em, they can fall back  
I'd be trippin' if I told you I was all rap  
I got stocks, I got blocks, nigga, hold that  
Wal-Mart prices on the roll backs  
Cheap shit, nigga, we don't know that  
Expensive, designer, we spendin', we spendin'  
I'm ballin', got friends that's, Egyptian  
And I'm out for that payback

Got a couple niggas that stay strapped, yeah  
New school had a nigga trippin'  
But my old bitch helped me get my soul back, yeah  
I started off in a Sonata, then I went and got me a Range  
Then I went and got me a Beamer  
Now a few of my homies do the same  
Nigga we don't care about chains, I can shine in white T  
That's pro'ly why yo' bitch like me  
Low key she wanna be my wifey, I'm thinkin' that she might be  
Show her shit you never show her  
She wanna get high, I inserted a quarter  
We playin' games, you out of order  
Thirsty nigga need water, you know you can't afford her, yeah

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I came up from the bottom, I do all that

She got blunts, I got papers, we got all that  
We gon' smoke, we gon' fuck, we did all that  
Homies trippin' and we trippin', we with all that  
Pint of Act, double cups, we got all that  
Lil bruh fought his case, just gave him all day  
Baby Buddha in there too, he got all day  
Time goes by, puffin' on shake  
Just to keep him high, watch the time waste  
L.A. niggas in Atlanta strip clubs  
Smoking good, eating good, I just fell in love  
Lil bitch told the homie she don't have sex  
We already fucked, you ain't gotta flex

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