

Down South

Casey Veggies

I met this bitch from down south
Down south, yeah, yeah
Okay, I met this bitch from down south
Down south, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Her best friend a stripper out of ATL and she treat us well
She treat us well, she treat us well
She tried to turn me into clientele, I'm not for sale, she took a L
I wish her well, I wish her well

I throw them pennies in the wishing well
Keep the hundreds in the shoebox for a rainy day
My nigga smoke designer kush and drink that Ace of Spades
Learn how to play the cards because the deck will never change
You from the hood but I can put you in a better place
Take your time with it, you just gotta wait
I don't need your number find a way to reach me
Looking for a crib in [?] 'cause the price is cheaper

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I been stealing pennies out the wishing well
I fucked your bitch but I'm a real one, I don't kiss and tell
I gotta [?] 'cause I've been through too many L's
Got a pocket full of blue cheese, Backwood full of kale
And everything I got for sale but that shit for cheap
And every time a nigga feel I just hit the streets
I been Gucci since back when Gucci told us [?]
Used to hit Miami and spend a sack up in KOD
But that's before they closed the doors
I'm a pimp, I can turn a nun to a whore
I make her get on her knees like she was praising the Lord
I tell her that it's a go every time she tell me that she leave it
[?]

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Shawty bad, got her cake up, yeah she love the bread
Cute face, all that ass, yeah she [?]
[?] we can play it how you wanna play it
And she realize that I'm a boss and I ain't gotta say it
My momma proud of a young nigga, I'm a prodigy
[?] my socks is Gucci, I'm rocking Prada kicks
You probably running game, tryna act like you ride for me

I know you're in it for the money, ain't gotta lie to me
Me and Rockie throwing ones like we hit the lottery
[?] the way I'm coming, now she wanna leave
For the West side but I'm making euros overseas
She make a nigga [?]

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