

## I Be Over Shit Pt. 2

Casey Veggies

I deserve all this shit  
I deserve all this shit  
I be over all this shit  
I be over shit, I be- I be over shit  
I be over shit, I be- I be-  
Yeah

I be over all this shit, I be over all this shit  
Young nigga tryna get rich (Rich), paid in full just like Mitch (Like Mitch)  
I deserve all this shit, I deserve all this shit  
I be over all this shit, I don't even call my bitch  
I be over all this shit, I be over all this shit (Uh)  
Young nigga tryna get rich (Yeah), paid in full just like Mitch (Uh)  
I deserve all this shit (Yeah), I deserve all this shit (Yeah)  
I be over all this shit, I don't even call my bitch

They be talking all this balling shit (Yeah)  
Tell them niggas call it quits (Yeah)  
I be over all that shit (That shit)  
If you ain't put your team on, you ain't rich (That's cap)  
I designed all my fits (My fits)  
Louis V all on my prints (My prints)  
Stop talking what you did past tense (Past tense)  
If you talking money then it makes sense (Make sense)  
I'm a mack to a ho, ain't a simp (Ain't a simp)  
I'm a player, I ain't walking with a limp (Yeah)  
I'm eatin' fish, grilled rice with the shrimp (With the shrimp)  
Scarface with his mind on a blimp (Uh)  
Ask your girl, she'll tell you I'm him (I'm him)  
My new girl nothing less than a ten (A ten)  
Got the money and I'm still tryna win (Tryna win)  
Got the money and I still get it in (Get it in)  
You know a nigga always been humble (Humble)  
But lately, baby, I've been feeling cocky (Cocky)  
You can do what you want when you poppin' (I'm poppin')  
Getting to the money A\$AP Rocky (Yeah)  
These niggas know how I'm coming (How I'm comin')  
Motivate the youth, I ain't stunting (I ain't stuntin')  
These hoes how I'm coming (How I'm comin')  
Ten toes down how I run it (Uh)

I be over all this shit (Yeah), I be over all this shit  
Young nigga tryna get rich, paid in full just like Mitch  
I deserve all this shit, I deserve all this shit  
I be over all this shit, I don't even call my bitch  
I be over all this shit, I be over all this shit (Uh)  
Young nigga tryna get rich (Yeah), paid in full just like Mitch (Uh)  
I deserve all this shit (Yeah), I deserve all this shit (Yeah)  
I be over all this shit (Yeah), I don't even call my bitch (Uh)

These niggas ain't talking 'bout shit (Nah)  
I don't even drive my whip (Uh)  
I don't even call my bitch (Uh)  
She told me fuck these niggas, I'm it (Yeah)  
I told her, "Fuck these niggas, I'm him" (Uh)  
Winning so much might as well sim  
Told my son that I should put it on film (Film)

LA all on my brim  
LA all on my fitted  
At night I thank God I did it  
Brand new car, can't kit it  
Got me feeling like Nas, it was written  
Please don't make me get rid of these niggas  
I don't wanna have to show them they ending  
Fake ass tough nigga, put it on the bluff nigga  
Tryna turn me over, I'm chillin'  
I'm posted on the block and I'm dealing  
I'm getting to the money, no feelings  
Lost focus, now my mind on a million (Yeah)  
All this rap shit I'm about to make a killing (Uh)  
Young boss, yeah, sign it and seal it  
I remember I was starin' at the ceilin'  
They didn't have my back, I was still winnin'  
Stayed at it, now a nigga about to get it