

# No Games

Casey Veggies

Fresh off the plane  
I'm so gassed off that OG strain  
I ain't come to play no games  
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I got a key to the I'm on the line with your bitch  
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And I'm still on my grind  
Your bitch still hit my phone like I still ain't got time  
Still think about money, that shit's still on my mind  
And I still get that bag like it ain't hard to find  
Yeah this drip fine like wine  
Signed Then we go get meals then my whole team we dining  
I light up my weed, get it how I live  
Life on TV, stick to my script  
Then I take me a trip, young nigga be wildin'  
From the city so violent, now I'm out on the island  
Yeah, I got shorty giving me knowledge  
And I did this shit without some college

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Shawty so bad I swear it's a crime  
Give me like five minutes, I can make her mine  
I came here with you, yeah baby that's a sign  
Yeah I might take her home, she wanna wine and dine  
I'm living so fast that I can't press rewind  
Lately I've been grinding, Fuck too much shit up on my mind  
She bend it over, do it for a young one time  
Woah, me and Rockie been on a roll  
Fresh Veggies turn the magic to the studio  
When that money coming fast it's hard to take it slow  
I might cut lil mama off, I might let her go  
Oh, aw man

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