

Dope Shit

Caskey

[Intro]

This is crack, rock cocaine
It isn't glamorous or cool or kid stuff
Yeah, uh bitch check check one two
I been cooking this dope, ho

Look, back inside this bitch with my eyes wide
Pussy boy with nine lives
This is a homicide, what is that five pies
Broke it down, served it all to five guys
A burger and some fries, a dead man told me I got murder in my eyes
And I had to disagree, except for the time that I got that misdemea (misdemeanor)
Wanted to kill that cop, but he had a Glock and I had a history
Viciously pulled over my car, maliciously searched throughout my whole goddamn trunk
Now they convicting me of felonies, y'all acting like I'm selling keys
What y'all tryin' to scrooge me, bitch I'm about to Ebony my way out this whole situation
Delegations with Masons done had my money inflatin'
But now it seem like Satan always be on my side, so for KPE I ride
I do this shit to the day I die, motherfuckers hate on the way I vibe
But a hater gon' hate, I'm a do what I got to homeboy cause I got to
Tell them don't judge I'm not you, see I roll through when the crop due
And I cop two roll one, blow it down with my old cuz
We reminiscing on old times, like all we playing is Bone Thugs
See old heads they showed love, some of y'all oppose me
Supposedly, but they can never dispose of me

[Chorus]

I been cooking dope that dope shit
One hundred percent white fish scale coke shit
Come alone, grab yourself a key or get gone
Boy I ain't got the time to be sitting at home
Cause I been cooking this dope (what you mean?) That dope shit
One hundred percent fish scale off the boat shit
Come alone, grab yourself a key or get gone
Boy I ain't got the time to be sitting at home
Cause I been cooking this dope

Flow hard while I smoke hyena
Evil shit that make you laugh like it's cocaine
Tell her girl please don't mind my demeanor
I don't smoke no Bobby Brown save that shit for Tina
Cleaner than a coke head that's cleaning for coke
Kush beds in my living room that's something that I'm eager to smoke
At night times my female elope
But when that sunrise she out tryin' to hang me from ropes
Hang in the cut that's the heart of the womb
No one else is harder to move
It's like martyr a mist of the cross, caught up in all of this crossfire
War cross I be a liar boy you gotta be boss or get fired
And I'm tryin' to be the boss of desire
But the Messiah always got something to say about ties
And I ain't got nothing to pay for these lies
I worry about mines so I ain't got the time to worry about they crying
Boy, fuck them shit I cock that nine back and I let it go

For those of y'all that thought I was sleeping I had to let you know

[Chorus]

I been cooking dope that dope shit
One hundred percent white fish scale coke shit
Come along, grab yourself a key or get gone
Boy I ain't got the time to be sitting at home
Cause I been cooking this dope (what you mean?) That dope shit
One hundred percent white fish scale coke shit
Come alone, shit I been coking dope

Like I'm fresh out of the grove pots and pans
Kitchen stove, contraband
I love the way the combination making noise like we having a conversation
I guess that's why it's crack rock
Shit, feeling like I hit the jackpot
If I ain't got a nine-to-five this my last shot
Homie it is that hot we always whipping up all the coke
I wa- fuck didn't even work out
Cooking that dope shit
One hundred percent white fish scale coke shit
Come along, get yo pussy ass a key or get gone
Cause I ain't got the time to be sitting at home bitch