

Never Slow Down

Caskey

Pick out the clip it's a movie
You could get that shit exclusive
I'll merk your ass then
get illusive
Hideouts in Daytona, Palm Springs,
and in Eustis
I don't come around
you're a nuisance
C man is holding my deuces
Tats on my neck till you lawmakers,
debt holders, fuck you
I'm useless
I roll around town with
Mike Buseys
Outcast who don't give a fuck
about you and your truces
My bitch and my weed and muses
I hit them both I'm abusive
Nothing but true shit
in my music
your shit is so
filled with lies
That i see how folks listening could think
that's confusing
I got the juice in my city lil homie
Don't fuck with me or I'm gonna use it
It's time to turn up like an ugly ass bitch gave her
We finna lose it!

(Verse 2)

I hate these pussy lil boys who be getting
my number
Stay the fuck way from me, I got no time
There's shit on my plate,
there ain't no vacancy
I got some bad bitches
chasing me, I got some
good girls thats running
Fuck it like there's nobody
dating me
Stagnant that something i hate to be
Least if i'm lone and progressing, I guess
that shit straight with me
I'm about to drop me a mixtape
i think it was
made for me
Then I'ma spend
all my racks,
there ain't none
I can take with me
Fuck how ya feeling
I ain't making
friends gotta pay for me
i'm putting tattts on my face,
told my momma to pray for me
My teacher wend and bought
a play for me

(Verse 3)

Don't want me serving I told all my Stans
not to wait for me
Used to be at their house faithfully
Beggin me to come back it's
already too late for me
I'm just trying to get back
home safely
Count so much bread we gon
start up a bakery
Y'all want the fakery, I can't fake shit
I got something for those sending hate to me

I don't give a fuck
Yea yea, for real
Never slow down
Never slow down
Never slow down
For real

(Verse 4)

Big shout to my pops
I ain't trying to think about it,
I've been sippin liquor on the rocks
My momma had a
run in with the cops,
when she was eight
months pregnant
Hated those mufuckas
when I dropped
Jar full of pills, I'ma go ahead and pop,
why would I ever stop
If dropping dope in the crib something
that the feds don't like
Guess I'm someone they should watch
I got my money in the streets first
here throw it in a knots
Bills knockin at the door I'm just in
the club to host, after that I'm gettin ghost
I've just been doing the most
Someone ain't love them enough as a child,
I could tell by the shit they post
I just pulled up at the coast, drop me a
four in a sprite
Gettin' cash and I don't mean to boast,
let all my naysayers roast
We ain't where we're suppose to be but
sure gettin close
I can feel that shit coming,
just want the money done had me a dos
Watch me approach pull up with game for the coach
Now ain't nothing we don't toast
we've been doing this shit for real
we been doin this shir for real
shit for real