

Words

Caskey

Uh I know I'm on mother fucker

Yeah, Let me stir up the pot
Turn this here, into straight crack rock
Boy you gotta be hot, or this shit gon' stay
Won't boil to the top ok you gotta be stopped
Cause he spittin that dope shit
Oh what you mean coke shit?
Nah I mean suicide, hang from the rope shit
Talk alot of bullshit but you don't know shit
Something is wrong, really is wrong
We reading qurans, reading the bible
Think its all oh so vital
Like you gotta be our idols
Then we stand idle
We don't make know moves
But we still make rivals
And we so spiteful
Still got tools, yea we still got rifles
And they got bigger
Go figure, got everybody hands on the trigger
You can say cracker but I can't say nigger
So we get in conflict when we both
Sip liquor
And I don't understand what conflict is...
Cause these are words and words ain't shit
But some thoughts from your head
That's into my ear we killing people from over ideas

[Chorus 4x]

Boy these are just words
These are just words

Let me stir up the pot
Turn this here into straight crack rock
Boy you gotta be hot, or this shit won't sell
Is you planning to flop, then you gotta be stopped
Cause he spitting the foods
Every killer gotta have a tool
Man fuck a life lesson you ain't never go to school
And you dropped out early cause you said it wasn't cool
And these fools in college
But they got no degree, got no diploma
And I smoke trees, way too much trees, yea they call me a stoner
And I got police smelling my aroma
Ain't nobody know me, said I was a loner
And my ex-girlfriend called me a boner
Or maybe it was a dick
Truthfully I ain't even hear that bitch
I was too busy in the backseat
Had these hoes running through my head like a track meet
Why I call them hoes? Shit cause I'm Caskey
And I feel like any other woman I meet harass me
The good ones pass me
So no I ain't a nice guy
Told a lie told me nice try
So I had way too much ambition for these white guys

Some will call them presidents
I just call them white prime
All my own evidence, everybody wanna stay relevant
Always gotta fuck, nobody remain celibate
All about who white, who black, who was heaven sent
Who the devil advocate, well who the fuck intelligent
Cause all I see is dumb ass ho shit
They say we all sinners, I say no shit
My momma been broke since like 06
But some name brand shit what Ima go get
And I don't understand what the name brand is
Cause these are words and words ain't shit
But some thoughts from your head
That's into my ear we judging people over ideas

[Chorus]

Let me stir up the pot
Turn this here, from conversation into confrontation
The devil got some temptation
The sins hate us, sincere, in satan, the unsold should
And the so called racists, the basis
The crackhouse, the black gals, the black guys
The tapouts, the white cops, the white lies, the nice stop
They all tie us to one plot, one eyes, one Glock
Small fire, I get one shot, and I take that like tic pop
Everybody get dropped or get got
When you caught from a Ziplock when I'm outside at a pit stop
Cause I got eyes in the back of my head
And we keeping that lead on us like a wrist watch
Cause these are violent words
I seen a lot of motherfuckers who can find them words a lot worse
It's something we can not explain and wonder why we never want them saying
I wonder why it's never ever subject to change
Even if I explain exactly what's on my mind they see the slang
And the never really see what's on my mind and where we at in this point and
time
Why I be pointing nines
And I don't understand what the whole thing is
Cause these are words and words ain't shit
But some thoughts from your head
That's into my ear we doing this over ideas

[Chorus]