

Caskey, An Artist's Artist

Yeah, somebody told me that Im an artists artist
Took that as a compliment, yeah

Black Sheep 1 still makin me a streamin check
I got fourteen other albums, plus the merch, plus the shows, I aint even tryna flex
Dog, just get the arena set
That way when I come to do my service, its a .. set
Me up at my peak, yall aint seen it yet
Barely gettin started
All the million plays on yo songs dont even count because you bought it
Labels droppin checks to make a artist
This is just the outcome of when you real and work the hardest
Im a Big Tymer, shout out to my old label
Had to leave a made man, learn to set my own table
This a upgrade, cellphones out of phone cables
Independent just the way to go
And Im trained to go, victory just make em hate it mo
Ive been hated since I started, guess thats what they pay me fo
Black sheep in a black-on-black candy-painted Rolls
From the new school, but I aint paintin toes, lil bitch

Heh, yeah, yeah
Black sheep, you know what it is

This gon be one of them songs that aint got a hook
But it make em spend they pocketbook
From the O-town, where I grew up round a lotta crooks
Shit, my dad sold enough cocaine to make him shook
And my big sis had enough scripts to write a book
I aint impressed with these rappers now and how they look
Tryna buy an image, go into that studio and cook
Im a workaholic, I dont need a studio to book
Shit, I put one in my crib, everything I want, I took
Everything I wanted, made it happen, went and threw a summit
Taught these other independent artists how to make some money
Spittin game cause I learned the game, nobody put me on it
Rappers act like they got love for they people but they front
And I just show and prove, to break the rules, gotta know the rules
Get this novice out the crib, put the Pro in Tools
Its bout time they give me flowers cause they overdue
They could say they dont respect me, but I know they do

Yeah, yall know yall respect this shit
The hustle, the bars
Give yall a third verse

Stoppin at Ferrari dealerships, man, thats what I call a pitstop
Radio dont play my jam, but that song aint this hot
Got more followers than you got dollars cause you only lit on TikTok
Fourth quarter droppin so that I could cop a fifth spot
Money foldin in a big knot
Stamps on the passport, places you aint been, a lot
Stoves off, keep a burner though, thats just the way I live
Hunnid K on my interior, the front, a shot of Crips, lil bitch
This a different tax bracket, yall could keep the backpackin
Cyphers with your homie, lil homie, this aint that rappin
Yall was gettin honest, but its safe to say you back cappin
Play me like a pussy, Ima have to leave you cat nappin
Big dog in my city, answer calls like Im Diddy
Put my balls on her titties while you stall
Walkin like Im thirty feet tall
Fuck a judge, I dont even do the food court when I hit the mall

Nah, we dont do the food court, man

But I do stop by lately and pick up one of them lil free samples on my way to where Im goin
Yall know what Im talkin bout?
Ayy man, Im glad yall enjoyed this lil journey we got yall on, man
One time for my dog, thats the black sheep
Yes, sir, Pimp

call me, you aint there when I was lonely
You dont care if Im sorry, oh
Cause lately youve been callin me
And I dont care if I fall for you again
Cause I need you
I need you, Im sorry