

# Caskey, Avalanche

In the kitchen and it's Taysty

I'ma east side wild boy, dirty south style boy  
How long since I ain't been rich? Well, it's been a while, boy  
Countin' up the bands, they said I ain't have a chance  
Florida born and raised, still my wrist on avalanche

Don't make me pull up on yo' bitch ass  
'Bout that lil money that you owe me 'cause I get cash  
Sittin' low inside that Cadillac, I'm an empath  
I can't keep no bad energy around me, I put all my problems in a zigzag  
But I don't zigzag 'round my problems  
In tenth grade, I had too much weight for them to spot him  
Once I spot 'em then I got 'em, feel like SpotemGottem  
My homie turned his head red like the trees in autumn  
Rollin' up the tree, I'm sittin' outside of Phillips  
10K just to eat, I can't think of anything I do that's cheap  
Man, my dog served that 'caine up in the streets, I go propane over beats  
Both us do our thing so we can bring the feast  
And I play for keeps, yeah

That's why they hatin' on the kid, hate the way I live  
Hate that I'm this rich, wish that we was relatives  
Yeah, everything is relative

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Hunnid choppers and they lookin' pretty  
I know motorcycle gangs in like every city  
That's my type committee, extra gritty and every type of crime committing  
Say everything with my chest like I'm signin' titties  
Got no pity for a broke man, calluses on both hands  
I walk in no man's land just to go ham  
Paper trail like we throwin' 'round the application  
All the hate is they sincerest form of admiration  
Vacuum seals, when the police come, evacuation  
I make somebody disappear like evaporation  
My fabrics cost a couple thousand, they just fabricating  
Made more than I could imagine usin' my imagination, yeah

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