

Condolences

Caskey

Lately everything I drop is murder, murder
This I heard of, lately every song I drop is a murder being manifested
You'd better stay and correct it, anorexic
I can't swallow it ain't effective
While the winds win rick rhymes they follow in Halloween
The art form, many disrespectful
Every verse I give my heart for 'em
Many step another part for 'em
Playin' roll so I play them clothes
The reason that we thick face rappers that shit like slam ghost
Lately I just pray them o's
Yes I need to save you with a little soul like I need to bake em
And I need the Lakers Jersey with the words
Coby on it, they know we on it,
This game here own me my moment,
They probably know me by moments
Moments heavenly, but soon enough this gonna be your therapy
Man soon enough this rappers gonna be trapped in this parody
Such a parodime, while they prepare to shine
The paradimes and I'm here stuck reminiscent with Caroline
Candle lights loaded I'm blowing my life cold and my knife folded
This rappers focused they focused
Man this game here ain't safe for em
So lately I just come to pray for em, man you got to pray for em

Hook:

I send my condolences
Many rappers fin to be slam
When I first cop me a chain, first drop in the game
The rain will never be the same,
Man I swear that I got to pray for 'em
I send my condolences
Many rappers fin to be slam
Man I pray for 'em, I send my condolences
Many rappers fin to be slam.

Man I'm just sitting in this roof top,
Listening to two pot and rolling up this oo ups plotting,
Seem their heart ain't dexterous all caught em and all write in them
Watching me grow and then make it parallels with team my life and now the pr
ophecy go
Is it possibly so? I mean it murder every sixty men and got to be gold
Slow killing arise, got no feelings for live lost,
I learn that from stunt and he my boss man I am holy...
This is a journey I ain't learn it from
My schedule is over booked I'm on the flight in,
And burning one, exotic trips more politics,
Plenty more crime iconic shit,
Act in Hollywood and I'ma trap the list
This is the trap I came up with the grand tour and here I stand empuring me
On top of the graves of my enemy it ain't safe for em
So lately I just come to pray for em, man you gotta pray for,

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Man I pray for 'em, I send my condolences
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Bang, this is over kill
Murder let the old and still
Man I got more... to spill
Man I got more soldiers to kill
Man I'm getting coldest steal
Pen the costal, send 'em the roskas
Mix up and serve with the raffles gotta eat rappers
Gotta keep rappers, right inside, but no master,
Man keep mast the mind and I'm actively grinded
These rappers pass em away, faster than I'll be ashin' these jays
And I'll keep em packed with cake
And while I'm rolling it, I just send the toast to the...