Cilvia Demo

Isaiah Rashad

10-4, 10, 10-4. We got a 4-2-3. We got a young man riding around, in a Caddy Not, Caddy, not that at all

Who's that creepin' through the city in that dark ass tint Misdemeanor on the way yo I slide in my rimless Bentley, no tights, i'm gymnast Bending blocks, my world of Legos Now baby, hold that wheel while I'm rollin' up Hopefully she old enough up To purchase that liquor, what I need from the store She understands her selection, advance her affection And fears my rejection, never needing a ho I got plans to be that nigga, I know you met him as a child He gave you 10 bones, don't sweat it, don't wile' Be cool for a minute, '93 'Til be cool for Emmett The hung soul a rapper goes rapping those wrapping woes up Defying foes, lying toes, weapons on tuck Malcolm, they tackle for belief in the movement But Rashad got applause for releasing the music

Now sometimes I be gettin' higher than a bitch Smoking all my lows, put the fire to the spliff, what up, now what up I've been getting higher, and higher And higher, and higher, now what up, now what up

Niggas steppin' in the swimming pool, invincible Women I pursue get lost in this Middle of the summer's in Miami Kembe with me, Henney, sippin shots like I bought it for him I'm a brown skin small waisted I'm creeping with my ball faces, I like her titties too I like her attitude, I like her flexible She got a baby too, I think she bisexual At least I hope so I glance to that little grown man at her front door He looking at me like I looked at pops when he come fo' My mama as a toddler I was selfish this ain't nothin' though I can spend a couple 22s if I want to I save it for the tour, the allure of the gap tooth Rap toose Always knew he would make it some He got schemes to smoke green And make him some, take em son

Now sometimes I be gettin' higher than a bitch Smoking all my lows, put the fire to the spliff, what up, now what up I've been getting higher, and higher And higher, and higher, now what up, now what up