

Casual, A Little Something

I will display my dynamics, get out the way dammit
I plan it just to leave MC's abandoned
Brandin' X's when I flex this, I wreck shit
And leave rappers searching for the exit
Let's get physical, I got precision skill
Until I fill ya spot when you rot
Shrivel, crazy paranoia 'cause I'll kill you
Cut you, me and my microphone reach out
And touch you, crush you into particles
I'm sparkin', still I get smarter and I make my styles hits harder
I mack styles, stack piles, distract smiles
You're wack while I continue to get in you
The main purpose to my service is to make MCs nervous
No one will serve this, superb is my skill
Niggas, get chills as I spills 'em
I kills them with vocals, I slam and folks will
Out jammies because I slam with ease
And you can't deny that because you abandoned me
I came to collect my thoughts
This collection brought perfection
And it was taught to the masses
Now your ass is out 'cause Cas is out
Your shit clash, I doubt that you will make it
But you can fake it like these other pooh butts
I don't know who or what signed 'em
They must be in it for the loot
Fuck, I don't need this wack shit
My track's hit, the straight beat and that's it
I hate a weak MC when he speaks it tempts me
To crack his skull and leave his domepiece empty