

Casual, That Bullshit

Casual
Fear Itself
That Bullshit
Intro:

Look, this is my third time doin this shit
Yaseewhati'msayin, and i'm gettin tired, my ass is sweaty
I ain't got time, and uhh, i'm just
Gonna let you know i'm kickin it with casual
Yaseewhati'msayin, my extro pro dank nigga
Now check this out
(it's time for da bullshit)
Yo, i'm with mike g, i'm with snupe, i'm with del
I'm with hieroglyphics, i'm with souls of mischievious niggaz
I'm with pep, from the motherfuckin shamen
I'm with j groove and i'm from the motherfuckin hobo junction
Now check this shit out, fuck the bullshit. now when it...

Thought i was gonna rhyme, right?
Hell motherfuckin no (nyahhh)
Hell no, hell no (hell no)
I'm talkin shit, i'm from the motherfuckin west
I'm from oakland
Seewhati'msayin, and i'm like, crazy like...

Lyrics:

Schizophrenic tenant number one
When it comes to housing, arousing the, intellect with intro-spect
Flex on me, huh, i don't think so... yet, bitch (beeatch)
My jettin is letting my exhaust defrost my balls
I smell the fear and the sauce in your drawers
For arm & amp; hammer, shamen, grammar
I got the flow g, the d-flow
The hobo, the junction (conjunction)
The d stands for diesel
I ran into my extra pro niggaro casual
He didn't say shit, he passed the spliff and i hit it
Then i set sail for the tropics on the down low
And i'll end this bullshit with a pound bro

Outro:

See, it's basically not, a rap
Seewhati'msayin, it's basically (fuck the bull)
Yeah, it's basically fuck you, hah
But check it out, youknowhamsayin
The west is phat and that's all we gonna, like, express
Youknowhamsayin, and i wanna express fuck you
Cuz i don't give a fuck, i'm tellin you
Youknowhamsayin, and we gonna ah, real, we for real finna come up
We finna come up. we finna
You hear that? finna. hella. we hella raw
We hella raw. country accents, hillbillies and all that (all that)
From the backroads nigga