

Casual, That's How It Is

Yo, get the fuck off my dick and let me rip this shit
I come real when I show skill
Hey yo, Saafir, you macked on that ho ill
And that's for real, my flow still is everlasting
Niggaz forever blasting shots when cash gets hot
You're not fresh, so you hating when I be just
Ripping microphones without stating the obvious
Now how much harder can it get?
Niggaz try to flow but they soundin' like me
A year ago shit, old
Kaput, I got loot
To the hos I'm cute and so I always got boots
It's me, so be free to feel the Ivy swing
More niggaz got my back than Rodney King
I feel tight, knowing that the shit I write will be exposed to foes
And everyone will feel fright and you'll run and tell your man
"Yo, peep this twist, it's real, try to practise"
But the mack is way ahead of ya, instead of ya wack sound
I'm kickin' shit to make MCs back down
Got rhymes that kills, fills many empty heads
When niggaz take me dead, I got 'em in line like Stimpy
Red light slow that shit down, bring it to a halt
You're wack and it's all your fault
That's how it was and that's how it is
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