

## Belle Epoque

### "That's How It Is"

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[A-Plus]

Plus is back to dust a rapper  
That's my given purpose  
What must I slap ya  
You're living worthless  
Void of value  
Noid and how you need to just quit  
Peep the plus shit  
We's a must get  
I gotta leave the wack behind  
Watch the beat attack your mind  
Eh yo MC don't pack a nine  
I needs no gun  
I got a rap to make you flee so run  
You're no one  
You flow none  
I relieve you of your rhyming duty  
Since you're rhyming booty  
Rudely I leave a rapper loot free  
Subtract your ends  
And then attack your friends  
I kick the facts and relax with skins  
And since I move a little faster  
Fools allways wanna call me gased or  
People think my name should be Elastor  
But who's dope in the house tonight?  
No one; cause you're all wack  
When you fall back  
I call that fake  
Cause you're born to loose  
A-Plus came to warn your crews  
The ?corn? you use  
Will get you torn and bruised

(into scraps)

You should have listened when I sent you fax copy  
skulls with my mental axes  
But yo the Plus lives so I bust kids  
I crush ribs  
Yo the plus gives a motherphuck

Couldn't care less if you're near fresh  
Plus and Cas is gonna bust your asses

[Casual]

I need a little bit of space  
Back up. Hittin with the bass in case  
You act up. Its Casual;  
I motherphuckin rip the track up  
Off the head of by request  
The best- It goes beyond the flesh so Jon is fresh  
Yes; y'all would never step in my division in rhymin'  
It takes precision and timing  
I mean too much for you  
No matter what you do  
I'm phat and phuck your crew  
With your whole image; I'm reluctant to  
Casual has stuck a few  
For a buck or two  
?Cluck? and you  
Best bag up  
Or have to duck a few blows  
That's how it is and that's how its supposed to be  
Hiero's quite phat; you'll never come close to me  
I'm making the microphone laugh at y'all  
What you're seeing is the supreme being at MCing  
Too bad I'm me and not you  
When I do what I got to  
Hieroglyphics running shit like you're pops do  
You're gonna get beat, you're gonna get belted  
Delt with, the beat defeat  
Every rhyme you had melted  
With stones you're pelted  
Biting off that old shit my man Del Did  
Its like this and uh  
Its like that too  
Don't let me catch you  
You're swift as a statue  
If I had to you know that I'd be glad to  
apply my tricks of the trade to help further your falling  
off  
I hit MC's with a Molotov  
So call it off  
I'm way beyond you  
Watch how Jon do  
On the motherphuckin microphone, nigga!

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