

## Casual

# "A Little Something"

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[del]

Yeah, huh  
I will display my dynamics  
Get out the way damnit  
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  
Lets 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

[casual]

The main purpose to my service  
Is to make mc's 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  
Huh, 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 tracks 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

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