

Casual

"I Gotta"

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[Verse One] I take rap to the pinnacle with my cynical
interview Forensics magnify the rhymes, none are
identical React To the track when it go boom boom bap
Bring the Indian rain rap So I can remain In touch You'll
honor the last left, brain rhymer My presence on the
mic is water on the rocks in a sauna Huh, lyrical
scenery An uninhabited world of greenery And plus my
psychic ability enables me to see That you're not what
you seem to be The pro (MO STYLES) Than cliffs On the
Grand Canyon When I drop one watch one land where
your man's standin' Might just ram my hand with your
teeth But I'm righteous carnivorous Animals bite this I
give you a spot to start at Right there Your niggas be
like, "You saw that?!" You like, "Where?!" Subconscious
brain pain, call it a nightmare Now that I got you seein'
the light, STARE Yeah, it's aimin' dead into your retina
Not to threaten' ya but just let me KNOW [Chorus] Is it
hot or not? Shoot the shot ya got If not then pop When
every nigga rock the spot I got...to get down (boogie) I
got...to get down [Verse Two] So many fables from
labels it's hard to stay stable But a nigga stay up like
seat backs on trey tables Peep that At any lecture that I
speak at I'm pitifully ridiculin' weak cats For being
ridiculous with the shit ya bust I can tell ya sniffin' dust,
tryin' to riff with us Nigga, I bust rhymes like
pomegranates Fuck around and run the planet Make
the underhanded want to panic I'm the fliest on
papyrus Look deep into my iris and try to deny US It's
religion that I rip the rhythm Got all fans wavin' they
hands like hypnotism And the weightless hate this
When I fuck around and start rippin' off the top like a
rapist While you stand by the mic on the wait list (I'm
next man, I'm next) [Chorus] [x2] Is it hot or not? Shoot
the shot ya got If not then pop When every nigga rock
the spot I got...to get down (boogie) I got...to get down
[Verse Three] When it gets hectic a dope fiend will use
a Coca Cola can for a smokin' utensil Like I wrote this
rap, with a broken pencil I smokes like a freight train
One man with eight brains Punch will make a
sodomasochist hate pain Fatal, disastrous Wait till I
master this Your glorious Like Plato and ?The

Audorius? It's likely we fuck with your psyche
Developin' mental mic maneuvers to make these marks
like me I be a wonder with words Keep my styles
inventive, spinnin' at 33 and 1/3 The heard of me in the
flats, heard of me in the burbs Studied my etiquette,
lyrics embedded in tracks Lookin' for action? Peep the
predicate you better get back My format with raps stay
ahead of the wack It's like you're lost in the Sudan,
caught in a sand trap And palmin' Anthrax, tell your
man, "Stand back" Or I'll apply the pressure by hand
man They can't stand that My shit EXPLODE, where ever
it land at Up to the head A nigga got his own sack Wack
vulture, hover where the microphone at Like that
[Chorus] [x2] Is it hot or not? Shoot the shot ya got If
not then pop When every nigga rock the spot I got...to
get down (boogie) I got...to get down Outro: You
knowwww. Shit. I see you right there bwoy

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