

## Casual

### "I Wonder"

Visit "[I Wonder](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Some might act like they're uptight  
But listen to what they say  
Wondering what is going on inside of 3000's head  
Wondering what song made nasty don say hip hop was  
dead  
I wish I could use my psychic powers like this Chloe  
bitch

I'm feeling that production but I ain't finished up the  
hours  
I ain't feeling rap for nothing and that's the end of that  
discussion  
I'm killing cats for busting  
A brief moment of silence for my opponents and rivals  
You niggas are snorted, your rat book is like a novel  
I find more snow, I ride upon you with goggles  
And try to keep niggas high with our body, just stay  
beside of me  
Gotta leave darling, 'cause something keeps telling me  
follow me  
Walk into the light, talk into the mic with caution  
Flossin', and the darker the night will cost 'em  
I'm fresh, I'm also rawesome, I'm awesome  
A pit fight, I'm known to spit fire like '  
So is it, hieroglyphic the sickest on the Pacific coast  
And wouldn't Casual make a terribly terrific ghost  
Rider for these main streams, spitting their lame  
swings  
A deadly infection, same thing as gangrene

Some might act like they're uptight  
But listen to what they say  
Wonderwhat is going on inside of 3000's head  
Wondering what song made nasty don say hip hop was  
dead  
I wish I could use my psychic powers like this Chloe  
bitch

So here's the prognosis, when God closes  
Your abnormal comedy cat, I'm an anomaly  
Rappers on to me, some hate it, I'm decorated

Educated, plus I lay down the law like the legislator  
So this your definition of sport?  
If your boy here was mentioned in the middle of court  
Would you put a test to it? Like come on, let's do it  
Then that 10 million soul needs an Aston next to it  
I'm just cooling, rocking some fresh ruins  
In a lick of alcohol world classic, no elastic  
Yep, the brim fitted, kept the rims at it  
Shouldn't your friends get it, you couldn't contend with  
it  
You putting the bare limit if you humbled yourself  
Now look at you, you looking dumber than yourself  
In the next ten years I'mma be on more shit  
And setting up a network like Dionne Warwick

Some might act like they're uptight  
But listen to what they say  
Wondering what is going on inside of 3000's head  
Wonder what song made nasty don say hip hop was  
dead  
I wish I could use my psychic powers like this Chloe  
bitch

Y'all should read the Bible, walk around  
God created day and night then divided '  
And provided them with lawn and food for you to feed  
on  
Got a lot of answers to life, my youth, read on  
Reverted Christian when I call you at the store  
You slipped an envelope under the bottom of the door  
You used to blood lost, that's what got them into  
whores  
Now fish throwing 'like Sodom and Gomorrah

Visit [Casual](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.