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Casual "Mi O"

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| The coming of the new Overlordian |
|--|
| I I be the boy within the man so why try |
| I never needed comp, I never wanted comp |
| I feels I exceeded the skills needed |
| I'm rough with the stuff enough puff they got |
| But they not the shot, I got the proof |
| Aloof, type fella, helluva guy |
| l love myself, and my high |
| Roll with finks and if it's essential |
| Yo even if it don't mean shit, I will convince you |
| Since, you, never been in my brain |
| You probably never noticed the array of the pain |
| But I gain, no pain no gain no brain no sane |
| thoughts, will be maintained, so I keep my head on |
| Can't be fuckin with that buddha too of-ten |
| I'm new to that, but I'm true to that |
| Due to mack policies, I need to know if I know |
| This is Me-O-Mi-O-Why |
| Chorus: |
| Me-O-Mi-O (repeat 8x) |

Me-O-Mi-O

I'm tryin to let the fly know, what I know I never been a shy bro, strictly getting, ends Hitting, skins, along with men, who set, trends I base my reasoning Upon Casual, having nuff seasoning And plus I please a Queen, when I choose too Never can decide which one, to give juice to, hah I'm always with a dip on a trip And if baby wanna flip, she can, skip Similar to rattles, so I apply the proper poetry used to gets flames thrown promptly, with my prowess I live a life of malice, but still I feel that I will never forget, who my pal is So now you need to learn or know like I know The info, is in Me-O-Mi-O-Why Chorus The autobiography of me Misconstrued thoughts of my pops made me be This one rude individual when my mood is in the critical stages it's pitiful the way I get the pull Flame from the mysteries, so I twist the G's that's around me

Releasing frustration by clowning

But now think of those who ain't exposed behind closed doors

That I post more than I really do

But really who's to blame? No scapegoat, I just shape dope

Wishin to make over a career

But will I say, when my parents say, rap won't stay

Don't they know, yet they won't show, as I flow

Keepin the rhymes constant, John spent, time in rhymin

So I'm sure that I'm gonna get mine then

The end, come dine with my family and friends

And a calamity, couldn't cram the G when I be-gin

Chorus

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