

Casual

"That's How It is Part 2"

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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 gostta 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. it's 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 it's 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 mc'ing
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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