

## Casual

# "We Don't Get Down"

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\* Chorus

(Repeat twice)

We don't get down like dat  
Even though it might look it might sound like dat  
Nigga you can fuck around and get down like dat  
Fo' real.Fo' real

[First verse]

Sittin' in the backÂ...hella quiet  
Eye's hidden with the hat  
Silent but violent is how he act's  
Only word's said "I'll be back"  
Even the fatigues are black  
With the tree's n' the gatt  
Fifty gee's in the 'lac  
Smellin' the sack  
Find a nice little rat n' probably never come back  
Be circlein' her house like "where-ever her at?"  
Other than that a nigga stay, smotherin' rat's  
All in her cat even if she motherin' dat  
Dis' E.S.O.O.G. sippin' VSOP in the V.I.P  
But now he know in the E.S.O  
They doh'wanna seize (see's?) you all in the G.S.four  
Heat in the trunk bad bitch n' she in some pump's  
While you a hop skip n' a jump from being a punk  
Or put his 85 Fleet up on your lawn n' snatch up your  
first born  
Like Elle Anne or Jean Benet n' see you on your way  
Everything you love it could be gone today  
Eh I'm psycho alpha crazy disco  
What, a brother know?  
Than again what a bitch know?  
Shit's so easy for the schizo get dough flip mo'  
-----? -----? -----?

Chorus

(Repeat twice)

Eh we don't get down like dat  
Even though it might look or might sound like dat  
Nigga you can fuck around and get down like dat  
Fo' real.Fo' real

[Second verse]

Just because I got my own C.D. n' bitch's be on my  
lyric's like ecstasy  
You can catch me (Uwe?) n' E Fee (check shout out's) in  
a S.U.V  
With bitch's lookin' at us like "rescue me!"  
Manipulatin' women, that's my speciality  
So that could be me in the Lex two gee  
And next to me a stallion talkin' 'bout sex  
Nigga I'm a do my thang wit' you if I hang wit you  
If I ain't wit chu I'm aimin' for brain tissue  
When nigga's who came with you think I'm playin'  
games wit you  
I aimmm n' hit you with the same pistol  
I ain't a killer n' premeditated murder undereducated.  
And don't get away wit it, be pointin', the finger like  
"Dey did it!"  
A nigga snitch went bitch real game wit it  
I freak a flow just to play wit it  
Just like I play wit ho's intelligence n' tell a bitch I'm  
celibate  
Just for the hell of it  
Didn't like smell of it  
She highly upset  
I'm highly intelligent  
Buildin' on future development  
The hardest emcee's out are now delicate  
Rap voyeur  
Wit slap for ya  
Tha' warrior Dela Hoya  
Swingin' wit no feeling's for ya

Chorus

(Repeat three times)

Eh we don't get down like dat  
Even though it might look or might sound like dat  
Nigga you can fuck around and get down like dat  
Fo' real.Fo' real

Final chorus

(Slightly changed)

Eh Eh we don't fuck around like dat  
Even though it might look it might sound like dat  
Nigga you can fuck around and get down like dat  
Fo' real. Fo' real  
(Major Terror's mellifluous solo begins.)

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