

## Letters To Cleo

### "Later On"

Visit "[Later On](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I wake up in the mornin' feelin' fine & refreshed  
take a look into the mirror to see who's rhymin' the best  
Hah, there he is, lookin' right my way  
so I hook up wit Jay  
to start my day  
I hit up Ray and say what's the function  
he say he got some hoes that want to take us to brunch  
and go kick it  
Cool, I'm the man  
and plus when we chillin' I'ma have on a band and  
Tuscany  
spillin' hella game so this fella can bump  
plus I'm hungry as fuck  
so tell him it's on  
if I aint here hit me  
probly have some hoes wit me  
but you gone have to come & get me  
cause my shit be breakin' downs  
now I'm chillin' on the solo  
gettin' keyed  
watchin' the Box  
laughin' at rappers I've superceded  
niggas try to hold me back, but I need it  
I stay in seclusion when producin'  
amd makin' beats is how a nigga should be  
that's why I'm always to the head'n you aint fuckin' with  
me.

chorus

Later on, Casual, the dopest rapper in hip hop music,  
marks!

Alright, uh

I sit up on my futon  
and ask myself who's Jon?  
that brotha rippin' mics to enthuse MCs  
yet I'm eating niggas like a cruton  
I charge up neutrons  
the style I formulated from nothing but mere  
tears from a wack MC  
I flow accurately to point the weak & give them muscles

my rhymes a 30 million piece puzzle  
you was till this  
I interrogate MCs until they admit it  
I'm tryin' to hit the beat a little different  
so dims bear with me  
if it commence to happen that my rappin' wouldn't be  
grade A  
but you couldn't persuade a nigga like me to fall off on  
May Day  
cause I keep goin'  
just like the springs in Nevada that'll bring a lotta water  
to the  
spotta  
Casual, the scheme plotta  
takin' nada  
I used to steel dome from my home's, Grenada  
but that there's some Oakland shit  
and I knew you woudln't feel it when I spoke the shit  
but still  
I gotta give my folks a shout  
som'n I'm gonna do you can't coax me out  
I speaks about the weak, without no problem  
and on the microphone I can't find no opponent  
and you can't find no fault in me  
I'm assaulting the  
wack rapper and his depth  
check out my manuscript and say Damn, you the  
dopest  
fuckin' up niggas on the east and west coast  
with bump, Casual wont lose at all  
I'm the cause of the crews that fall  
used to breakin' nigga's jaws but I started out  
when I found out, what life is all about.

chorus

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.