Casual, Me-o-mi-o

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 I 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 often

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

Me-O-Mi-O, Me-O-Mi-Ó

Me-O-Mi-O, Me-O-Mi-O

Me-O-Mi-O, Me-O-Mi-O

Me-O-Mi-O, Me-O-Mi-O

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

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

Me-O-Mi-O, Me-O-Mi-O

Me-O-Mi-O, Me-O-Mi-O

Me-O-Mi-O, Me-O-Mi-O

Me-O-Mi-O, Me-O-Mi-O 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 begin

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