

# That's How It Is

## Casual

Yo, get the fuck off my dick and let me rip this shit  
[Incomprehensible]I write raps and when niggaz bite, I clap  
'Cos their shit sounds better now  
You done let me down 'cos thought it would be dope  
But instead your shit's dead  
You gets fed to the alligators lurking in the moatPeep what I wrote  
You bit so hard I thought your shit was a crock  
But still I'm taxing, axing the competition  
And any wack men I stomp and dis 'em easilyAnd you can feel the pressure, plus when I bust  
MCs'll be  
Trampling each other trying to exit  
When I flex it, the way I wreck shit is not unexpected  
Niggaz just lose when I choose the best crews of MCs  
And turn 'em into refugees  
I slaughter a lotta MCs that are the  
Styles I compiles and cut 'em up like vows  
Think to yourself I write the shit so you can bite the shit  
And I'll know, despite you get props  
To da beat niggaz get droppedThat's how it was and that's how it is  
That's how it was and that's how it is  
That's how it was and that's how it is  
That's how it was and that's how it isEnough with this wackness, enough is my check  
Enough with these motherfuckers biting Das EFX  
I come real when I show skill  
Hey yo, Saafir, you macked on that ho illAnd that's for real, my flow still is everlasting  
Niggaz forever blasting shots when cash gets hot  
You're not fresh, so you hating when I be just  
Ripping microphones without stating the obvious  
Now how much harder can it get?  
Niggaz try to flow but they soundin' like me  
A year ago shit, oldKaput, I got loot  
To the hos I'm cute and so I always got boots  
It's me, so be free to feel the Ivy swing  
More niggaz got my back than Rodney KingI feel tight, knowing that the shit I write will be  
exposed to foes  
And everyone will feel fright and you'll run and tell your man  
"Yo, peep this twist, it's real, try to practise"  
But the mack is way ahead of ya, instead of ya wack sound  
I'm kickin' shit to make MCs back downGot rhymes that kills, fills many empty heads  
When niggaz take me dead, I got 'em in line like Stimp  
Red light slow that shit down, bring it to a halt  
You're wack and it's all your faultThat's how it was and that's how it is

That's how it was and that's how it is  
That's how it was and that's how it is  
That's how it was and that's how it is

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>