

# Give It To Me

Ces Cru

I feel good about this boy  
Praise goals, paid taws even if you play it pro  
Player that's the way it goes, ain't nothin' to say no more  
See it's either or feast, took a plate, only ate a roll  
Felt regret, hunger that I kipper save me later though  
Fire burn in my belly everywhere that I would turn  
I was met with diversity and from that fire I emerge  
Pen I felt along the way, never made it my concern  
Took it as a lesson to the game and let the tires burn  
Gassed out, gassed up, bout a pastor passed up  
This to every faggot battle rapper that harassed us  
Hard work, added up, perseverance paid off  
Independent underground, grindin' no days off  
Played the boss, paid the cost, rappin' then stayed lost  
Now I need that prime cut, slathered in steak sauce  
Matter fact I'm takin' all of that, then I'll take more  
Livin' in the moment what you waitin' for  
Why you been actin' like some poor babies?  
I get it crackin' never relax and doin' my chores daily  
You got a fine wine well then my rhyme is the gourmet cheese  
You're finally a guideline, I'm in my prime you been warned take heat  
I got a list of accolades and I don't have to say  
And I ain't talkin' now, I'm talkin' way back in the day  
Headed up to now for real it's still nothin' to me  
I'm on top that man I got that y'all ain't fuckin' with me, boy  
Hey yo what up dog, what you lookin' at?  
Took it from us and got pissed when we took it back  
You pickin' up what I dropped they can't hold us  
I'm plottin' on whatever you got now hand over  
Give it to me, (Come on with it) give it to me  
Give it to me, give it to me, (It's the Ces) give it up  
Give it to me, (Give it up, from the front to the back) give it to me  
Give it to me, give it to me, give it to me  
Ain't nothin' changed, I still arrange to pack up in the civic  
The frame of mind is ain't nobody fuckin' with the clinic  
Ironically get enough, you fuck with us and get the dick  
The faction back in action spinnin' ridding  
Come on and knowledge I commit on the pivot  
Killin' it, put on a show then we come in and steal it  
Feelin' it, we bout to go bananas, can you peel it?  
Cause you'll be like canvas and acrylic  
But we don't know no limits, roll the credits just finished  
Sit home and watch a chain if they complain I change the image  
Heard opportunity knockin' hopped in the cockpit  
Just another pissed pilot who's ready to drop ship  
If death is certain, must mean the reaper is loarkin'  
And his cousin sleep is creepin' in while we closin' the curtain  
I'm working a fucking miracle out of the situation  
To knock it back out of orbit and blitz the administration  
So what they do for yo dude? I gotta be more rude than Judes  
The second I enter ya lood, I'm comin' to Rubik's ya cube  
They lookin' at me like I'm food, been hurtin' to get em a meal  
They wanna know steps that I took, been try get 'em a deal  
Behold the murderous hands on  
I bring the death star to any planet ya land on  
The prettiest in pink, I think you stuck in that to came on  
With orange mocha frappe chinos and a man pawn, bitch

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