

Guntitled

Ces Cru

This is my playground:0
And I don't play around
I bust a grammar glock and leave em lying face down
Ubi coming right behind me with that trait now
Any n every enemy better black his face out
Put em on, most pessimistic when pushing this
Pen-point accuracy, thundering to get back to the beat
'Cause I'm bad to the B-O-N-E
Only prescribing that purple pill
Perpendicular to poison, that most certainly kills
Only realer than the real, with the skill to prevail
How I feel when it ain't all good
I got six for the holier than thou, my pen pal
Really wish ya'll would, would cop for the veteran
And keep on knockin' but we not gon' let em in
The question's rhetorical, give me a s-s-s-s-sentence

What? Ya'll think we ain't gon' change
You thought we'd stay the same
With a legacy to be lost
Never thoughts will f-f-f-fade away

Ya'll think we ain't gon' change
You thought we'd stay the same
What? Ya'll think we ain't gon' change
Thought we'd always stay the same? (2x)

They said we couldn't
We didn't get in our wish is granted
1, 2, 3 for the pen
Independent no disadvantage
This is Alanis, my rapping skill's a jagged pill, swallow
Following since when Tribe Called Quest was rapping still
Now I'm back with the real
Keep all eyes on deck when I'm on Ces
We go way back like Biotech
My style fresh
When am I gon' get my dues?
I write off stress, imagine this icon upset
Turn the mic on and bless
Preaching power
Worship icons of death
From Anubis to Ra to South-Vietnamese coup d'etat
General D. and the chemical demons induce chaos
Like a suitcase bombing
Achmed and Jihad we been at odds
Set em off, better get em off
Never talk again when the pen is lodged
In your larynx seriously it's so hilarious, ha
Living off me vicariously, it's so American
Arrogant naïve, marinate and wear-in a cape
When Icarus got too close to the sun
The pa-pa-pa-paraffin gave, serenade!

It's the king of the king of the
Wait a minute, no!
It's the prince of the city with the fatal sentence flow

Sadomasochistic rhythm, rippin 80 minute show
I'm supernatural, my sacrament
Is scraping from these dreidel spinning hoes
Whoa, I got an axe to grind, I got an axel in my mind
I wind it till I'm binded to the nickels and dimes
I drink until I'm spittin up slime
Till I wrinkle like a pickle and brine
I'm on a waterbed with your girl
30 minutes later, that's a ripple in time
My guns may stop working but my missiles are fine
Hob-knobin' hot dollar sign budget
Kansas City traded Tony Gonzalez like fuck it
Fuck pushin these cheap tricks
Three things make money out in Kansas City
That's drugs, pussy and Jesus
B's itch and move the fuck over
Get ready for the Mac Lethal movie
Closing-liner rollercoaster motherfucker