

Meditate

Ces Cru

Hustle and meditate, headed for some better day.
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Fuck whatever they say, suckers hate, well let them hate.

Okay, shake that ass, ho, you don't want to blow your chance.
I don't wanna kiss or hug, I ain't tryin' hold your hand.
People staring at me, looking puzzled, they don't know this dance,
I'm just getting wavy, meditating in a lotus stance.
I don't need to make mo enemies, but it keeps on happening,
What am I to do with all this energy?
They say I'm sick as fuck, the haters tryin to find a remedy,
They love to hate a nigger, guess they think the haters killing me.
I'm kamikaze, the flyiest and I don't fear it,
If they coming up out of the wood work, maybe I'm about to clear checks.
One billion e-mails, I'm a slacker so I don't near check,
Somebody told me they'll sit through anybody to hear tech.
You know what, maybe you right, but I might get psycho tonight
I'm an animal and I bite, am I 9 to 5 it's alright.
We independent, it feels like the shit is major,
I'm ready for all the hatred they about to spit at a stranger.

Struggling for a better day, with the money, we some go getters
Middle of the map, made it out the jungle, we're some gold realas.
Y'all niggers all washed up, warmin up that bench and getting no scrilla,
I'm ready on the mountains, feels like I'm about to picture no head up.

When I wrote this back in November I was grinding to get my own dinner
Focusing on my earth fire and air to keep my soul centered.
Not a pain to my bone benders, under the study of no mentor,
Feeling the fire from my own embers, keeping me out of the cold winter.

Bitches coming for the gold, members chopping them off with the go, timber.
Levitating through the Midi, I harness their energy, rap with no filter.
My aura glow when I got that gold but I want that dough next
Fuck R n R, all I want is T and A and plus some mo checks.

I'm a profession to progress, I'mma live knee deep in the process,
You know ces got that cope text and them hot bars we come so ripped.
I don't throw sets, I grow press, trying to live my life with no stress,
My mind clear but my hands dirty, I grind daily, Im focused.

I got my chips up, tucked away, cutting cake, stacking bread,
If it weren't my mental state, the hustle made it happen then.
All the mouse chattering, I don't hear a word they said
If they're hating, let them hate. Call that hate encouragement.
They don't put food on my plate, they don't pay for nourishments,
So I can't worry about what they say, I wonder why they worry then.
Bout I have been making moves where I'm about to take it, too
They putting no faith in me, that's why I put my faith in truth.
Stated truth, shoot them straight, drop-in bags, losing weight,
Lining up all my chakras so that my body rejuvenate.
Allow me to elucidate energy flow illuminate
All about that surrounding me, that's how we communicate.
That's true, hates in human tray, scream at me and my mood will change,
To believe these illusions making my dreaming shift to illucid state
I meditate, leaning back, beating me so I'm beating back.

See the future, I see the past, meet the truth and my people plashed.