

## Peter Parker

Ces Cru

What up? What up? What up?  
What up? It's been a while, feels like we're losing touch  
Cause you don't ever write me, too busy doing stuff  
We used to be the tightest, thick as a band of thieves  
I watch my life evolve away for you to answer me  
See, I'm in isolation, I been alone a minute  
I thought I'd try it out, now I'm just going with it  
A gift to go to prison, I'm toting on my limits  
Only to break my limits, escape before they break me  
The clock is staring at me, pressure is breathing on me  
They made me general, I'm expected to feed the army  
That's why I'm drinking light, say "Goodnight", leave the party  
Cause we don't need a Farley,  
rather you Petter park me  
With great responsibility there comes a greater weight  
Deeper than shaking ass, heavy as 808s  
Digging my tunnel out, this is the great escape  
Paving the way for Ces and the rest of my label mates  
\* \* \* \* I never, really got my shit together  
I'm \* \* and believing I'm about to pull the ledger  
Prescription for the pressure, medicine on the dresser  
Jumping from the turnbuckle, I'm going out like The Wrestler  
Yes, sir, the tide is turning, sure as the world is burning  
I take a shot of tequila and that's to put the worm in  
The city's full of vermin, like when I quarantine it  
Blow up the world to survive and then start a war on Venus  
Where the hell am I going? I know nobody's knowing  
I chuck a deuce and fly which ever way the wind is blowing  
I don't worship the devil, she don't worship me either  
But we got something in common in fact, we're non-believers  
The poet trigger's potent, the paint is on the palet  
The pain flew out the pen and, the blood is on the mallet  
The landscape is callous, fucker, we're in it, believe it  
Unless you can tell me a better way to spit it  
Coming to get at you, got it coming  
Now get to running, you suckers ain't spitting nothing  
Go 'head and kick the bucket, go get a \* and duck it  
Well, do they bring the ruckus? Nah, this shit's snuggish  
And we don't \* the rubbish, so nothing was fit to publish  
Cousin, we getting money, some of you wish I wasn't  
But we don't give a fuck if you hate it or if you love it  
Don't be a dick, I made it, we've been officiated  
Yo, why these chickens acting like they're so sophisticated?  
You know we love the ladies, oh, that ain't nothing, baby  
When I get loose with my tongue and get fucking crazy  
I wonder why do they underrate us?  
If you don't like to gamble then why would you come to Vegas?  
I'm right in your fucking faces  
I know they're hating on us, but I don't know the reason  
Nobody gave a crawling fuck before we started eating  
I'm well aware that talking shit is just a part of preaching  
I paint a picture on the vellum while the pipes are leaking  
Somebody call the plumber, my phone is out of service  
Inside it don't affect me, on the surface I'm nervous  
Now what we're on the team, I'm in a stranger place  
They say "Just keep it Ces", \* \* I'll paint your face  
Then I reply "I got it," I don't need you to leave me

You Belladonna, hold me, I'm saying "Suck it easy"  
You do enough to please me,  
Writing a lightning and like it or not, well, Abu Dhabi