

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