

Radiate

Ces Cru

They try to play me close
Well keep your lady safe
Hoppin' the way we go
I'm super fly, aviate
Made for the radio
Feel my vibe radiate
Made for the radio
Feel my vibe radiate

They try to eat us up
They like the way we taste
They wanna trade me places
But they afraid of fate
They don't know a layaway
Struggle on a day to day
Juggle when I play with weight
Hussle for the paper chase
You slippin' and trippin'
As if you ain't afraid of me
They tippin' liquor bottles
While I sip upon an A to B
Eons beyond their capability
Skill I breathe and have em second guessin
I question their credibility
Movin' on em like a millipede
They slippin' under
Permanent slumber come from my soliloquy
I feel the breeze, blowin' in the open air
Check my destination, now they wonder why I'm goin' there
No where to go but up, they turn my ups to downs
Knowing what's around the corner
Turn a circle, fuck around
They call it luckin' out, I use a different word
Call upon me day or night, but never call my gift a curse

They wanna play me close,
Well keep your lady safe
Hoppin' the way we go
I'm super fly, aviate
Made for the radio
Feel my vibe radiate
Made for the radio
Feel my vibe radiate
Shootin' with devil dice
We playin' crazy 8's
Beamin' on em with my sunlight
I see their shady face
Made for the radio
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They try to greet us but don't recognize the face
They want liquor and cases, you'll probably bump their brakes
They ain't so control evate? Ain't nobody holdin' weight
KIM and motivate, strangers strugglin' for a plate
I'm rippin' and clippin' anybody whose flyin' round

Sippn' KC teas, and Ubiquiti's bout fire around
Zero below, and they ain't feelin' me
Yes we got em crunchin' the numbers
And now they knowin' who the killers be
Wavy on em like I'm poppin' pills
They slip and crumble
Wonderin' if we will now that we got a deal
I'm blowin' trees, tokin' with a smokin' flare
Yes no hesitation, God is here and I'll be goin' there
Shit UBI's sobered up, I'm tryin' to roll a pound
Double tap the walking dead, and dip up out the fuckin' town
The Deevil dippin' out, even with vision blurred
Call upon me day or night, the Smith? is in my bitch's purse

They try to play me close
But can't invade in the space
Up and away we go
It's do or die, aviate
Made for the radio
Feel my vibe radiate
Made for the radio
Feel my vibe radiate
Cuttin' the Devil thrice
Carvin' a figure eight
Wavy on em, wavin' in traffic
I see their shady face
Made for the radio
Feel my vibe radiate
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They couldn't say she ate the hunger in my appetite
To ask me why I'm angry and not bat a eye is asinine
I stay a path a night, pondering the afterlife
Conquering my rapid eye, slomberin'? my rap disguise
They couldn't classify my purpose for perniciousness
Pest control, exterminate. Determination, it's a bitch
Searchin' for the certainty, tip a glass of Tanqueray
Kiss me and I kiss you back, kickin' ass, takin' names

What the fuck is so great, livin' out a rapper's life
Tryin' to carve a niche in everything you love's a sacrifice
You're here and half the plight, somberin' the satinite
Bout to write the type of shit that makes you want to pack a pipe
Travelin' on the Pharcyde, laugh cab in Kansas City?
Strategines right outta my gotta rep for the 'mity?
I sing a song of solitude, serenade the audience
Run it back for simple jack, who never gathered all of it