

## Strange Creature

Ces Cru

Past dreams, past hopes and schemes, my cru's flowin  
And blowin up and that's dope to me homie I  
Open your chi with the stroke of a key and you can  
Scope it in threes bro it's totally sweet!!  
My poetry's so many bullet bills loaded and cocked  
Fannin the hammer head sharp shooter blowin my top  
The grass knoll park shooter melons will pop  
Bearing witness to how the Con-Glom Element rock  
Gentlemen pull your mics out, walk em like a tightrope  
How to stay a float I, guide em like a lighthouse  
Career been getting rocky, hide inside a lifeboat  
Panic abandon ship El Cap-i-tain about survival  
...let me calm down, dead em on arrival  
Place your hands palm down sweatin on the bible  
Keep your weapons drawn, manifested all styles  
Lucky lefty steppin on your leprechaun title ya bitch

What is up doe? Am I faded?  
Fuck No! Sober than a motherfucker  
Still on that cut throat  
Similar to Aston Coming through blasting  
Similies like 2 23's I'm an assassin  
Big ass bullets with a big ass dick  
And you can go and ask my mama she'll say "Yeah that's Nick!"  
Knew a couple crips, Knew a couple bloods  
But I choose to be an insane artist and not a thug  
Mixin up words like some volatile chemicals  
Tryna blow up like Nitrogen inside an inner tube  
Minuscule minds may not comprehend, the depths of my insanity could crush a  
mortal man  
Hear no, See no, speak to evil, I leave that to Godi  
I'm the rap Don Cheeto, what the fuck?  
And Ubi he could be the tony stark or you could be the coward ass lion with  
a phony heart

I keep it moving, you dead, I'm ahead a mile  
It's heated In the kitchen, I'm chefin, go get a towel  
Witness the Resurrection they said I've been dead awhile  
And I am a nice guy compared to a pedophile  
I'm playing rip van villain so put the beard away  
And flowing tidal wavy while chugging another beer today  
Could give a shit if the haters appear or hear to stay  
And like I won't shake em and throw my fucking career away  
Don't ever come at me riffing I ain't a sucker  
If my blade's in your cunt then my knife is a motherfucker  
Kill alert, ill alert, pen spilling still in the dojo  
I curse the Polaroid if I strike a pose for the photo  
Click, for sure though, it ain't a problem to pen pain  
If I have a death wish If I die its a win, yay  
I got the pulling these idiots try to push me  
If you are what you eat, then its safe to call me a pussy (pussy)

My vocal tone fitted, I broke a bone with it  
Trained for combat like a locomoti-div  
Bombin on the track like it's Kosovo... get it?  
Get my Zach Delarocha on, soak your soul in it  
The team I play for is CES we will take organs

Illuminatti leave your body in the great forest  
If he want a peace of me then he gon' wait for it  
And if he close to me then he don't need to pay for it  
Meter maid score it, Anita Bake chorus  
See a place foreign leavin any day Dorris  
Watch over my brother Imma keep em safe: warning  
Bitin all up on the hook and I don't need the bait, Norman  
I'm leavin break orbit, We in space soarin  
Keep a cape, super hero need a break, Norris  
Deviate, getting music free I hate Torrent  
And if they come at us we wage war, pray for em dog...