

Rubble (feat. Rittz)

Ces Cru

K-K-Kato on the track, bitch
Whatever happened to the emcee
Times done changed for the emcee
And if he rap, I know he gotta be buzzed
If you don't know somebody who rap
You know somebody who does
It's prob'ly one of your cousins or dude up the block
Dropped a couple of albums or moved up a notch
Swallow it up or I don't slack on writing commence
To eating motherfuckers like Attack on Titan it's real
I see you headed for your doom, interscope and
These lesser niggas searching for the moon in the ocean
My third eye's open, inner vision in 3D
It's killer city, Missouri murdering 'em on GP
So fuck 'em all with a condom and I'm a nympho
This ain't no conversation, no common knowledge no info
I'm going in and it don't
Matter who get offended, this shit is premeditated
So if I said it, I meant it
I dropped in just to say what up
Hip hop chuckled to itself and it created us
Laugh now but y'all dogs better rabie up
Cause on a real, ball hogs never made us much
My group precipitates skill, shade by the deal
Fools forget to play still chasing dollar bills
I'm feeling great fail if you cruising it's a race
You hit the brakes bail if you knew what it would take
To make sales, no run up on the state sales
My face pale, made a come up on some hate mail
It's all subtle boy, I hope you enjoy the rebuttal
Where with the trouble I just shrug when I point to the rubble
My coin stack, prepare the appointed task
They avoided the facts, I'm disappointed but back buoyant
I let him know that that soylent is rap poison
Comma for selling Belladonna I'll tell him Ill be out
Bring it right back
There's more and I'ma need a night cap
Emcees be bugging me I need a fly trap
I'm fly as fuck, I look at you and see a piece of white trash
That got you heated, my bad
If I can beat him scrapping, I'ma stab him, leave a wide gash
They leak and he gon need a dry rag
An ice pack, an eye patch, a life raft

I drown him in a pool of blood
I'm truly underground, I write my rhymes inside a mine shaft
Frame by frame I stutter the game, it's like I seen a time lapse
And every lake is just as bad, I can't look past the traffic jam
Test the rappers they won't ever pass the class exam
Blazing like I lit a match and had a can of gas in hand
You make me mad on stage, I'll backhand a bitch like afro man
Snap a wrench in half and discipline you like a kid again
We stomping basic bitches need some titties and an ass implant
Cold blooded like I'm trapped beneath an avalanche
Keep bragging 'bout your record deal, I'll jack you for your cash advance
Bitch You can't be the best emcee if someone else is writing your raps
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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