

Sound Bite

Ces Cru

Ces, Yeah, Yeah
Paint my face now you're hearin' a clown right?
The flow's Tyson, livin' fear in the sound bite
What the fuck y'all want, with a nigga with no marbles
Put hearts in a jar then swallow the whole jarful
Blind marksman in a ghillie suit, let off
With a grunt, while I murder in mini troops
They're miniature, many troops in need of a medic, they better rap gauze
I'm a heretic and never pray to a rap god
I fling blood on a door, whisper prayers in reverse
Cast curse sling blood on a whore
Slap the fuck out the Deacon, he's reachin' for that book
Set the pages to flames, your lord is a lame, look
I'ma invert the crucifix, feast on a virgin
Work the word thin, use Rittz for toothpicks
My Strange family crew's loose knit
The radio don't even give us no play and we don't give two shits
Jason Deevil, define his rhymin' illegal
While he's takin' warning shots out the eye of an iron eagle
Wavy, I battle goons, you mad at whom, you outta tune
But I ain't worried, they versed me inside a padded room
My vibe hummin' it come from inside a dyin' sun
Added to the Saturn moons, Pythagoras find a sum
Livin' by the sword, my strict diet is by the gun
Claimin' they not pussy but wet as vagina comes
Feelin' fresh off the bus, big trees on my brain
Run up in the spot, eyes freeze on my frame
They lookin' I ain't tryin' to duck
See what the club cookin' up
Bad bitch, heaven sent, hellbent on hookin' up
In the back of the venue, she puttin' pressure on me
No matter how much she push, it's never gon be
I swear this lifestyle was never for me
I swear to the god of war, I'll never tour free
Now I'm swimmin' in dirty women, let me backstroke
I could leave it to beaver, be the Eddie Haskell
Damn, now I'm comin' off like a petty asshole
But it's better than buyin' beers for Betty Bashful
Hah, What I'm tryin' to see is some steady cash flow
Rain down parade style, confetti the flag flowin'
I'm on a float flyin', with dope sinus
Sniffin' out the lames, I came with co-signage
Flame, don't buy in the game, Kobe Bryant

If they don't know why, they can blame the flow
I ain't afraid to show, shinin' my chain
Frankly a fraction of what you find in my brain
Lie entertained, eye on the game
Watchin' my environment change
Where many have passed on, only I've remained
Livewire the game, prolly kick a hole in ya brain
If we spinnin' out of control, ya know I'm rollin' a plane
Ces so entertain(ing), Never sick with the Gan(grene)
Think it could be so wonderful, run with the A-(team)
I bet you sweatin' bullets from under the ray(beam)
Cause my penis and my pistol do sorta the same (thing)
You full of faith, fearful of shit that you ain't seen
Fans are reppin' Ces from here in the middi to Beijing
Is the sandman comin' to give me a daydream?
Puttin' y'all under the dirt and we gettin' away clean
I'm stickin' cool with karma, and bear the weight like I'm movin' in water
Illuminati's an illusion now use a comma
Show me a rap god, Tutankhamun is too uncommon
Pompeii when I'm bustin, I'm spewin' lava
And you ain't gotta ask why it works, or backslide your words
All you gotta know is we both back, dyin' of thirst
Every session is blessed, I'm baptisin' the verse
You better hold ya breath when you pass by the church
Uh, I put my people on Jack Ryan alert
Please pacify the perp in the back buyin' the shirt
Our core fans bumpin' this track ridin' to work
Mature fans classy as yours, we goin worldwide
Really we only came for packin' the floor mamps
That girl fly but she's mackin' the doorman
After the show it's back to the tour van
Pack Packed full of clothes, I'm back on the road

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