

# Ricochet

## Ces Cru

Certified and superior Emcee  
What better a way for us to celebrate and fucking roll things out?  
The crew is Ces and yes, we came to make the whole thing bounce and move your neck  
Recession proof pressed my band  
Maneuver luminous  
Plan to move it out the Midwest, Vancouver, BudapestYo, I must confess  
It's new manure to address  
Couldn't be more Young Thug if you were in a dress  
Doing less, than a little and I mean it literally  
Motherfuckers grind Pitifully with a capital 'P'  
We don't associate with those lames  
I go in Lois Lane  
Low and slow my aim  
Slower and centered over your shoulder bladesGodi throw grenades while hollering "Flash out"  
Start shit, chucking bricks when I live in a glass houseWith they pseudo CES weaponry  
How could they hope to have an effect on me?  
It's like a hurricane on rage hoping to wet the seaTryna wreck a G  
They falling off, catching leprosy  
37 chambers, we taking them to the next degree  
I don't know why they doubted us  
When they bounced they sold out on us  
My day ones hated, but Mama was so proud of us  
They show malice to us, but the flow powerless  
The ricochet commonly come from a low calibre  
Ugh, the hate you gave  
No doubt I'm a thug  
Devouring y'all and all with the power of love  
Brother I'm back working  
Way that they use it, the Gat worthless  
Standing inside a cube, while they shoot at a flat surface  
Word on the street is to aim at your back turning  
Came in the game to outsmart stupid and sack serpents  
Jake the snake in the ring  
Iron sheik with a turban  
A fire breather, I'm burning, I find a reason to hurt 'em, word  
Out in the street they call it murder  
I don't know what you heard, but, uh, you're just a burger  
Mini-Meal and nothing further  
I got your star marksman clutching burners and pulling out  
Sniper harbour bullets bouncing off of Clark KentAll of the disses they spitting are so repetitive  
Niggas are nascent their knowledge is in the negative  
Just begging

Without a fuck to give about what it was supposed to be to ya  
They take lame aim, and then fire through social media  
Ignore it until they fodder, I oughta be at a faction  
See, they ain't hold me back y'all just look at the main attraction  
They fucking haters debating on who's the best then  
Again I do believe it's easier just to press in  
Maybe they poppin' off, cause they wanna make an impression  
The day they meet their maker pray it may teach them a lesson  
They outside looking in tryna peep it  
You blew it, I am LeWitt, my serpent's are few and secret  
Decided to double diss 'em, leave 'em in disarray  
I'm dwelling in oblivion, dummies, bullets will ricochet  
And by the time you chime in you're merely a critic  
Everybody telling you how to do it, they never did it, get it?

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