

# Cereal (feat. Kenny Mason)

## IDK & JID

IDK FEAT. J.I.D, KENNY MASON & DJ SCHEME - CEREAL Ayy, Scheme, you killed it  
Christo

Uh, okay Ran outta milk, mixed some water and cereal

Twenty-two hit, make a hole like a Cheerio

Give me the stick, I'ma scratch off the serial

Killin' this shit, if I murder, it's serious

Serial killer, I shoot at the spirits

Cool as the toes on the polar, it's bear

Hooligan holdin' the woodgrain steerin' wheel

In the hood like I'm pushin' through Paris

Huh, oh, shit, I'm curious

What you really want? The truth or you dares?

Put the puddin' in the proof and prepare

Gotta stay from out of loop with you squares

Bo was here, Blanc was here, Slew was here, Drew was here

Where was you, there?

Nah, blowin' air, you a tuba player

Over there, you ain't cool here Ran outta milk, mixed some water and cereal

Twenty-two hit, make a hole like a Cheerio

Give me the stick, I'ma scratch off the serial

Killin' this shit, if I murder, it's serious

Serial killer, I shoot at the spirits

Cool as the toes on the polar, it's bear

Hooligan holdin' the woodgrain steerin' wheel

In the hood like I'm pushin' through Paris

Ran outta milk, mixed some water with cereal

Ran with the killers and most of 'em serial

Run up on dealer, go di-di-di-digital

No face to pin it on, no Rey Mysterio

Hol' up, wait, here we go

Okay, it's no way they don't know the dealio

Fuck what they talkin', I hear 'em all M-E-O-W

Barkin', but don't get a visual

Pull up on a nigga with a nigga with issues

Little and big dudes, turn 'em to pit food

Burn 'em in pits in Pittsburgh, they pick fools

Purge and pick jewels, heard he rich, ooh

Tossed the gun soon as the job was done

The bullet popped his lungs, he couldn't jog or run

I couldn't jog my memory tryna find that one that hit him

Don't know his name and I'm not the one to give it

Piss on a lame if you hot, then hunt and get him

Pop the trunk and pick him out the bunch and hit him  
Stop the frontin' if you not a punk, then kill him  
Stop the punches, split noggins, lungs and kindeys  
All the zombies with me starvin', hungry  
If the card got funds then we all gon' fuckin' eat  
Niggas real dark in the heart but fuck with me  
Any real dawg with a heart will fuck with me  
Ran outta milk, mixed some water and cereal  
Twenty-two hit, make a hole like a Cheerio  
Give me the stick, I'ma scratch off the serial  
Killin' this shit, if I murder, it's serious  
Serial killer, I shoot at the spirits  
Cool as the toes on the polar, it's bear  
Hooligan holdin' the woodgrain steerin' wheel  
In the hood like I'm pushin' through Paris  
Aw shit, I killed him  
I ain't know he wouldn't pay when I billed him  
Fuck with my money, I'm fucking your bill up  
Aim for the head when I shoot, Billups  
Aim for the head when I shoot my shot, call me Clinton  
Presidential watch, they gonna steal 'em  
Lootin' up the shops, me, I'm just chillin'  
Thought about it twice, now I'm like, No way  
I ain't pissin' off Noname  
Mama used to say, Go play  
Now I'm worried 'bout co-pay  
Bitch, I'm missin' the old days  
Catch me on the 105 in the 50i, drivin' like I'm O.J.  
With a bitch that's into role play, okay  
I got my city, I run it like Ricky  
So if you fuck with me that shit could get risky  
I'm milkin' the game, every bar is a titty  
I fuck up the system, I work it like Missy  
Your money is iffy, your peoples is filthy  
You takin' them shots but they all seem to miss me  
They never gon' hit me, you better off givin' me  
Shots for my kidney, I'm killin' 'em quickly  
Middle finger to the Twitter fingers  
Hitter-quitter fingers, hit 'em, pop, clean up  
I just got my Dries out the cleaners  
Trappin' got him in the court, Venus  
Me and JID, that's the best team-up  
Thought you was the best, fucked your dream up  
Almost made it but you broke your femur  
Excuses, excuses, excuses, excuses  
Ran outta milk, mixed some water and cereal  
Twenty-two hit, make a hole like a Cheerio  
Give me the stick, I'ma scratch off the serial  
Killin' this shit, if I murder, it's serious  
Serial killer, I shoot at the spirits  
Cool as the toes on the polar, it's bear  
Hooligan holdin' the woodgrain steerin' wheel

In the hood like I'm pushin' through Paris

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>