

Blood n Guts

Ces Cru

You think it's all blood and guts to get touched
Did you end up, Do you ride with hands up
I think your man stands up
Revealing your plan's bluff
Killing your fans, sluts
And now we're down to brawl

The cannibal bashin', harassed the last man
And I passed him to left of me
Left flex, stay limp, walk with a gimp
But I'm not a pimp, its just that leprosy
Stay Vexing he's just a big-nosed freak
With the gift of gab, think his shit don't stink
Too high to blink and who am I to think
Decides reach after you got to hide your mink
Messaged the link, the bins, and all that saw that
Better learn how to hit the ball and haul ass
With the words in the wind that let me see it pass
Bet its all bad, but I've been worse
And even worse than that
I wrote it down again
Using my blood on the wall 'til I found a pen
It was a long-ass verse that I'm drowning in
Never to be found again
Surrounded in what

Best fess up, prepare to get cut
Ces stress what, declare your cru's what
Come face us prepare to loose what?
'Bout four limbs and most of your guts

You think it's all blood and guts to get touched
'Til being robbed with hands up
I think your man stands up
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[?]
Pain killing, aim feeling the game to stay chilling
Killer aim
Got the block, lock killing on the main
Do really think you'll ever make a mill in a day
A hell of a thing to say, when your weather is rain
Lock together 'cause I feather the same
Got competitive
Stop poppin' sedatives
Switched off the ketamine
Nose dribbling snot
Pissed off the gentlemen

Hustle and knock, knock
The wrist watch I'm selling 'em
Seven the sly sleeves don't lie to me
Sell aluminum rolex to the ivy leagues
If you need some tight weed, then buy from me
Hit of the lime green you can try for free
Til you're alone, on your own, with your privacy
Realized that oregano is a kind of tea
(Word?!)

Hands up I ain't hiding out
My town too much crime to rhyme about
K.C. why doubt 'til you've tried it out
Find out, find other shit to lie about
Write down what you like
Unless you want to fight
Pipe down on the mic
'Cause Ces is going to strike
Like

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Hand to the face
Slam your breaks
Doing the cripple-walk both legs amputate
Head more smoothed out than a cancer patient
It's all butter like land o' lakes
Damn shame your man lays on hand grenades
And ran straight to the front can't stand to wait
Buy Mr Convicts a plan to escape
When they take a prison van and ram through the gate
Band-Aids for tape stop the blood
Hands away from the blade, son, drop the gun
Lay down face-down til the cops come
Then dump the nine millis and pump shotguns
You just lost one
You know like [?]
Kill the rich class like road to wellville
I still switch back to dope
Sell a meal get old living alone
And die
Hell of a pill

I got too many problems, so many bills
6 bucks in the bank and no skills
Came in the game as a lame same as you
Hand full of THC and cheap brew

Glad to meet you, you mad? me too
So we got a lotta work to put the cleats to
To cheap to sue, to broke to pay
So we stick to blunt smoke, plus bumps of 'caine
Bust chumps on they bread basket
Then ask if that dumb shit was worth getting your ass kicked
That's sick somebody get him a pill
Backflip the dismount fo' real
Pop cock the steel, crock pot to chill
My *69 calls Dr. Phil
For a day's dose of the most and no smoke though
Inline skates to escape the slow pokes
No hope floats unless you got a raft
Its all hopeless you just gotta laugh
Put the trees in the pipe
Please dim the lights
It provides the vibe that I like to write
But know

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