

Capture Enemy Soldiers

Ces Cru

Heh, now check this out yo

Welcome to Kansas City
Ces is the strongest camp in the city
With the talent your committees got crammed in our little pinkies
You can tell the truth sells
Frontin' as if your records do well
With the multi-platinum status check was supposed to get you through fails
You're small-minded and all eyes blinded by ice bling and shit
Thinking your rhymes are getting you rich
So you try winging it like Milli Vanilli live singing it
Spitting disaster, match up for the main event
Jack Ripper reverse gangster rapper
Kid is asking "Why is he bringing it?"
Cause we capture the enemy
Over 60 rappers remedied
Test penalty: snatch your energy like Bigby
How quickly the balance of powers shifted
Hip hop contains four elements, bitches
You must have missed it
Rappers are shifty, MCs are gifted and lead the masses
Every breath I breathe is passionate
It burns when I lace a verse

To whomever it may concern
I'mma burn them but leave the ashes
Possess number two pencils for students stuck-up in classes
Try learning about this rapping
Not trying to make it happen
What happened to fans clapping?
People breaking the beats now strapped in the streets
I guess being this real is played out
Stuck in a maze, trying to find yourself to find a way out
But you notice in Kansas City, most everybody is shitty
Except for this list of lyricists I wrote and brought with me
Caught me the few: Dr Who to Joe Good
Approach and Mac Lethal; The Guild
Human Cropcircles; Reach and Jock is my people, let's see
Sundae, the Southside Posse, LeJiT is in
Yeah, even that crazy-ass Vanilla Trife is my nig
If you thought I forgot: I did not
Leave you off with the list
Somewhere along the way, you must've got Godemis pissed
It's obvious
I could just slay you rappers but humble until provoked
After that, no punches pulled for the ignorant shit you spoke, bitch

Yeah, this is the debut of the Conglomerate Els
We can't be helped
We capture enemy soldiers and take hold of this culture
With the iron grip of Bigby's crushing hand

A bitter, quitter, fire-spitter
I throw the fuel in the litter
Flip the script on DC couldn't see me masked
And a bare lit blunt set put flame don't fucking flicker even
Why? But who needs a reason?

Suppose it's a sicker season from biting the hand that feeds it
Treason within legions, thought I was done teething
Well, history does repeat on something of the sort
So to speak it keeps me nervous, yet more observant
Serpents is looking for something like
"Don't forget about me when ya'll blow!
Can I get a free CD and a shirt, man?"
Yeah, thanks for the support, and I've only got to eat
Shit, let's see: wipe my ass and maybe have a place to sleep
How about a half of tank of gas?
And I'm certain: fobbing to smash the pockets
But hell, it's all good
Charge into the strain and keep on rocking it when you're finally ready to wake
It'll be too late, too little only to find the answers to the maze lie inside the riddle
All the notes with no fiddle
Our groups are some of the people
But who's to say that's a bad thing being that most of them is deceitful anyway?
Walk around with some homes like, "Where's the needle? '
Diamonds, bitches, and Regals, switches, switchers, and swingles
It's all people minded, blinded by the bling of the shine
It's temporary but you don't hear me
So there goes another meaningless rhyme