

Codename: Iron Giant

Ces Cru

Diss the faction?

Nah

This the faction

That saved a few hundred on the mix and masterin'

The sound quality suffers a bit

But the disc come fast I guess you just ain't fuckin' with this
What?

It all cycles, we kept it on file

Ces sittin' on top of rotten body dog pile

Ces shittin' a lot, and some of y'all forget a lot

Spit it effective shit'll twist your neck up in a knot

Shitty style you're livin' off

I'm sayin'

I'll slay it in an instance

You ain't sayin' nothin' for me to listen

And dissin' ya'll is like we takin' candy from an infant

Kid, comin' in the exit

Dean, lacin' up the entrance

Dirge, waitin' with the engine runnin'

Don't trip it's nothing

The whip is bumpin' something let the music lift 'em up in the
air

Like fresh kicks Ces come in a pair

Checkin' wind, with the thumb in the air

My second wind, I recommend you runnin' with the rare and the d
ecadent

I motion for the re-blaze, he here by second it

And God bless Ces and Ces bless all

Who defend and represent for us when we call on 'em

I'm all on 'em like soap on your clothes

After they made us, must have broken the mold

Theyyo-

wayyo, get wild and death to all of you snakes and reptiles

On volume 1 of the Cesphiles