

## Dirge and Dean

Ces Cru

Seeing things from all sides  
Like a dice between my thumb and my first finger I set spinning  
Now I satiated my appetite and the thirst lingers  
Rap lines about ubiq I'll recoil with the cursed finger  
Take a dip  
My mind is an ocean I search tankers  
Finding the boats that sank 'cause their chained to the earth, anchored  
Replacing destroyed papers, bases and artifacts  
Retracing mistakes I made to the places they started at  
Self-educator healthily raping the almanac  
With nothing but rhymes written, my face is a college stack  
My brain's ready for steak and I'm brazen to swallow fat  
My time I gained from classes escaped from my common past  
I let it go like something I love  
True to the blue my memory is not once what it was  
You can bet I give the credit to the blunts and the drugs  
All of that said and you can still find me up at the clubs like what the fuck, right?  
Ain't nothing funny you dick  
After you go without a show for a couple of months  
Looking back and now you know that's a slump in your run  
Working forty hour jobs and eating lunch on the bus like you be who?  
And I slide up on the scene outkast like hootie-hoo  
And nobody gives me dap and I bounce in a shitty mood  
So I smoke weed, I ain't shaggy from Scooby doo  
Just cause you can see me usually happy and moody too  
Instead of acting crappy it's back to the studio  
With nothing to hold me up  
Mi no más con mi novia  
Where's the beat throw it up, I pen it won't play around  
Treat it like an old dog when it's dying and lay it down  
Don't tell 'em where I'm going  
No, watch what you're saying now  
Stop biting in the styles I'm developing in the open  
Just because it gets recorded in press  
Don't mean it's born from your breath  
I can't afford to accept it  
This is your warning from CES  
Rappers bore me to death, perhaps adore me you wretch  
You floor's filthy my laboratory is swept  
And if ever it should pass that I benefit from your loss  
Then you'd better get your ass from this place or its getting tossed up 'cause  
se  
  
I don't know what you thought but  
It's not tough to lock someone in a room and get 'em chopped up  
And people say "yo, CES why you talk stuff?"  
We talk shit 'cause you walk in with your Glock cous  
I don't know what you thoughtbut  
It's not tough to lock someone in a room and get 'em chopped up  
(Chopped up)  
And people say "yo, CES why you talk stuff?"  
We talk stuff 'cause they walk in their Glock in their hand  
  
I wake at the break of day and write to the crack of dawn  
Passion to splash the page peer pressure I pack it on  
Pure professional

And I made plans, you plan to wait  
There's no escaping debates who's looking for candidates  
Don't bother looking further just look at this handsome face  
Sixty-seven mistakes in the session your man is eight  
9 out of 10 rappers wear rings with 50 carats  
While the scream about the gun and make noise like Dickiey Barrett  
Dirge is a dirty cheat  
Dean is a shifty baron  
Roger Kent in a Honda element with tipsy blaring a twelve  
Gimmie a chair, shell, bars, pen, paper and cell  
Give me no love? Well the fuck it I'm gon' make it myself  
Generate Joy, pain, poison and flame  
Be men and defend your friends and go join them in pain  
Seems every ploy is the same  
Probably and what's the point?  
Smelling a sack of cess we be doing the double joints  
Or a single malt scotch and a shake with triple thickness  
These chumps will fuck around so we came on official business  
Diss for your diggy-dawg and a dick for your little missus  
Our efficient skills spit and grill, drift with the real sickness you dick  
Ubiquitous on a mission I'm 5'7" in height  
Your biggest fish imma bait 'em with line get 'em to bite  
Handcuff 'em and tied, read him his rights  
You pennywise dead in the lights  
Ripping so many mics on the daily  
Your money is petty and ready for anybody  
Arms steady up in a V Like come and get me you bitch  
As for shows, any less than 150 ain't really enough to bust  
So I guess you ain't gonna get so I spit

I don't know what y'all thought but  
It's not tough to lock someone in a room and get 'em chopped up  
And people always say "CES why you talk stuff?"  
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