

Give Up

Ces Cru

This is when y'all supposed to give up
Supposed you get buck, we don't give a fuck
Shut up double it up, don't give a what
Give up, give in now, check the profile

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New clips but Kept the old style Ces the co. file
Wreck to blow bile, lick testicles with vegetable smiles
Sceptical fans who slept on O'kyle
Meanwhile I'm keeping the scene sick giving little bit of middle west promotion
Squeeze dick and suck the whole clique
With the breast explosion let the whole script
Plus the old ship Mexico's get 'fore the fed get a net to catch the dope in
And wreck the whole shit better go get it quick
Before it get gone like jet propulsion
I'm death provoking, touch the bowls, split
Ces with cold flow get an eskimo sick
Congested nose drip
Perfect to blow
Kid'll be neck to toe ripped (Uh)
Left him open (Uh)
This is when y'all supposed to tap out
Convulsion halved out, so choke and pass out
Betting your souls control the cash out
Sold your ass out to rolling crap out
Kicking you cats off the road to Ras' mouth
Forgetting the bling-bling- you drove the man south
Harrass me I pull and smash mouth and get rough, sick, duck giving a bit what (what?)

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This ain't for the faint of heart
When the ish takes off like a flaming dart
Or better yet a missile
Take a plane apart
To put an end to the game, we arranged the arts
State-of-the-art, not quite, we like to light blunts
So the track might get mixed down but we're drunk
So here goes out the gate be I straight, see I Don't wanna lose you get, you pay you lose the bet
But couldn't put thieves' stocks down for two vets
So who's next on the deck to get served
With a muzzle for the mutts to puzzle the crosswords

You don't hit a bird with no stones to throw
Some then cast the first stones years ago
When I act hard like there's no fear to show
When to fact of the matter is they scared to go
Toe-to-toe
Pound for pound
Drowned to get your face down on the ground
Around your kin-folk, I bend o' flip in a cynical pen stroke
Anybody want to break the bank? It's been broke
And this rope, tied in a noose to hang y'all
Get the gas can blaze up the chainsaw
X marks the spot where the wretched plane falls
Plus bombs to sign a to wreck a crane ball

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We heat it up when we hit the stage
Ready to meet the red meat figure when the fists are rage
That'll hold the wind up (what)
Soul been struck (what)
And sold for ten bucks (uh)
And golden ten cup
And going against us, left the hot beat
Stepped in the spot and left you knock-kneed
Who's next to mock me?
You're best to watch mouth
Keep your tough teeth-
The rest are knocked out
You know with a grin to grip the wood frame
No shame couldn't eclipse a good name
Or get us to look lame with stacks of rumours
You rap your new verse a lot from two words
I baffle you herds with rap manoeuvres
I turned hands to black and blue burns
Clap for cru coming up after you birds
Go ask your diggy-dawg if that's what you heard

Murder for everybody on my right till there's no one left
Waitin' for insta fo don't hold your breath
Suppose the death got sorta shallow, but then
You wouldn't really want to hear me spit a riddle again
I'm simple and sin, should have been a grade A diss
But it isn't like a fantasy in hay-day bliss
So play this shit I don't give a fuck who's dancing
Back the man in sacrificial lamb skin
Go ahead then - pretend we don't flow
Play your radio, blast your J-Lo
Hash to burn slow before the wolf's been
Check your sundial bust nuts on Big Ben
Crust on your chin while we remain clean
So F the bitch cream and plus the mainstream
It's tough to tag team to lust for gangrene
I bound my blast on or ray-beams
This is when y'all supposed get up
But can't cause y'all stuck, so give another fuck

And double the hook up don't, give up give in now
Check the profile and crash the pow wow

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This is when y'all supposed to get up, supposed to give up
Check it Ubiquitous, Godemis, Sorceress