

C-E-S (oh!)
Ces (yeah!)
Yes, Godemis, yo

First I take into consideration the composition
Line over line is a visual contradiction
But third's my suspicion is how I let all jail
Or perhaps it would be better if the composition fail
I lose the vision, just as quick as I had it
But i've chosen the color scheme of blue monochromatic, perfect
They got the concept that I can work with
Let's keep it simple, and predict result, could be worth it
Like the color God covers the Earth wit'
Well shit reverse it, it's inverted murder, not in cursive
Sometimes Italic, but never so automatic
If ever I battle against it, then i've had it
So that's it, 16 on the page
The beast pops the E, then he leans on rage
While the party's poppin' off with a hook
He's in the corner scribblin' off in his book
Now gimme somethin'

He's back and ready to hit ya
Now check the chorus
Y'all know the name!
Ces, on a mission
Out to take your doll if you wit then feel me
Drop a beat, break it down, like a chop shop
All hell for honorable, a microphone phenomenal
My vocal cords are swords that slice you, sweatin' through a tank top
Coast to coast, slangin' audio, dope
Forever in the lab with a pen and pad

Usually suspected
Rapper lyin' to me and I'mma smack you in the mouth
So that you can redirect it
Universally Respected
You're listenin' to bullshit, you should be selected
My lunar see the essence
I'm Musically connected
My Cru should be projected worldwide, 'round the web
Like nudity and sex is
Get beat in the face, yeah, you and me can set trip
We'll meet up in the place where you can see the X's
You heard about your big spit coming out of kicks
With a house built so thick they running out of bricks
Shit, city is slummed out, she rough around the stick
Shit, we finna dumb out, don't fuck around with this
'Less you double strapped wit' willy
Coming out your kicks son, gun smack you silly
We thuggin' out to this, oh, it's all raps, but really
Fuck me on the dough we in all black with Millis
Ballcaps and Billies, yo

Was hopin' for the turntables and Steve Burns
Y'all know the name!
Ces, on a mission

Out to take your doll if you wit then feel me
Drop dope rhymes and bustin' ill instrumentals
Paid on freestyles, apocalyptic with my pen
Proven skills, although, without no record contract
My vocal cords are swords that slice you, sweatin' through a tank top
Drop a beat, break it down, like a chop shop
C'mon