

Metal and Flesh

Ces Cru

Wake at the break of day, write 'till the crack of dawn
Passion'll splash the page, peer pressure I'll pack it on
Rolling with CES I got the unity
They waiting on breakups holding ya breath
Well stop it, you can breathe
So in the best of my community, my vocal open up global investment opportunities
Nobody guessed that I would do these things
Manifested my destiny, acting out my lucid dreams
I see you overly stressed about your moody ring
Run the jewelry while these rappers acting like beauty queens
Nobody messing with the U to B, I to the Q-U-I to the T-O
To the U to the S to the death copy
I'm what they thought was humanly
Possible Rocko popping locking they shot then shoot at please
Put no stock in your flock of scrutiny
Officer of chopping hip hop I could talk it fluently
It's not what you thought
They thought they could out-maneuver me
Drop it like it's hot so I pop at your top while you asleep

Skill is a weapon I test in a millisecond
And you will accept it the catastrophic event specialists
Emerge from the rubble CES settle the mess
Rebel on mesh, metal and flesh, peddling death

From my perspective the path to freedom is clear to see
This one is for the Nesha ignore it living in fear to be
Trump's a modded model of Hillary
Cause both of them do dirt and have zero accountability
Swear they could never care bout a G
They drunk off chugging powers they paying the cowards salary
Fuck how you see it, we need to face it for how it be
Cause man created laws that were never based in morality
If you fucking suck, you should swallow
The best crew is the CES Cru and yes you can trust the motto
I do the devil's work twice as much as you follow
Cause U-B-I and Godi's like Tyson and Cus D'amato
Baddest duo you know I'm spitting facts
Take whatever's dissing my mission's getting this shit to crack
Keep a grammar Glock on my person merkin' with different gats
Cause nowadays these rappers I'm hearing seem to forget to rap

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Murs third willing and dealing a lots of ass whoopings
Fuck a pass, foot on the gas, that means I'm past tripping
Turning little shit into big things
Pain Bruce Wayne meets Bane, that means I'll clip ya wings
Back cracking still backpacking raps slacking
Played out like white tees and snap rapping
Laffy taffy in baggy jeans
It's over for 'em they crying Jordan I mean the saddest meme
Beat drops for them beatbox

My silly thugs take billy clubs and then they beat cops
Non violence a non issue I don't agree
Stressing in the streets protesting, oh no that won't be me
Shoot first, we shoot back homie with buzzer beaters
Game over they ain't no soldiers they just some fucking cheaters
Wife beaters with badges get filled with bullet holes
Spress mail send them to hell cause jail is full of those