

Mi Na Foreplay

Ces Cru

CES Cru, Leonard D. Stroy
Constant Energy Struggles
To be or not to be
U B, Here we go

To write or not to write
Tonight i rock the mic
Tomorrow back to work
Can never stop the grind
I, must of lost my mind
I need to squash the beef
I feel like Rockwell, Somebody's WATCHIN' ME!
I feel like my clip cause all I here is CES Cru This
CES Cru That
Where the fuck is CES Cru at?
Let's do tracks
I ain't tryin' stress you out
But where's the album
And when that new CES come out?
'Less you forget about 'em, not Motown so
Show me a little when I Rock Your Town though
Show me you get a buzz when they smell that, YES!
You can better talk than admit, it grade A, CES!
It ain't the best
Don't believe in administrative test
The most, inivative of those to say they been invaded yet
Y'all made a mess of the game
So now i'm here to represent
And speak on behalf of a definite pain
Lesson to the lame
I'm less than a second away
Never been afraid
Bet i better pin if you fade
Been a friend of mine
I befuddle many of mine
Catch a sinner mind, I
Cuddle many a dime
Chopper with an axe
Shock and I can offer you back
Boo-Biddy-Bye-Bye
Y'all ready to die?
So many young guns come, none heavy as I
Nobody's aim quite as steady as mine!
Somebody say

HEY
The dolla day
The dolla dolla day
HEY
The dolla day
The dolla dolla day
HEY
Say if you see me in the scene
I'm out for play now
Say if see my in the scene
Get out my way now!

Grab all of you simple sams I mean this
Somethin' circumstance if y'all cut out a scene 6
Supplemented books smarts for a street IQ
I don't believe in the devil some believe i do
But oh well
I dumbin' out, grip the mic for wealth
And if i did praise satan, id be praisin' myself
Percentiles so, thank God i put it in a verse
'Fore i decided to body 'em and put 'em in a hearse
For the hearst, to the earth
The worst case scenario
PoTato Potato Mario or MARio
Fuck it symantecs
You can get chopped and locked in
On some U-Turn shit
Slanging fruit wit no Botwin
Dead in the middle
The middi, it's Killer City
Where we talk to Remonas
Who talk a lot but don't do diddily
Pat the live liquid lyricist, long dick of the Law
They all crash dummies hittin' the wall
C'mon

[Hook]