

# Off the Hook

Ces Cru

We're sorry, due to network congestion we can not complete your call at this time, the number you're calling is a private number and can not be called back. Please try to call again later

Last thing I recall was I was turned up with the DJ  
Pat shot, another Pat shot, passed out for like 3 days  
Woke up to an orgy, like poor me and I couldn't look  
Came to my senses, got naked and it was off the hook  
I took uppers in that attic, downers in that basement  
Fell into the sheet rock, left there all with my face print  
But don't trip cause it ain't shit, I keep the doctor on speed dial  
Xanis in my back pocket, and Adderall in my weed pouch  
Yeah, I'm off the hook, try again later, scratch surface, then layer  
Speak backwards sin prayer, I'm Ray or, John Mayer  
City on lock like I'm Mayor, hit the bomb drop, bet I'm there  
Trigger up on top, respond flare, A.K.A. your mom's layer

Tryna hit me up, wondering where the party at  
Must be at her inn or something, better call me back  
You flipping shit on me, now what the fuck is up with that  
Don't be so hypersensitive, could have a heart attack

Somebody call the EMS, what they need is an EKG  
Gotta get 'em on the line for the good time, party looking D-E-A-D  
Check her, one two, double check, for the middywest  
Put a bang beat, it be coming off the chain, now put it on the books  
Better ask around, she was off the hook, yeah!

Wanna hop in, cause I got them off top  
When it come to the chopping, spin 'em in a hot wind  
In the pocket when I clock in, and there ain't no other option  
Cause I rhyme sick and y'all high-pitched, sounding like shit  
Or like first gear, with the gas down, and that's not the look  
Ces off the hook, it's y'all worst fear, now the world hears  
That I won't stop, but I can't stop, I can't quit now  
Got girls here in that same spot  
With them tank tops and their tits out  
Had a daydream that we made out and it made off  
You got bit down, I swear to God if I squint hard it's like  
Baywatch in this bitch now, ah! Running with the main boss  
Another day off, I'm like "which town?" I gotta sit down  
I stake off and my Jane boss and my pitch loud and I, uh  
Smoke it on stage, I don't give a fuck if it's allowed  
Light up your blunt, that's if you're proud  
Four hands up when I hit the crowd, see, some they pay and  
Some they go, some complain and some they boast  
Some people really do things and others saying  
Some they wrote, double dutchin' sayin' nothin' fucking playing  
Jumping rope, my shit bumping, type amazing  
Find your way, ya compass broke, hold up, hello?

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I was just minding my business, I wasn't in it  
I don't know what happened, dog, I was sipping Jacky D  
Next thing I know they offended, hold up, this hit me a minute  
Admit that I was drinking like I was chasing a They gave me a shot of Patron  
, a shot of crown and Hennessy  
[?], I don't know what the fuck has gotten into me  
Niggas bugging tryna make me the enemy  
Nothing compare to try to drink my energy  
Fuck what you do entity  
Someone there in line showing sympathy  
If you ain't related, homie, you ain't killing me  
Amateur hour, you gotta be kidding me  
Look at me, dog, you're probably into me  
You don't want problems, well it a be it a be cause, last night night  
Off the hook like that dial tone  
Got me feeling like fight night  
Make a path for them wild ones  
I'm like hold up, nigga, hold up  
We're swarming y'all, feeling rolled up  
Cause this bitch ain't finna be popping here  
Until me and my crew come showing up  
Nigga, off chain, off the walls, off the ropes, oh, off the hook  
We get looked at an awful lot, your ass just get awful looks  
That's the shit that I'm talking about  
They're like "cool, man, you just rolling, bruh?"  
Get used to this dope shit, cause that's that shit I'm known for (Oh!)

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