

Outtabounds

Ces Cru

Gettin' sicker from blowin' up
All the shakers repetitive, Patterin's goin' nuts
So berserk, nobody notices that he's usin' it
Give him sound advice and he doesn't know what to do with it
A head full of foolishness, who was his best friend
Worst enemy's energy that powers the cursed pen
Jacob's reversed when he doesn't even consider
In the outcome of the fight, which of us is the winner
Shit is up to the sinners to show 'em he ain't the baddest
But Jacob aimed to befriend on so he can reach the gattage
Hangin' out on the block where we used to play freeze tag
Now he be on the block asking me where the weed's at
As if he needs that to maintain
I normally tell him to Kimberly, but it's hard with them chest pains
And so the stress hangs right over his hollow hand
Cause Jacob's a fucking bird only out for the bread

Walnut, Warwick, Gillham is crazy
But what about Flora, Wayne, and Tracy
Highlander, woodland, that's no good land
Plywood for windows and that's so hood
God bless The Paseo, Troost, and Prospect
God bless K-city passed through the Projects
Take a look around, ain't no view from out of town
Now they count the rounds, damn homie you outta bounds

My dude was strapped to go, with cash to blow
Close snappin' the match at homes
Kansas City cab rockin' the crispy hat that lack a fold
Vocalist mackerel focused on Capulo
Go for the stash he hold and his gat's blowing like Krakatoa
He's a natural, hustler's clean hand on his biz
Manages affairs above and around scandalous fiends
He creeps, he never sleeps, damn if he sits
Locks clientele down watch amateurs slip
He dance with a clip tucked in his sock
Cancerous stick clammed to his lip
Bustin' rock, customers jock him
He's ducking cops and the neighborhood does nothing to stop him
Cause if they ever need a favor, he got 'em
You know the block stays hot, he ride a clean whip with some plates
Tags registration he sure his papers clipped in a case just in case
No trash on the floor of his Benz
He gon be ridin' round pulling three or four of his friends
Check is blowing up, orders are pouring in part are owe
He hit his clients like Glass Joe with mighty blow
And every night he go post up at the bar
Servin' the whitey ho while he smoke up a cigar
If ya cash a little low, it's nothin' he's chill
Just give him what ya got now, he'll cut you a deal
But don't cut out on the bill cause he'll cut you for real
In Kansas City every day some motherfucker gets killed

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