

Pieces

Ces Cru

There musta been a demon by my side
Musta held me and led me to you
Look to the sky, it's the color of blood
Conglomerate Elements, get the fuck up
Yo, we don't give a fuck this time
Whoever's in this track...

I'm here to kill slow and die quick
Ya'll can suck on my dick
Regardless what ya thought Godemis'll be on some fly shit
Runnin' a blade across your throat before you self destruct
I done severed all your limbs and so there's nothing left to cut
For baby's mama, well I'mma leave you outta this verse
Probably wouldn't if it wasn't for the second and first
Version of this song, you pissed on, stupid, slittin' your wrists wrong
Obvious repercussions from any Godemis is song
Fuckin' your bitch with this schlong, long as she's makin' curfew
We're outta by's to tell cuz I'm what you don't know to hurt you
And all our lies are failed cuz you knowin' she like to flirt too
I even caught a glimpse of her tossin' it up to burn too
In verse two I may even spill out a name or two
Killin' it all before the battles like-
That's what I came to do
There's no shaming who got a severed head but some of 'em will
Be recipients of this punishment by lyrical skill
I chopped ya head
Chopped ya arms
Chopped ya legs
Chopped ya heart
Switched the single, included a sequel to Body Parts
For something or nothing fuck
We been bumpin' about a year or two
Back off if you ain't hearin' it, steppin' cuz I ain't hearin' you
Makin' it clear to you that the virus has been injected
Just like Brotha Lynch with a syringe leavin' KC infected
And it's hectic enough without me guzzlin' Smirnoff
Frantically flailing butter knives for cuttin' your limbs off

Now that you heard him spit I know you open to this mutiny
Donemis is the proof the future just ain't what it use to be
Who is he?
Better yet, the better question is how we
Move like a Matador with twenty bags outta the backwards Audi
Now we openin' somethin' different stab in the booth
You remember the sickest clicker with two girls in the group
Now they're sayin' fuck 'em they just a bunch of Devil worshippin' fags
Tryin' to keep it low life when the Cadillac drags
But if I rocked a Wagna? and make every syllable magma
You'll have yourself a sixty foot scorchin' Velociraptor
My trapper keeper open both paper and pencil smokin'
For the late and even greater Godemis two has spoken
Hopin' you croakin' just before
Stab gentlemen
Stab ladies
Stab a pregnant woman in the stomach
And stab baby
He got a screw loose

Slurred speech off the double Goose, rap tighter than bubble goose
You better rally his troops, I gotta blade in my pocket
Gotta blade in my boot, so stop pushin' me
Or I have to make these words into truth
You need body swervin' a coupe, rip them 15's plus
A fat bag of the KP with a vile of Angel Dust

You guessed it, Ubiquitous'll call a bluff on your poker face
I wipe my ass with Lil Flip's tape just so it goes to waste
I don't associate with bitch ass thugs
I'm gettin' drugs
I know you need a little love, got your tisk too close to hate
How long am I supposed to wait man
It's makin' me impatient, encased in a body bag
The doc's been waitin' on impatience
We raid like space invasion
With amazing commander missile
We're on some razor blade shit, cyanide and a pistol
Need a needle and thread?
Here's Iodine and a thimble
Nurse'll work on the patch
While I'm tryin' to hide this tissue
And my issues are unresolved
Now I'm cockin' a gun revolve
No oasis to save me standing tall on top of wonderwall
Hook roll
And the thunder calls
Hit deck when the lightning crack
Burn rubber and siphon gas
So nothin' a knife to gash
Passin' the pipe with hash inside, strikin' a match to light
Half of the price for rass? is mine, sight from a satellite
A cat of nine tails to lash back, rike? 'em with battle strips
Shinin' inside the darkness, flash back, license to shatter light
Back when I had a life, none of it seemed to matter much
Now I'm lookin' for an escape with all the strengths I've gathered up
Ayo Godemis chop the limbs while Ubiquitous stab the guts
Till we leave you quadriplegic and ask if you've had enough
I'm actually mad enough to keep hackin' you after that
Pounced out with an axe in your guts
Packin' a sack of trash
Bitch

Comin' on, comin' on, comin' on
Yo
Uh yeah, bitch! what? yeah, uh, uh, uh, uh
Marry your cousin and we running the train
Holla over, same day, better bring cocaine
Put it in our nose, bringing creative flows
Not knowing that those hoes had to drop they clothes
Hit the floor, real whack then we went padlocked the door
Straight to the back door got hoes on all fours
Bust in the beatbox then when the beat stops
They had to get upon their knees and they dropped
Got shit in they mouth
Walnuts upon they chin
When we start to bend them again then venom sinks in
Runnin' this shit
And we got trains to choo-choo
When I do you and your crewe
So who the fuck wants to-
I'm happy, I'm feeling glad
I got devil's blood in my veins

And I'm useless, but not for long
'cuz your momma is coming on
I ain't fuckin the manly broads
I got condoms in my bag
And I'm fucking, but not for long
'cuz this erection is coming on