

Recession Proof

Ces Cru

K-K-Kato on the track bitch!

Yeah, let me set the mood, CES the CRU!
Times hard, money down, but we're gettin' through
Cash flow and market crash, I'm still collecting loot
Be ware who you come around and are connected to
Back in affect my crew'll let you know I rep the new
They stack the deck I use what I have as a steppin' stool
Ces said it true, now let it spread and move, credit due
Fed it unleaded fuel, reap the benefits when it grew
Stackin' my revenue, they act like they never knew
I'm tappin' all the markets; black, white, red, and blue
The fact that Ces sold 45k is incredible
The prophets rise as I philosophize from a peasant's throne
Success not set in stone, nothing's ever guaranteed
Made the dues for me to pay until they gave me clarity
We see the game as clear as day, I never do hear your name
The residue of fear is hate, tell it to steer away
Homie connect the clues, the plan is place any bets you lose
Time's hard, money down, but we're gettin' through

Recession Proof (recession proof)

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Cash flow and market crash, I'm collectin' loot

(I'm off the wall screaming leave me alone hoe)
Don't beat it Billie Jean
Approach the dock, park it
Ya highest reign, that plane'll crash like the stock market
To me it's funny, these dummies is broke as auntie-tough
Money's in the family, sucks the plan is to ante up
Bust in the air and the second they hear that blast blaow
Hop over the counter and count up what's in the cash cow
I'm Robin Hood with a stack of fetty to pass out
Relocate myself like I'm Prince in this bitch, I'm assed out
Go dumb for duckets, y'all kick the bucket and stay broke
Just as soon as we leave the saloon, we robbing the stagecoach
Lames acting the saddest, mad at the way we flip the script
Plus everybody's lunchin' on something, let's get the chips and dip
Grab my Glock with custom pistol grips, get fucked with just the tip
Snatch a cup of blood from a gravedigger and take a sip
Prob'ly flip right into a grave soon as it hits the lip
Radar serpent, I ain't afraid, I know it's just a blip

Just left my home it's time
You know my rhyme is ice cold and i'm steppin' through
I blindfolded my goals, line 'em up and execute
I saw your fuckin' show bro and I thought your set was cute
Actin' as if you got it on lock and there's nothin' left to dupes
I heard a lot of small talk and I up and left the room
Claimin' Pharaoh, not a Monche but built himself impressive tombs
They say what I spit is gas, I guess that my breath is fumes
Sick without a cure, I'm sure God blessed if I've infected you
They say that death consumes, I aim at the chest and shoot
Put my heart and soul on a track and pray that the record moves
Won't be satisfied 'til the legends say they respect my views
Do a sold out show and I see my name in electric hues

Let's set the fuse my man, today we affect the news
Times hard, money down, but we're gettin' through

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Times hard, money down, true but we're gettin' through
Recession Proof, cash market crash, I'm collectin' loot

Punk, get ya bank up
Molly Brown motherfucker can't sink us
(Now, why they comin' with the picture but they can't bust)
Better pay us, gettin' wetter than a paintbrush
(If you goin' full, let a nigga fill a tank up)
Do you want more, we will fucking bankrupt
Now we're on a more tour
(Steadier than Bruce Lee on the fourth floor)
Now we're on the third puttin' words on the scoreboard
Every city I'm heard, bitch, give me my turn
(In the Midi I burn like hay, in the middle of a barn ok look away get spray
ed)
They never get cake cause they never take this gray
(Hit this 'a', but they really lookin' (?))
Shot shots ricochet, hit 'em when they aim this way
(Knock knock, pick a play, actin' like a bitch, get laid)
Hip hop out of the Midi West dipped in Strange
(So Rob Zombie, I'm finna get them brains
Hop up in another whip and then switch lanes)
When we got up into the game, we made a big bang
Now everybody has heard about our way the dick hang
This way, (that way)
Does it give me back pain, these motherfuckers wanna piggyback fame
(And they lookin' big Willy with his wiggy whack name)
In the state of Missouri, Killer City where cash reign