

Say What

Ces Cru

Since you paid five bucks to get into this motherfucker
And every other girl thinks she looks better than the others
This is your opportunity
Soon as we on deck
So you're not acting your age
And you figuring "what the heck"
No respect for yourself or the other ladies in here
You just want to make your way to the bar and escape with a beer
That's more than A-OK with me
Ho I'm making it clear
This is your song tonight but you've got to listen to hear
That I'm disrespecting you off top to stop flirtin'
All you think I'm talking 'bout you
But really you're not certain
Cocks working for that pussy, I'm calling 'em dick heads
They parade around the picket pretending they get bread
Go on ahead, have another of whatever you like
This is for every chick who'll probably get a DUI tonight
When I write, I might get over like Dirge having a sober night
But you know not to bite any part of the sodomite like that

Say what, say what, say what
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Who say what like six middle fingers up
Or two ducks with ther dying friends, let's pretend
That we all out for a good time
Intertwined like ropes
Waite a minute, that's just a joke
I'd rather be poking you out like it's acupuncture
Been in at every joint to collapse the structure
Forget the eight fingers find a way to touch ya
Down and you take the choke hand to face I'll mush ya
That's just another way to say that she swallowing
Damn, she came to grips that I never spit hollow tips
Ooh that's just some silly shit she caught into following
Soul servers, CES cru
Learn to bite what you borrowing
We all find a way to get a check
And tomorrow send shelter from the fallout when the rest of you falling in

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I stand alone in crowded rooms
Loose it, from time to time I go out and howl at moons
Mind playing tricks on me, Its only noon
Around every corner I can feel my doom
Impending and creeping, looming like the dark clouds
Biting and striking
I'm careful where I walk now
And who I talk to
How much [?]

Because I'm feeling like I could walk through just about anything
But my walls close in
Upper-body moving
But my feet, frozen to the concrete
Like mafia figures in rivers
Lungs filling up with water
My body it quivers
And as the last bit of oxygen leaves my chest
I rise my head from rest drenched in cold sweat
In a padded room
... In a padded room
... In a padded room
... In a padded room

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