

# Shame

Ces Cru

Sick of roamin' the streets, defeatin' foes whose rhymin' is weak  
With their silent 22 speech where they don't even speak  
I'm paid seven soviet sleek there ain't no hope for the peace  
Say it's better to struggle hard than to be broke or deceased  
They starve in the middle east while America over eats  
Sendin' soldiers over seas to fight rivals who won't retreat  
We're stackin' up the innocent bodies in high piles  
Can't stop the force of a nuclear bomb with five bibles  
The Holocaust is all out, fall out for five miles  
While the president hides the evidence of why with wide smiles  
Might catch him in a white lie, watch him defy trial  
I'd eat bile before salute crooks with CD piles  
Little guppy puppy dogs beg teach me to freestyle  
But they lack the discipline so I teach 'em to bleach tile  
And sweep the floors first, and wash windows, it's not simple  
Mister Myagi can't convert Daniel to pop symbol  
For the fam though, my lady in the tramps they off the handle  
And I'm not if you thought I was talkin' about Cocker Spaniels  
To the cats I know who use to watch spice when they block the channel  
And to all the chicks who after I'd fuck 'em they'd talk and ramble  
Yo

What's with the fame  
The fame, it came fast ya'll  
Nothing's the same in the game, they playin' trash ball  
Fuck what your brain retained  
You made a bad call  
That shit's a shame, a shame I'm sayin' that's all  
What's with the blame  
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I'm too big for this baby bottle so I'm spittin' this knife  
Fuck kissin' and cuddle, pick a thine, give it a slice  
Black, red and a shade a grey just my vision of life  
Act better and stay ashamed, paint the picture a strife  
Pickin' a fight with a brick a pipe, shovel and axe  
Deliver kick to your face till your muscles relax  
So start dodging dark logic and sharp objects  
Blow you apart like fireworks to art projects  
Pop Poppity pop pop pop

Pop rockets, and dick missiles  
Sinead O'connor piss pot pie and shit sickles  
I use a pair of red hot pliers to twist nipples  
And ride you motherfuckers with balance like tricycles  
Sinner so dope, somebody come tell 'em about himself  
He don't know bein' this confident is bad for his health  
Look out below bro, here goes something similar to the worst  
Takes about three times the blood in your body to quench his thirst so  
Hear how the verse go, dissin' no disclaimer  
Discabar without a mask, and you ask him to act lamer  
Put a two by four onto of your back with a cross planar  
The motherfuckers following Jesus and cross trainers

Check the, some doubt it sayin' that Ces is all outta seconds  
Shoulda supplemented dinner for supper and had 2nds  
Shoulda disregard 'em both and had beer with a bad breakfast  
Where I got this 100 dollars from hustlin' Brad's necklace  
I'm half reckless  
Half gamblin' with my life  
Half a sack short of a blunt  
A lunatic with a bloody knife  
And it's a long road of hope when you walkin' round in a circle  
Try to hold your breath and run it until your face turn purple  
Prescribin' medicine  
Vanquishing these veterans plus  
Put lead on top of cheddar then everyone's better than us

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