

Shut Up

Ces Cru

Long before all of this, I explored darkness
Before marketing strategies and artist savage agreed
First I had to be sick, and as flick as in the cypher when I bust
Plus I gotta be big pimpin' when I'm lightin' it up
And make sure that each rhyme is hittin'
When I'm writin' I'm dumpin'
No way
They gon' cop and listen if your life's in a slump
And most days I'll be on a mission
Pay the price at the pump
I'll be dippin' hittin up quick trip more than twice in a month
I ain't chicken you bitch
Ubiquitous been wide from the jump
Spittin' pissin' vinegar bitter bits I slice with the tongue
And that chitter-chatter don't matter
Fingers pry from the rungs on the ladder
Say "later hater"
Snatch the life from your lungs
The master mage
Capture enemy troops
Ready recruits
OG's with a nose clean of all the 'phetamine boosts
Tell 'em you'll never leave loot
Two pair of socks, one pair of boots
Then para-troop on the capital
With gats and ebony suits
Nobody shoots, keep safety on your weapons we shoot
Only when ordered to do so upon Persephone's cue
The formula stays the same except the recipe's new
Ain't no testin' me in the game, even the referee's crew
When CES Cru let's loose the skill
Either be peppered or killed
After the capital next on the list it's Beverly Hills
Underestimating the CES has got me ready to kill
Underestimating the CES since we dropped Ready 'N Will
Ya'll better chill (the fuck out)
'Cause none of ya'll wanted what Tommy lift
Godemis, Lucid and Roger Kent slay a hater, anonymous
Hollow tip when you talkin' you talkin' that hollow shit
Fat lip full of collagen
Spit it hotter than Halogen

So chill the fuck out (yeah)
Now sit the fuck down (down)
And shut the fuck up (uh-huh)
Now get the fuck up (or what?)
Motherfucker stand down (what)
Throw your fuckin' hands up (hands up)
Pick it up, now hands down, don't get mixed the fuck up
Ya'll better chill the fuck out
Now sit the fuck down (down)
And shut the fuck up (up)
Now listen the fuck up (now)
Motherfucker hands down (down)
Throw your fuckin' hands up (up)
Don't fuck it up, now hands down (down)
Heads get mixed the fuck up

Ya'll better chill the fuck out

What I need in my life
Peace of mind, Good weed and a mic
20/20 vision peepin' what the scenery's like
So let the blindness of the game intervene in your sight
Enemy fire comin' on your left so lean to the right
Ces came to get you airheads high as a kite
And Kimberly the state of nirvana like ridin' a bike
Cause all the sleepers keep snoozin' they afraid of the light
It's not tough to get you open with the blade of a knife
You stuck pumpin' them birds
I be blazin' a mic
With the Sorceress on the left of me, UBI on the right
It's like I maintain
Only to crash and burn harder and hotter than last time
I don't spit cash rhymes
I spit the ridiculous shit
And off a rail or a line
Forgin' an MO blowin' holes through your thick ass dime
And I don't want trouble, all I wants to double the buzz
And triple the love
We're impervious to you thugs
Why the hell you wildin' out bustin' off all of them slugs
And you could be the bigger man and sweep it under the rug
We got to act right, properly conducted in clubs
To lock it down without the yellow tape and buckets of blood
Claiming it wasn't enough and in reality it was
Fifty hungry gorilla infantry to rally with us
To whose holdin' atomic weapons doesn't matter as much
Titter tatter you fucks, takin' heads to tally 'em up
I've had enough
J-Dodemis Ubi, and Tommy Lift (c'mon)
Lucid to whoever's honestly (what up) claimin' they got the gift
With none in the clip all the fuck you run is your lips
To everybody gettin' rained on from under my tip
Ya'll better

So chill the fuck out (yeah)
Now sit the fuck down (down)
And shut the fuck up (uh-huh)
Now get the fuck up (or what?)
Motherfucker stand down (what)
Throw your fuckin' hands up (hands up)
Pick it up, now hands down, don't get mixed the fuck up
Ya'll better chill the fuck out
Now sit the fuck down (down)
And shut the fuck up (up)
Now listen the fuck up (now)
Motherfucker hands down (down)
Throw your fuckin' hands up (up)
Don't fuck it up, now hands down (down)
Heads get mixed the fuck up
Ya'll better chill the fuck out

It starts with a sketch
Scribbling lines in the page jargon and text
Warrior wordsmith wielding a poison tongue
With an arsenic-drenched arsenal of darts to dispense
Armour defence deflecting arrows
Peril: imminent, risky
Odds to bet it all to your death to pit against me
I reckon its fifty-fifty

With chances are slimmin' 'em
Skilled marksman targeted one shot between the eyes
Like four S's in Mississippi
More precious than Craft in this artist
Half his breath in this inner city
Rap with passion, the hardest
Dark depression commits are fitting
Grapple with life
Mastered the hardest lesson, sitting pretty
Strictly speaking
Won't fade away to misty regions
Slippin' deeper
Weed-smoking to chase the pain away
Livin' life in monotony, painting it shades of grey
Rather be crippled, bling, in poverty
Naked and fade for pray
Dedicated to predecessors who paved the way
And listeners, the reason we came to this stage to play