

One Bomb State

Ces Cru

I Can't Kill Em Enough, My Camp Can't Call It
Spike the Punch, Counselor Alcoholic
Brain Like an Abyss, Blow that Cancer
Get Locked for Killing a Can Can Dancer
Can't stop the villian, I'm feeling myself now
Running a couple of times, I'm feeling myself out
Fuck, better you bet now, bet on your boy
I'm an idea not a thing, I cannot be destroyed
When they come, gon' get it, getting rid of them all
Cutting life's cables kid, better get on the ball
But I hit them all and they just targets
Anybody claiming they fly ain't ever really on a starship
Killer City sent them it's so sad it seems
I'm in between the sheets with a bag of dreams
And the option is I could bust an (AF[?]) it seem
That I'm ready for the feddy and the half of Nin, c'mon

We comin all black and red, we red all day
Fall back and say shit you shouldn't say
With a Oh-Ay-Oh, Run and fly away
Oh-Ay-Oh, One Bomb State
In the Tall grassy plain, your gun fly red
Fall back and pray, they would not say
With a Oh-Ay-Oh, Run and fly away
Oh-Ay-Oh, One Bomb State

Can't get Phat here, go figure you fatso
These cattles you can't lasso
KC-MO the (saint[?]) Lupe Fiasco
So watch your spit talk, Tobasco
Can't boss in a cipher without a passcode
Prolly can't spit bars without lying about your cash flow
Catch goosebumps off of my last ho
Bada bing boom Anthony Soprano
Smoke both hands on a piano
Brain lock, with brain matter on the back handle, Mickey Mantle
What you think my city's on the 1st 48 for
Can't leave here without your face sore
Can't tell me I don't know something I do know
I can't not do something that I said I'm gonna do so
Now I'm looking for that ass up in Chuco
Cuz I won't give a joke until you go

They can't hold my style, they can't see me
Too hot for them, my show banned from TV
They can't read me, L-
Way running a play, running a route, take one of them out
The Champeeze, Done without the (Dairy[?])
Son I'm about to stampede them
Big throat what I'm about, can't reason
Around at the (Eve's[?]), Lest we can count it
It's not real
I'm stuck in a box still
Tryin to be big as the Biggie and Pac deal
The Killer City Commitee, we can't pity ya
Rather you clap for me than give me Chlamydia
FLipping the beef and Triple E out in Libya

The jam shaking the stands, hot (Sedidiya[?])
You can't can or stamp us, I know folks on the low
Kansas folks can't stand us

[Hook]