

## Blood n Guts

Ces Cru

You think it's all blood and guts to get touched  
Did you end up, Do you ride with hands up  
I think your man stands up  
Revealing your plan's bluff  
Killing your fans, sluts  
And now we're down to brawl

The cannibal bashin', harassed the last man  
And I passed him to left of me  
Left flex, stay limp, walk with a gimp  
But I'm not a pimp, its just that leprosy  
Stay Vexing he's just a big-nosed freak  
With the gift of gab, think his shit don't stink  
Too high to blink and who am I to think  
Decides reach after you got to hide your mink  
Messaged the link, the bins, and all that saw that  
Better learn how to hit the ball and haul ass  
With the words in the wind that let me see it pass  
Bet its all bad, but I've been worse  
And even worse than that  
I wrote it down again  
Using my blood on the wall 'til I found a pen  
It was a long-ass verse that I'm drowning in  
Never to be found again  
Surrounded in what

Best fess up, prepare to get cut  
Ces stress what, declare your cru's what  
Come face us prepare to loose what?  
'Bout four limbs and most of your guts

You think it's all blood and guts to get touched  
'Til being robbed with hands up  
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[?]

Pain killing, aim feeling the game to stay chilling  
Killer aim  
Got the block, lock killing on the main  
Do really think you'll ever make a mill in a day  
A hell of a thing to say, when your weather is rain  
Lock together 'cause I feather the same  
Got competitive  
Stop poppin' sedatives  
Switched off the ketamine  
Nose dribbling snot  
Pissed off the gentlemen

Hustle and knock, knock  
The wrist watch I'm selling 'em  
Seven the sly sleeves don't lie to me  
Sell aluminum rolex to the ivy leagues  
If you need some tight weed, then buy from me  
Hit of the lime green you can try for free  
Til you're alone, on your own, with your privacy  
Realized that oregano is a kind of tea  
(Word?!)  
Hands up I ain't hiding out  
My town to much crime to rhyme about  
K.C. why doubt 'til you've tried it out  
Find out, find other shit to lie about  
Write down what you like  
Unless you want to fight  
Pipe down on the mic  
'Cause Ces is going to strike  
Like

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Hand to the face  
Slam your breaks  
Doing the cripple-walk both legs amputate  
Head more smoothed out than a cancer patient  
It's all butter like land o' lakes  
Damn shame your man lays on hand grenades  
And ran straight to the front can't stand to wait  
Buy Mr Convicts a plan to escape  
When they take a prison van and ram through the gate  
Band-Aids for tape stop the blood  
Hands away from the blade, son, drop the gun  
Lay down face-down til the cops come  
Then dump the nine millis and pump shotguns  
You just lost one  
You know like [?]  
Kill the rich class like road to wellville  
I still switch back to dope  
Sell a meal get old living alone  
And die  
Hell of a pill

I got too many problems, so many bills  
6 bucks in the bank and no skills  
Came in the game as a lame same as you  
Hand full of THC and cheap brew

Glad to meet you, you mad? me too  
So we got a lotta work to put the cleats to  
To cheap to sue, to broke to pay  
So we stick to blunt smoke, plus bumps of 'caine  
Bust chumps on they bread basket  
Then ask if that dumb shit was worth getting your ass kicked  
That's sick somebody get him a pill  
Backflip the dismount fo' real  
Pop cock the steel, crock pot to chill  
My \*69 calls Dr. Phil  
For a day's dose of the most and no smoke though  
Inline skates to escape the slow pokes  
No hope floats unless you got a raft  
Its all hopeless you just gotta laugh  
Put the trees in the pipe  
Please dim the lights  
It provides the vibe that I like to write  
But know

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