

Cypha1

Ces Cru

Its Gutter Music
Yeah
J-dean
6 times for ya

What the fuck you want from me dawg?
Want me to compliment your chain?
And notice how you're stuntin' when you're skating on them thangs?
And notice how you're stuntin' when you're hoppin' out the range?
And use that shitty style where every rhyme and words the same
I'm sicker then you suckers off of half a line of 'caine
I'm here to chain your body to the tracks to guide the train
To do away with all that girly rap inside your brain
You rapping for the chickens like you're only out for change
I'm bound to get a coke out of the machine without the change
And break you like a fifty-dollar bill without the change
I kept the pattern simple so it's seepin' in your brain
But my pattern's like the weather if you peep it, it'll change
I am fucked
Swam the English Channel in handcuffs
And rode the Orient express with both of my hands up
This ain't about whoever ain't bussin', but whose missing
So I pack a butcher knife to stick into you stool pigeons
You claim you murder me, with some caliber tool spitting
And I hate to have to show you which one of us fools kidding
I throw you off the balcony screamin' out "Good Riddance"
Ripping average masterpieces, you come in with good written
Huh!
Like that

Like this
Joe Good
One time
Ces Cru
Reach in the house
Yeah, it's like this, check it out
I don't rock mics for shiny links or brand new minks
I'm trying to entertain your home girl to buy me a drink
What you think -
Cause I'm rapping, I happen to have funds?
I just quit my job, I happen to have none
Zip, zero, stingy with dinero
Can't light your wrist, cause I ain't got shit
Two pockets with a lot of lint, that about it ma
Yo, you really gotta buy my disc
Because I spent up my last two bucks to get here
And if you know the gas price, you know I'm sincere
Pump the brakes, you got facts to face
If you think I got to sleep with you to crash at your place
I ain't a gigolo, slow when I give it, that be that nigga joe
Soon as you can slow my mission, I hit the road
A new city for my plots to bub
Set up shop
Drop the buzz, and get pocket love

Yes reach
Nice rumble on the track

Mic wonder on the rap
Loud like thunder when it clap
I want you to react like you wanna get attacked
Confront you in the back, and I'mma punch you in your trap
Got you thinking I'm a big brother that jumped you in the frat
A macho man, Slam a brother flush into a mat
Brazen like the soldiers when they rushed into Iraq
Chop your legs, chop your arms, Like I'm coming with an axe

My company stands back
While you beggin' to get your man on
But don't care to believe that you're paraplegic, no leg to stand on
Get a chair, you need it to sit
We so retarded
Ces shitting, you only farted
Webo, guarded the beats
Squads treated with no regard
Feastin'
We clean the bone of the meat
And then gnaw to sharpen our teeth
Radar's blippin' the skipper got a lock on your fleet
Chalk it as beef, and explore the consequence
My styles stiffer
I switch it to vowels when I'm bored with consonants
Got your bowels knotted up, shopping for more incontinence
Kicking the door, cussin'
Countin' on your incompetence
Slayed in a swarm and blame it on poor reconnaissance
Since we take 'em to war like raidin' the foreign continents
Born of dominance
American Joe Anonymous
My cold esophagus spits snow and its polar opposite
Showing off is shit
Hip-Hop can get so monotonous
Overthrow control and blow holes in the oval offices
Chokin' off your oxygen flow, no hope of stoppin'
I don't profit off of vocals, although I'm a vocal prophet
I snatch a ride like kiddo then piss in an open socket
You can get to know a lot from the kiss of the cobra
Over and out