

# 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