

CES is back to reign in this
After major changes and maintenance
basing of this
Raised in a rage against
The painful glitch I've been chasing with patience
Since the pages dripped with
Major script
Before the fame hits
And rearranges the way of spitting
By making grif I'm banging this
Favoured and blessed
My writing angle is CES
My second language and
My first ingredient and recipe
Rhymes meshed in the beat
A lesson for me by teaching my meshes progressively
Beef addressed in the streets
Peace in the middle, West and East
Learn how to accept defeat
Deal with regret and grief
Torn deep
Stressed and beat from depression
Ignored dreams
My destiny born to complete the quest that's sworn to me
Beyond a pawn position in chess
Each song's written from the bonds of a prison cell
Mind that's gone demented
The long-sentence no-bail jail with strong fences
Con-medics and fraud dentists for jaw-clenching
I'm tough
End of discussion push this pen in your guts
My fingertips can distinguish real men from the muds
My head is already edgy
Like I'm ready for what?
And I crack jaws and chip your teeth up like the penny and plus

Say my name six times in the mirror then I appear
Show me love like death cab does to Gwenevere
Give it here like rent with overdue, late fees
You can call me in the morning right after you take these
Everybody wanna be the next rapper to make cheese
But they only did work for old ladies to rake leaves
So please don't
Bother me fo'
Figure it out
Fuck you Fee-Fi-fumbling shit
So keep your mouth shut
My Shawshank sure-shot serum let's serve serpents
The covert cold-heart murdering on purpose
The perp is
Pounds from people who get down
My sound surround like what you didn't see coming
And Godemis'll knock out your teeth
I'm leaving you gumming
And better yet you rob a bank
And you ain't leaving with nothing
That's what you call a botched robbery

Godemis obviously
Is ripping fo's
Keeping you right on your tippy toes
I get up to what you wanna do
You causing that static
I get up all over your city like my name is Maddock
With a long hand
Disbanding your band of brothers
I'm the sand, you the flame I'm planning to smother
And hover over your barracks
You scared of this here
But niggas don't wanna know When I'm getting in their ear
Just like a Q-tip
With two hips broke
You need replacements
And Godemis will take cheers leaders up in the basement
And stack 'me up with a padlock
The rhymes is in a mas doc
And I ain't go to go up in a notebook with no hook
I'm in the booth
Drunk like 90 proof
So what ya wanna do?
Godemis come busting that loose noose

Fucking around in KC
You'll get your top popped like Kennedy
On the call of duty, you'll lose your helmet
While calling for your cavalry
You know you can't stand it
When you could take a seat and get capped with the handy
They call me handyman
'Cause I'm nice with the tools
Fresh like some new shoes
Fresh like some 22s
You think you brand new?
You fools ain't got a clue
'Cause I was freaking your style back in middle school
Back when you thought getting her number was cool
I was breaking in her mouth
Tryna get in the womb
You was a young MC tryna bust a move
I was in that ass tryna get in the groove
Ya bitch