

Dirge and Dean

Ces Cru

Seeing things from all sides
Like a dice between my thumb and my first finger I set spinning
Now I satiated my appetite and the thirst lingers
Rap lines about ubiq I'll recoil with the cursed finger
Take a dip
My mind is an ocean I search tankers
Finding the boats that sank 'cause their chained to the earth, anchored
Replacing destroyed papers, bases and artifacts
Retracing mistakes I made to the places they started at
Self-educator healthily raping the almanac
With nothing but rhymes written, my face is a college stack
My brain's ready for steak and I'm brazen to swallow fat
My time I gained from classes escaped from my common past
I let it go like something I love
True to the blue my memory is not once what it was
You can bet I give the credit to the blunts and the drugs
All of that said and you can still find me up at the clubs like what the fuck, right?
Ain't nothing funny you dick
After you go without a show for a couple of months
Looking back and now you know that's a slump in your run
Working forty hour jobs and eating lunch on the bus like you be who?
And I slide up on the scene outkast like hootie-hoo
And nobody gives me dap and I bounce in a shitty mood
So I smoke weed, I ain't shaggy from Scooby doo
Just cause you can see me usually happy and moody too
Instead of acting crappy it's back to the studio
With nothing to hold me up
Mi no más con mi novia
Where's the beat throw it up, I pen it won't play around
Treat it like an old dog when it's dying and lay it down
Don't tell 'em where I'm going
No, watch what you're saying now
Stop biting in the styles I'm developing in the open
Just because it gets recorded in press
Don't mean it's born from your breath
I can't afford to accept it
This is your warning from CES
Rappers bore me to death, perhaps adore me you wretch
You floor's filthy my laboratory is swept
And if ever it should pass that I benefit from your loss
Then you'd better get your ass from this place or its getting tossed up 'cause
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I don't know what you thought but
It's not tough to lock someone in a room and get 'em chopped up
And people say "yo, CES why you talk stuff?"
We talk shit 'cause you walk in with your Glock cous
I don't know what you thoughtbut
It's not tough to lock someone in a room and get 'em chopped up
(Chopped up)
And people say "yo, CES why you talk stuff?"
We talk stuff 'cause they walk in their Glock in their hand

I wake at the break of day and write to the crack of dawn
Passion to splash the page peer pressure I pack it on
Pure professional

And I made plans, you plan to wait
There's no escaping debates who's looking for candidates
Don't bother looking further just look at this handsome face
Sixty-seven mistakes in the session your man is eight
9 out of 10 rappers wear rings with 50 carats
While the scream about the gun and make noise like Dickiey Barrett
Dirge is a dirty cheat
Dean is a shifty baron
Roger Kent in a Honda element with tipsy blaring a twelve
Gimmie a chair, shell, bars, pen, paper and cell
Give me no love? Well the fuck it I'm gon' make it myself
Generate Joy, pain, poison and flame
Be men and defend your friends and go join them in pain
Seems every ploy is the same
Probably and what's the point?
Smelling a sack of cess we be doing the double joints
Or a single malt scotch and a shake with triple thickness
These chumps will fuck around so we came on official business
Diss for your diggy-dawg and a dick for your little missus
Our efficient skills spit and grill, drift with the real sickness you dick
Ubiquitous on a mission I'm 5'7" in height
Your biggest fish imma bait 'em with line get 'em to bite
Handcuff 'em and tied, read him his rights
You pennywise dead in the lights
Ripping so many mics on the daily
Your money is petty and ready for anybody
Arms steady up in a V Like come and get me you bitch
As for shows, any less than 150 ain't really enough to bust
So I guess you ain't gonna get so I spit

I don't know what y'all thought but
It's not tough to lock someone in a room and get 'em chopped up
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