

Get Off

Ces Cru

Want to play the beat, I moved up the ladder and I lay the heat,
I do what I do every day of the week and even improve in the booth where I'm
paid to speak.

Fuck you say to me, when you play in the bench you can take with ease
But I'm thinking that they like me, J Dupri.
And I'm thinking if I cut them they will bleed.
It's just too plain to see these, motherfucker bout two flames a week,
They know nothing about this flame I speak
They run around bitching cause they can't compete
So don't ask me shit, he should know
I'mma tell him everything he need to know
You don't even know shit, you need to slow
You motherfucker rolled up and read the code.
We the most left on for turn to years
I Ain't talking about a couple of months you hear.
And you're acting like Ces has just appeared
Wanna run up and test went up to hear
Go ahead, spread your shit
End in a place where the lead don't fit,
Man, I don't play I end your shit
If the air don't bake and the bread don't sip
And I read your script, fuck your lines,
Flesh don't burn and sun don't shine
Ces don't ride if the back don't earn
Get up in the line, you can get your turn.
And X your eyes, sex your birth,
You never gonna ride you don't let go first
Came by employed on your momma boy,
Little love acting like a mangaloid.

If the head don't fit, get off my dick
Spread your shit, get off my dick
Spread your legs, get off my dick
Suck this dick, get off my dick
Spread your legs, get off my dick
If the head don't fit, get off my dick
Spread your shit, get off my dick
Spread your legs, get off my dick.

Party's packed, party's packed,
Let me get a part of that
Black clover up in this bitch
And no, he don't know how to act
If she fronting, hold me tell her blow me and don't call her back.
Even if she's on the floor having a fucking heart attack.
Gangs on 10 here up in the club
We're all in here up in the club
Came in the club with a bud and a bus
Now want a shot in and a little bit of what
I don't know, I don't know, falling like a domino
Budge it, ballin, park it, knock it, pimpin outside of the carnico.
We're mixing two for the alchemy, now I'mma tell what it's about to be
Like M-L-K I'm about to take one to the head on the balcony
And I know some fools got it out for me, though,
I don't wanna say I got them.
I'mma kill them all and let Christ sort 'em, that's God's problem.
And I mean I'm out of orbit, they say that I'm so fela'

And they get it Chip and Dale, all I really need is a bow ta'.
My Temper telling me to attack 'em, but clearly that would be the day
A clipse' and we're on our grind otherwise known as that T-M-J.

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Denied by the bank for a loan
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Yup, so I got a shoe box for the cash
And I pay for the whole damn house on my own.
Bitch, do you want a mouth full of stone?
Then keep trying Mac leth. ain't hard
And I sure like to seen it like I see a meteor
Reach for back for the black pre-paid card
And this and that nigga Mac pilfe bitch
How you're number two, but you still ain't shit
Better stall your cops, better call yours off
If your head don't fit I'mma saw yours off.
Now you can't hear your mix-tape getting killed
Playground days back in 6th grade drinking milk
To now where every single last one of
You motherfuckers are still lookin' hella' bitch made like a quilt.
There's a five hundred and fifty million dollar power ball jackpot
Going on literally as I record this and I would go and try
And buy the winning lottery ticket but Ces Cru called
And said we gotta revisit on the white Wu-Tang shit while they kick it
And just because the music is strange don't mean that it got to be wicked
Wiki-wiki Wikipedia math bitch stroking on a media fat bitch,
Smoking on pd with black lips, open all your media outlets
Watch me read the whole encyclopedia backwards.
I'm the king, goddam-it, and I'm alpha mating,
If you see a little rapper in the crowd that's hating
Know that he rode on my dick so long that the GPS bitch over-calculated.

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