

Ces Cru music comin' up out yo speaker,
 The Deevil's in the mirror praying to God, scrubbin' his features,
 He came a helluva way from battlin' squads, murderin' features,
 And the way that he's been doin' it makes it hard for niggas to keep up,
 They might've been local forever but Tech swooped 'em,
 For murderin' everything in the MIDI, Duke Nukem,
 These suckas throwin' caution to wind we might slaughter,
 But just to set it off once again be like water,
 Don't focus on the finger miss all that heavenly glory
 Those rhymes are fuckin' recycled no wonder you niggas bore me,
 Pour me, suckin' me dry of my energy can't stop,
 We've diversified the label they label it Strange Hop,
 My angels prayin' to demons I'm wavy that's why I'm leanin',
 Chug up a cup of blood now it's somethin' to put the lean in,
 Meanin', I'm wilin' out for the night, and I'm writin' likin' it,
 Like it or not, I'm right in the light and I'm kinda likin' it,
 Fighting 'em like a lichen, if I tried then I might win,
 Parasailin' in peril, soon as I catch the right wind,
 But to be one of the greatest is to be hated,
 Take a look around the room and it feels like I finally made it...
 Made it made it (made it) made it,

Finally made it,
 Arrived, here, all this fuckin' way,
 Still on my first wind, your journey just started, full tank--
 And it feels like it never stopped,
 I ain't tired folks...

We graduated from the block with a full ride, covered the countryside
 To the stage where we don't play games now come alive
 Shut my eyes; thinkin': "What if we never make it?",
 All of the years that we've invested are wasted, it's comin' up close I can
 See, told me to look but don't touch, told me to touch but don't
 Taste, I've been starving for years, homie you stuffin' your
 Face, rather I work like a slave than to be stuck in no
 Place, and see enough to no way! I'm freein' up my soul,
 Came with all my chakras aligned,
 How could they possibly think I'd be fallin' off in my prime?
 Strange gave me my shot! I sawed it off with a N9ne,
 Patiently waitin' my turn and you nodded off in the line,
 Homie they callin' your number, during your slumber I shine,
 Snatchin' up what is mine, the classic come-from-behind win,
 I'm catching that high wind, my weapon is si-lent,
 You can hear what I'm thinkin' inside this deafening si-lence,
 Two hands on the clock, never forget what the time is,
 Meditation affecting perception under my eye-lids,
 I sit in Lotus and focus, stagger my steps,
 Takin' a shot at my body at best they tatted my vest,
 Nobody's snatchin' my breath, they only add to my stress,
 Stress pattern my flesh a lesson I have to accept,
 Shit -- happens I guess, Klick -- Clack when I crept,
 Now sit -- back and ingest 'Constant Energy Struggles'
 And this track was a test...