

## Rawgizzle

Ces Cru

I overheard you sayin' I said something you couldn't feel  
Now I'm stabbin' up this track much sicker than Butcher Bill  
You probably like a whack ass wagon with wooden wheels  
You'd probably like to jack that pattern you shouldn't steal  
Life's wicked, I kick it with people that like to pick it  
Are you lining up or livin' off fans riding your nuts  
No matter how much you light it up  
You can't get it as high as this  
The mind I'll bust elite like the mind of a Zionist, quit tryin'  
' to pry us apart  
I'll quit rhymin' with Godemis the day the beef stops over the  
Gaza strip  
Ubiquitous, a mouthful, I stick to my guns  
Your head sick when it spun from the flick of my tongue  
Addicted to drugs bitch, smoke a spliff in the sun  
The wall in the west bank's a lot thicker than blood  
I violate your residence, the lock pickin'est thug  
Then use the gat to rob that was shot with us in club  
To beat the killer's ass within an inch of his life  
Realize my ignorance did not finish him off  
Drop the gat that put his ass got flippin' with us  
About facin' to a gat, cocked, splittin' my mug  
He's not stickin' me up  
One shot hit then I'm done  
Playin' with Glocks helluva lot different than fun  
Dedicated to Rawgizzle with love  
You draw pistols and guns  
While suckin' on Popsicles and thugs you little...