

Scraps

Ces Cru

CEsphiles. Volume one
You can get it, yeah

A handshake with a handsome face
Pressed suit with a clean collar
Hanson'll have a chance, Dean dodger and Kent clobber
Puffin' on Harry Potter
Moustache like a bank robber
Got a number from the teller
Plus cash and a "Thank Roger"
We ain't mobsters
Still make offers you can't refuse
Got your wallet in my pocket
And rocking my dancing shoes
A watch up in my sleeve
Feet flashing a fancy move
And I boogie down for babies
And snatching they candy too
A thief like me, roll down the streets, my sweet
And acquire as hearts desire with his bleached-white teeth
Sharp eye with a brow raised
He's the touchiest type
Uptight and always get Jason Dean for his lucky stripes
Stay slippin' the golden zippo that's engraved with the name
And flows that's official you can pay for the stains
Leave tables with over triple what I came with to play
Dirge Hanson to blow the whistle
Dean to spray with the 'gauge
Now fade away

I'll smack the dog ass outta you
How could you sleep?
Man, I haven't bumped nobody else album in weeks
I'm too busy actin busy
Asking myself "who is he?"
Chop a line for me, myself and I after I pack a Philly
Mama said there'd be days like this
I believed her
Mama said "Don't be out in the cold, you'll catch a fever"
And as far as she knows
I never seen a single one of them
Choke the barrel so the melon'll blow
Wash the blood and afterbirth off, first off the pound, gee
Swear a "fuck you" for the phony people around me
I'm figuring a formula finally became our style, see
It sticks like decals, vomit, venom and algae
Do I wanna die, man I'm sure like Al B
You couldn't guess the name of my demon and pull him out me
Wanna hang with Dean?
Well you'll need a chair and about three
Feet of rope for me to cope if I'm rolling without cheese
Yeah

And all we men are blind mice
A blind eye discerned for nothing
With a finger on control
Just squash panic button

Stop fronting, flabbergasted
As if I would die for plastics
With a chip on shoulders bigger
Bigger than your bully masters
My road is laid with cobblestones
Your house is made with stick
I fortified the landscape, refortified the brick
We called it doomsday
So you play the plight for rhythm
And psyches giving the night
Pierce the light in prisms of sight
Forgiver with sore eyes
A slight slice, incision to bite through your lifeline
A knife can get 'em with my sinister blind side
And I can give it a succubus
To a life worth living
So we can break the measures of them tethered to thought
Travelled lands to the dead
I'll nail your hands on the cross
Burn experiment I've wrought
So if you and I lost
Don't sweat it
Get beheaded on this suicide watch, man