

Shadowboxing 2005

Ces Cru

I breaks it down, do my own thizzle
Kill beat and thug people each weekend
Godi changin' eye wear and dress changin'
Nelly's hummin' go 'head try and sell me somethin'
Blowin' cash and, goin' out and fuckin' ass and gettin' smashed
Drink anything, hunh Hennessy, Cris, Mo and Captain
Now everybody talkin' bout their platinum, hmmm
Is you bustin' skill or is he flashin', hmmm
Talk about your cash flow
Heard about how you were loaded at your last show
Italian Stallion, chinky rhymes hot though
From the fat to the blubber on my big hoes
I keep it movin' know just what the fuck I'm doin'
Jack the RZA track, keepin' that you have to use a
Gat to get it back, the CES need necklaces, Cris, Glocks and jet-skis
Cross Vermouth and shit with Pepsi
You know my Steez
Company should merge with me
My logo on your lunchbox, most certainly
Go spin suckas, give me weed caught and phone crush ya
You don't like it, dick up in ya fuck ya

I blazed emcees before I ever smoked trees
My style broke motherfuckin' backs like Chris Reeve
Most say Jason is loud and absurd
On some bullshit, Roger got 'em bitin' a curb
He's the third general, Lucid, Perseph and the Sorceress
Swingin' broad swords and they use piles and corpses
Then it's me, the one the haters can't see
Once CES Cru breaks through unexpectedly
To bounce a check my sword still remains imperial
So after wake and bake I eat a few bowls of cereal
We reign all year 'round from June to June
My ninjas strike immediately if not soon
Brother lynchin, inform the execution date
As this 2000 beyond slang suffocate
Amplify samples through rappin' about depression
Call Jason to smoke about 20 nothin' less than

My rhymes start shit and get all splattery and nasty like hot liquid
This be that CES shit, I don't give a cotton pickin'
Fuck about a brother grabbin' on his dick and nuts
I hold my own, my sight style be on the phone
Makin' sure that me and Dean got the hypes shows
No time to eat, forever weak like a Herringbone
I'm broke as fuck, never knowin' how the money goes
Ounces son, weed lover number one
From check to check, buyin' hella weed, Philly blunts
Dutchmasters, Garcia Y Vega wrappers
Split and burn bitch, bet I got have at work
Secret stashin' borrowin' my piggy's hollow
Ish the puff, kiss the beard now full swallow
Drivin' Humvees, til the next episode
I'm bleachin' undies, hand on my butt-crack
It's gettin' ugly, mad had to bring it back
Don't understand a fact when it come to spinnin' wax
I don't know to scratch real rap from the trap

Midi town, KC how to be exact
Break it down, all in together
Things are gettin' good, lookin' better now