

Shame

Ces Cru

Sick of roamin' the streets, defeatin' foes whose rhymin' is weak
With their silent 22 speech where they don't even speak
I'm paid seven soviet sleek there ain't no hope for the peace
Say it's better to struggle hard than to be broke or deceased
They starve in the middle east while America over eats
Sendin' soldiers over seas to fight rivals who won't retreat
We're stackin' up the innocent bodies in high piles
Can't stop the force of a nuclear bomb with five bibles
The Holocaust is all out, fall out for five miles
While the president hides the evidence of why with wide smiles
Might catch him in a white lie, watch him defy trial
I'd eat bile before salute crooks with CD piles
Little guppy puppy dogs beg teach me to freestyle
But they lack the discipline so I teach 'em to bleach tile
And sweep the floors first, and wash windows, it's not simple
Mister Myagi can't convert Daniel to pop symbol
For the fam though, my lady in the tramps they off the handle
And I'm not if you thought I was talkin' about Cocker Spaniels
To the cats I know who use to watch spice when they block the channel
And to all the chicks who after I'd fuck 'em they'd talk and ramble
Yo

What's with the fame
The fame, it came fast ya'll
Nothing's the same in the game, they playin' trash ball
Fuck what your brain retained
You made a bad call
That shit's a shame, a shame I'm sayin' that's all
What's with the blame
The blame, it came fast ya'll
Nothing's the same in the game, they playin' trash ball
Fuck what your brain retained
You made a bad call
That shit's a shame, a shame I'm sayin' that's all

I'm too big for this baby bottle so I'm spittin' this knife
Fuck kissin' and cuddle, pick a thine, give it a slice
Black, red and a shade a grey just my vision of life
Act better and stay ashamed, paint the picture a strife
Pickin' a fight with a brick a pipe, shovel and axe
Deliver kick to your face till your muscles relax
So start dodging dark logic and sharp objects
Blow you apart like fireworks to art projects
Pop Poppity pop pop pop

Pop rockets, and dick missles
Sinead O'connor piss pot pie and shit sickles
I use a pair of red hot pliers to twist nipples
And ride you motherfuckers with balance like tricycles
Sinner so dope, somebody come tell 'em about himself
He don't know bein' this confident is bad for his health
Look out below bro, here goes something similar to the worst
Takes about three times the blood in your body to quench his thirst so
Hear how the verse go, dissin' no disclaimer
Discabar without a mask, and you ask him to act lamer
Put a two by four onto of your back with a cross planar
The motherfuckers following Jesus and cross trainers

Check the, some doubt it sayin' that Ces is all outta seconds
Shoulda supplemented dinner for supper and had 2nds
Shoulda disregard 'em both and had beer with a bad breakfast
Where I got this 100 dollars from hustlin' Brad's necklace
I'm half reckless
Half gamblin' with my life
Half a sack short of a blunt
A lunatic with a bloody knife
And it's a long road of hope when you walkin' round in a circle
Try to hold your breath and run it until your face turn purple
Prescribin' medicine
Vanquishing these veterans plus
Put lead on top of cheddar then everyone's better than us

I'm too big for this baby bottle so I'm spittin' this knife
Fuck kissin' and cuddle, pick a thine, give it a slice
Black, red and a shade a grey just my vision of life
Act better and stay ashamed, paint the picture a strife
Pickin' a fight with a brick a pipe, shovel and axe
Deliver kick to your face till your muscles relax
So start dodging dark logic and sharp objects
Blow you apart like fireworks to art projects
Pop Poppity pop pop pop