

# Shut Up

Ces Cru

Long before all of this, I explored darkness  
Before marketing strategies and artist savage agreed  
First I had to be sick, and as flick as in the cypher when I bust  
Plus I gotta be big pimpin' when I'm lightin' it up  
And make sure that each rhyme is hittin'  
When I'm writin' I'm dumpin'  
No way  
They gon' cop and listen if your life's in a slump  
And most days I'll be on a mission  
Pay the price at the pump  
I'll be dippin' hittin up quick trip more than twice in a month  
I ain't chicken you bitch  
Ubiquitous been wide from the jump  
Spittin' pissin' vinegar bitter bits I slice with the tongue  
And that chitter-chatter don't matter  
Fingers pry from the rungs on the ladder  
Say "later hater"  
Snatch the life from your lungs  
The master mage  
Capture enemy troops  
Ready recruits  
OG's with a nose clean of all the 'phetamine boosts  
Tell 'em you'll never leave loot  
Two pair of socks, one pair of boots  
Then para-troop on the capital  
With gats and ebony suits  
Nobody shoots, keep safety on your weapons we shoot  
Only when ordered to do so upon Persephone's cue  
The formula stays the same except the recipe's new  
Ain't no testin' me in the game, even the referee's crew  
When CES Cru let's loose the skill  
Either be peppered or killed  
After the capital next on the list it's Beverly Hills  
Underestimating the CES has got me ready to kill  
Underestimating the CES since we dropped Ready'N Will  
Ya'll better chill (the fuck out)  
'Cause none of ya'll wanted what Tommy lift  
Godemis, Lucid and Roger Kent slay a hater, anonymous  
Hollow tip when you talkin' you talkin' that hollow shit  
Fat lip full of collagen  
Spit it hotter than Halogen

So chill the fuck out (yeah)  
Now sit the fuck down (down)  
And shut the fuck up (uh-huh)  
Now get the fuck up (or what?)  
Motherfucker stand down (what)  
Throw your fuckin' hands up (hands up)  
Pick it up, now hands down, don't get mixed the fuck up  
Ya'll better chill the fuck out  
Now sit the fuck down (down)  
And shut the fuck up (up)  
Now listen the fuck up (now)  
Motherfucker hands down (down)  
Throw your fuckin' hands up (up)  
Don't fuck it up, now hands down (down)  
Heads get mixed the fuck up

Ya'll better chill the fuck out

What I need in my life  
Peace of mind, Good weed and a mic  
20/20 vision peepin' what the scenery's like  
So let the blindness of the game intervene in your sight  
Enemy fire comin' on your left so lean to the right  
Ces came to get you airheads high as a kite  
And Kimberly the state of nirvana like ridin' a bike  
Cause all the sleepers keep snoozin' they afraid of the light  
It's not tough to get you open with the blade of a knife  
You stuck pumpin' them birds  
I be blazin' a mic  
With the Sorceress on the left of me, UBI on the right  
It's like I maintain  
Only to crash and burn harder and hotter than last time  
I don't spit cash rhymes  
I spit the ridiculous shit  
And off a rail or a line  
Forgin' an MO blowin' holes through your thick ass dime  
And I don't want trouble, all I wants to double the buzz  
And triple the love  
We're impervious to you thugs  
Why the hell you wildin' out bustin' off all of them slugs  
And you could be the bigger man and sweep it under the rug  
We got to act right, properly conducted in clubs  
To lock it down without the yellow tape and buckets of blood  
Claiming it wasn't enough and in reality it was  
Fifty hungry gorilla infantry to rally with us  
To whose holdin' atomic weapons doesn't matter as much  
Titter tatter you fucks, takin' heads to tally 'em up  
I've had enough  
J-Dodemis Ubi, and Tommy Lift (c'mon)  
Lucid to whoever's honestly (what up) claimin' they got the gift  
With none in the clip all the fuck you run is your lips  
To everybody gettin' rained on from under my tip  
Ya'll better

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It starts with a sketch  
Scribbling lines in the page jargon and text  
Warrior wordsmith wielding a poison tongue  
With an arsenic-drenched arsenal of darts to dispense  
Armour defence deflecting arrows  
Peril: imminent, risky  
Odds to bet it all to your death to pit against me  
I reckon its fifty-fifty

With chances are slimmin' 'em  
Skilled marksman targeted one shot between the eyes  
Like four S's in Mississippi  
More precious than Craft in this artist  
Half his breath in this inner city  
Rap with passion, the hardest  
Dark depression commits are fitting  
Grapple with life  
Mastered the hardest lesson, sitting pretty  
Strictly speaking  
Won't fade away to misty regions  
Slippin' deeper  
Weed-smoking to chase the pain away  
Livin' life in monotony, painting it shades of grey  
Rather be crippled, bling, in poverty  
Naked and fade for pray  
Dedicated to predecessors who paved the way  
And listeners, the reason we came to this stage to play