

Sinister

Ces Cru

What's grosser than gross, yo what's grosser than that?
Ten babies in a trash can, ten pounds of baby fat
Yo what's grosser than gross, now what's grosser than that?
Ten thousand burning Afghans ten thousand maniacs

Straight out from purgatory with souls who'll murder for me
Juggernaut, shotgun and cheeba while I'm chugging a forty
Shawtys are all flesh depressed
And got people feeling you sick n shit
Plus spells and hexagram mathematic
Packed to your wicked with
Now that's some different shit
Don't get open just for the listener
I'm cynical couplet finisher
Villager with a derringer
I'm sinister
And sorted out "sorta"s "kinda"s and "maybe"s
Not to contradict
But condoms are no solution for babies
Say we gotta control
Could have been brain surgeons or something
Now we all decided ride on these backstabbers who's fronting
Are you feeling that?
Are we feeling that?
Stop asking us that
'Cause in myself speaks to himself I gotta answer us back
Right and exact man
Right up your alley
Sinister
Energy ball diminisher
The killer lurks
Slithering past on your way
Passion to blast you away
For cash a cab and soufflé
Party line or the two way
We do slay
Even you damaged on the regular
Rocking patches over your eyes
Capturing concubines and tattooing CES on their inner thighs
Tied sinister
Heard about preacher's daughter and the minister
Missionary to spooning passed her off to me to finish her
Stay sinister style blender-er handler style re-kindler
Guest starred upon the track this batshit
You couldn't remember-er
Rule bender-er hinder you hopeless know this
Focus before you know bliss notice I am sinister

It's getting sinister how long have I been in a blur?
As long as I've been getting high I tried to quit it didn't work
Is it wrong that I descend to ties
Inventing rhymes and written word?
All the time I spent it, high, in treetops burning conifer
The commodores concocting consciousness to crush the commoners
I'll serve you and your partner
With a matching verse for him and her
The master major's in a hearse

Happily boarding passengers glass I'll give us curse
Who's passed the living earth we're crashing in the dirt
Any last minute words?
The cancer curse has been dispersed
Within my brain the image burned
Been chilling out extensively, came back to raise the temperature
I captivate
Consensus confirmed the massive percentage rate
Y'all had to bite
I lost my appetite then passed the dinner plate
You bastards imitate
Your plastic pen is fake
Do I have to demonstrate?
My pen's heavy expenditure makes every appendage hurt
My enemies tend to lurk in my presence
I never search for nemesis
Cause them exist but their garbage-like men at work
I never miss messing with CES
You know what that sentence is
Met with Sorceress and the rest and been sinister ever since
So best surrender Sir
The death avenger-er the life-span limiter
The left to right hand switcher-er
Stage ripper, mic stand dipper-er
Ubiquitous get sick for sure
Gotta wonder if there is a cure
For splitting words and dissing herbs and pissing on you little nerds

Ten thousand machines top of the beanstalk
Leaves, stalks
Sinister scented chemical mixtures
Brainwaves rack intentions
The dagger-er type fixtures rip ya
Visions will be the centre of attention
Malformed sentient
Witty ratchet witch with a sickness for every cure
Shock re-cleanser-er counter clockwise balance replenisher
One soul per wisher-er, cynical, leaving villagers in a stir
Shot and sipper-er
If done it sure creates savage signatures
Secret snatching snitcher-er
Homely hobbit now turned adventurer
Or as common as a place to cook in
Sonnets n' seldom heard
Practise capturing chords
To unwind the ties that hinder her
Knowledge distributor
Defender-er of indigenous lands and all its visitors
New violence from a secluded spot
My inner winter works
Flesh-stripper-er
With sharpened talons that statch and gripper-er
Pick-pocket and got death and a boxed-in life in a cylinder
Pick-pocket and got death and a boxed-in life in a cylinder
Sinister...
... Sinister...
... Sinister...