

Teeter

Ces Cru

Hello
Cesphilians
Wake up
Hah Hah Uh, Lenny D!
This is a journey into sound
Kids these days don't care for things
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Don't teeter-totter, share the swings
It's embarrassing. Nobody's acting right
One ball on the playground that's a fight
Lets get back to life, back, back to reality
Relax I'm tight and I don't lack personality
Go ask I'm nice, ain't heard a bad word about him
He's a splash of life, miss the trash that surround him
See I play back position, display raps efficient
While they lack conviction, even they ask assistance
Just lay back and listen kid, okay, back to business
They thought we never come out like them Arabs in prison
But we came back with a disc full of phenomenal songs
George Bush Guantanamo gone, but full throttle it's on
I can meningite it, she moved to raise my mood up, ass
Obama, Saddam, Osama, Islam
The Bay get they thizz on, Dirty South get your grit on
In the mid-west get it hot that pot you could not get a lid on
So rock this with your rims glowing or walking with your headphones
I covered them with red dots when i got them in the dead zone
When i rock them, ain't nobody gonna stop him
I know how to get it poppin
Puff raw cannabis from Boston back to Los Angeles and Austin
I'm scheming and plotting, me giving you a reason to watch him
Killing the beat when they drop it to relive it in peace and prosperous

Turn the beat on
I didn't enter to get my repeat on
Plus all these little rappers is just something to skeet on
Fuckin peons, we on another level you gotta love it
Pop it in the deck and then tell me what you thought of it
But it could be misconstrued, as dick riding is something
Just be sure to keep it in the rotation riding and bumping something local
Hopefully I've ruined your damn plans
Back with less inches then before, two in the Tan van
I'm sleeping and eating perverted While I'm beating the beat in the face cau
se the can't can
My time is today, catering to the masses and all
While I'm using the gift of gab to put me a stash in the wall
Bigger they come harder they fall, I'm balanced like three pegs
Now we about to roll this one out them, that's what she said
It's a celebration bitches, we give them reason to party
But life is more then child support, bitches, and sipping Bacardi, right?
Better believe it's on tonight, whenever this team is on the mic
We got em rocking like somebody hit them with dynamite
We recite hideous verses while looking dapper as fuck
Ubi hit them with a bat diamond Godemis comes to hack em up