

Sweets

Chester Watson

So, sweet
My hair is unkempt
Uncomfortable in my skin like I'm a bear in a tent
But the beat bang these sporadic snares, no stencils
Gotta add the flair in it, so the stare is relentless
Intensive to the senses, utter prayers of the chimps
Niggas taking shots at me but don't care for the shrimps
Kahmi's all gold grills carry karats of ten
And watching tossie get a stare cause they airing the Simpsons
Bitch niggas steady whisper but the air is elliptic
Hear shit talking from the grapevine, better get lost
Young swag niggas call him up, get tossed into thick coffins
No empty threats with this stiff
Often sit ducked off in a trough, while I rid smog
And stick to the script, or your chick lick while my dick soft
as fuck nigga, I'm bounded by fuck niggas
In this all red fit like I'm inducted some Klux niggas (word!)\nReferring niggas to Brian, he curving pucks
And dips be complaining like "why you never feeling me up Chza?
"
I got a lady and she really is something
Plus I'm not the shady nigga that you usually fuck with
So, please
Just leave my presence
Let me levitate my intellect while I'm seizing a crescent
Hip-hop heads like (Sweet Jesus he blessed it!)\nIn a white Devillain tee, so the steeze is perfection
Eclectic what I be's with the bees in the birds
Definition of success is hella keys of the herb
But I've already learned a lesson, mega cheese is a curse
So I don't pay any attention and I breathe with the earths, bre
eze
Cease or disperse, that's the way of the kings
And I need to be first
Better sway with the cleans
Or you lay as deceased, an array of the beast is what I roll wi
th
Sweets roll beefier than troll tits