

# CUJO

Tobe Nwigwe

Free your mind up, be formless  
Shapeless like water (Water)  
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Look, first off you should understand that the big boss dawg ain't gotta rap  
I do it for the ones who come from crumbs and the slums with the drums, flip  
pin' the packs  
My angle  
I ain't gon' lie, that hoe love opps too  
But I keep a blammer when I'm with the family 'cause I'm prepared for whatever the opps do  
Give props to me and Nell, hell, we figured it out  
They independent and keep a high percentage of my distribution, word to Steve Stout  
Boss talk (Free your mind up)  
But on these beats I never seize to keep it lethal  
Keep a baby rapper layin' in the fetal  
Fat had my baby then we had a sequel, had to double up  
Got that ultra black dad drip game  
Where I'm from, playa, swear a drum major ain't the only one who that can flip 'caine, ouu  
But these streets are feeble when it come to evil  
And my kinfolk was just like Optimus in his prime  
Had his mind wrapped with diesel, all gas  
No breaks, no fake chase, I eat beats, I scrape plates  
If you need water I'm the Great Lakes, dawg, I'm  
Alkaline with the rhymes, I design, hard to find  
Any kind, shape, form, or fashion of rapper that can match me, I'm a dragon  
All the competition beat the system in some Nike slides and white socks  
'Cause what I'm spittin' swear the vision on ultralight beam, no cyclops  
My block is what I keep inside me  
I was raised 'round Gs who like to ride  
And if they ever move piece they kept it silent, like  
Psalm, psychic, pneumonia, a pseudo, but you know I'm too cold  
The only thing I lack is fructose  
Ain't nothing sweet about me, I'm Cujo

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(Yo, Bill, ay)  
So good it don't make no sense  
You know the flow like water, I don't need no rinse  
You still purple rain, yeah, I feel like Prince  
I look forward to the money, I ain't look back since  
You know the boy drip hard to the point I'm drenchin'  
Need a franchise tag, I don't see no bench  
Keep a tool closeby, I don't need no wrench  
You fake Gs, now Gucci ain't make 'em prints  
I'm still on a killing spree, put out a APB  
You know I stand in my bag, I'm an [?]  
I'm goin' up like wheelie on the ATV  
A big dog, yeah, I'm restin', but they can't see  
A top shotter with the clicks clacks, big facts

I move a lot of big packs, let it riff raff  
Wrong move, that'll get a dude gift-wrapped  
The upper echelon flow, yeah, this that  
Who want smoke? I'm deliverin' a big batch  
Big rats, been scratched, yeah, the big sack  
Play with me, that mask gettin' dispatched  
Flow nasty like soda when it get flat  
Saint Bernard, New Yorker, that's a mismatch  
Every ball like a flame on a lit match  
Pockets lookin' like a presidential kit bag  
Seen broke, disagreed, had to fix that  
I leave the beat with a cujo bite  
I do it bad, need two more mics  
The game over, need two more lights  
I tap twice, but at the gram I don't do no likes  
I'm from the hood where we shoot, we don't do no fights  
We don't talk to police, we don't do no mics  
We keep raid for a roach, we don't do your type  
I'm in a [?] when I threw those dice  
I'll send 'em straight to the maker after two more strikes, yeah

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You see the problem with you people is that is sin. You're gallivanting around as if the world is twisting your toe. When all the world is asking you to do is something very simple. And that's be like water, water.