Speakeasy

Four80East

[Intro: Bluesman Ceddy St. Louis]
Please settle downs, everybody sit down
Sit down for a second, Mildred!
Mildred, get yo' goddamn feet off the table
(It's a Big E beat!) C'mon now, shit
This is, this is why we don't ever have nothin man
It's a good evenin here, Ceddy St. Louis
This right here about to bring to the stage
is a gentleman from Port Arther, Texas
Real gentleman, real singer, real story teller
Real gangsta, a true veteran of the bid'ness
Y'all show him some love, talk to 'em Bun

[Bun B]
Thank y'all for comin to see me this evenin (yeah)
Cookin this cajun I laced it with seasonin (huh)
In here, I been here and don't plan on leavin
The king of the trill's 'bout to pass, who's receivin?
I'm throwin, I'm throwed on, the mic I explode
Slow all that bangin mayne just like my load
Don't test me or stress me, I'm in that mode
where I could just black out and leave yo' ass flo'ed
Benzes and Beamers I drove 'em and slabbed 'em
Big booty hoes I exposed 'em and grabbed 'em
Take 'em right out of they clothes and I have 'em
They pussy is golden (what) my dick is platinum
And hard as a diamond, I'm hard when I'm rhymin
I'm closer to God, like Eric B. I'm in
that get money frame of mind, any day and time
That's what this is and shit ain't no shame in mine

[Interlude: Bluesman Ceddy St. Louis ad libbing]

[Bun B]
Back on that bullshit so bring in the cattle
Ready for war so let's get to the battle
Niggaz is babies with bottles and rattles
The street lights is on, it's your curfew, ske-daddle
That all you got G? You comin up short

You ain't got the muscle, you ain't got the heart
You need actin classes, you can't play the part
Yo' mind ain't on money you need to get smart
I'm known to spit darts that'll land in the center
Right in the red for the breadwinner in her
Stack in the summer, the ball in the winter
I'm grippin that wood (shit) just got a splinter
You's a beginner, a novice, a rookie
How you got bricks when you can't cop a cookie?
We after paper, you after the nookie
You bet against me and you lost, pay the bookie

[Interlude: Bluesman Ceddy St. Louis ad libbing]

[Twista]
Twista~!
They can never run in my shoes, they know nothin 'bout the ones and the twos (nope)
Murder to the drums when I bruise, Twista killin them with Bun and the Blues (yup)
Competition better study harder cause I feel like we done found another tune (tune)
They gon' try to to be like Muddy Waters, I'ma be the man howlin at the moon (arooo!)
Comin up and standin on my stack (stack) a veteran but keep my lyrics dope (dope)
And you still listen out the ride (ride) I ain't even got a car note (nope)
Y'all ain't snappin cause you wicked crushed and I'ma get 'em, I could tell her (tell her)
Fall dash rapper when you tell 'em bust, he can even spit the a cappella ('pella)
He can even come right off the top (no) he don't kill 'em even though he crumb (no)
He can only kill 'em in the studio when somebody can help him make a song (yeah)
Ask me why I don't hear it, I told ya
It's nothin but bullshit lyrics in yo' folder (ha ha!)
On the blues we come colder, Bun B's a boa
constrictor, Twista inflicts the pain of a cobra
Flame and I'ma show ya, the remains of a soldier
Down home blues killin niggaz in the game, 'til it's over

[Outro: Bluesman Ceddy St. Louis ad libbing]

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