

# Sound Bite

## Ces Cru

Paint my face now you're hearin' a clown right?  
The flow's Tyson, livin' fear in the sound bite  
What the fuck y'all want, with a nigga with no marbles  
Put hearts in a jar then swallow the whole jarful  
Blind marksman in a ghillie suit, let off  
With a grunt, while I'm murderin' mini troops  
They're miniature, many troops in need of a medic, they better wrap gauze  
I'm a heretic and never pray to a rap god  
I fling blood on a door, whisper prayers in reverse  
Cast curse sling blood on a whore  
Slap the fuck out the Deacon, he's reachin' for that book  
Set the pages to flames, your lord is a lame, look  
I'ma invert the crucifix, feast on a virgin  
Work the word in, use ribs for toothpicks  
My Strange family crew's loose knit  
The radio don't even give us no play and we don't give two shits  
Jason Deevil, define his rhyming illegal  
While he's takin' warning shots out the eye of an iron eagle  
Wavy, I battle goons, you mad at whom, you outta tune  
But I ain't worried, they versed me inside a padded room  
My vibe humming it come from inside a dying sun  
Add it to the Saturn moons, Pythagoras find a sum  
(Living by the sword, my strict diet is by the gun  
Claiming they not pussy but wet as vagina comes)  
I'm comin' fresh off the bus, big trees on my brain  
Run up in the spot, eyes freeze on my frame  
They looking I ain't trying to duck  
See what the club cooking up  
Bad bitch, heaven sent, hellbent on hooking up  
In the back of the venue, she putting pressure on me  
No matter how much she push, it's never gon be  
I swear this lifestyle was never for me  
I swear to the god of war, I'll never tour free  
Now I'm swimming in dirty women, let me backstroke  
I could leave it to beave or be the Eddie Haskell  
Damn, now I'm coming off like a petty asshole  
But it's better than buyin' beers for Betty Bashful  
Hah, What I'm trying to see is some steady cash flow  
Rain down parade style, confetti with flag flown  
I'm on a float flying, with dope sinus

Sniffing out the lames, I came with co-signage  
 Flame, thrown by him my game, Kobe Bryant  
 If they don't know why, they can blame the flow  
 I ain't afraid to show, shine in my chain  
 Frankly a fraction of what you'd find in my brain  
 Lion to tame, eye on the game  
 Watching my environment change Where many have passed on, only have remained  
 Livewire the game, prolly kick a hole in ya brain  
 If we spinning out of control, ya know I'm rolling a plane  
 Ces so entertain (ing), Never sick with the Gan (grene)  
 Think it could be so wonderful, run with the A (team)  
 I bet you sweating bullets from under the ray (beam)  
 Cause my penis and my pistol do sorta the same (thing)  
 You full of faith, fearful of shit that you ain't seen  
 Fans are repping Ces from here in the middi to Beijing  
 (Is the sandman comin' to give me a daydream?)  
 Putting y'all under the dirt and we getting away clean  
 (I stay in tune with karma, and bare the weight like I'm movin' in water  
 Illuminati's an illusion now use a comma  
 Show me a rap god, Tutankhamun is too uncommon  
 Pompeii when I'm busting, I'm spewing lava  
 And you ain't gotta ask why it works, or backslide your words  
 All you gotta know is we both back, dying of thirst  
 Every session is blessed, I'm baptizing the verse  
 You better hold ya breath when you pass by the church  
 Uh, I put my people on Jack Ryan alert  
 Please pacify the perp in the back buying the shirt  
 Our core fans bumping this track riding to work  
 Mature fans classy as yours, we going worldwide  
 Really we only came for packing the floor, man  
 That girl fly but she's macking the doorman  
 After the show it's back to the tour van  
 Back Packed full of clothes, I'm back on the road)

Songwriters

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