Ricochet

Ces Cru

Certified and superior Emcee
What better a way for us to celebrate and fucking roll things out?
The crew is Ces and yes, we came to make the whole thing bounce and move your neck
Recession proof pressed my band
Maneuver luminous
Plan to move it out the Midwest, Vancouver, BudapestYo, I must confess
It's new manure to address
Couldn't be more Young Thug if you were in a dress
Doing less, than a little and I mean it literally
Motherfuckers grind Pitifully with a capital 'P'
We don't associate with those lames
I go in Lois Lane
Low and slow my aim
Slower and centered over your shoulder bladesGodi throw grenades while hollering "Flash out"
Start shit, chucking bricks when I live in a glass houseWith they pseudo CES weaponry
How could they hope to have an effect on me?
It's like a hurricane on rage hoping to wet the seaTryna wreck a G
They falling off, catching leprosy
37 chambers, we taking them to the next degree
I don't know why they doubted us
When they bounced they sold out on us
My day ones hated, but Mama was so proud of us
They show malice to us, but the flow powerless
The ricochet commonly come from a low calibre
Ugh, the hate you gave
No doubt I'm a thug
Devouring y'all and all with the power of love
Brother I'm back working
Way that they use it, the Gat worthless
Standing inside a cube, while they shoot at a flat surface
Word on the street is to aim at your back turning
Came in the game to outsmart stupid and sack serpents
Jake the snake in the ring
Iron sheik with a turban
A fire breather, I'm burning, I find a reason to hurt 'em, word
Out in the street they call it murder
I don't know what you heard, but, uh, you're just a burger
Mini-Meal and nothing further
I got your star marksman clutching burners and pulling out

Sniper harbour bullets bouncing off of Clark KentAll of the disses they spitting are so repetitive
Niggas are nascent their knowledge is in the negative
Just begging
Without a fuck to give about what it was supposed to be to ya
They take lame aim, and then fire through social media
Ignore it until they fodder, I oughta be at a faction
See, they ain't hold me back y'all just look at the main attraction
They fucking haters debating on who's the best then
Again I do believe it's easier just to press in
Maybe they poppin' off, cause they wanna make an impression
The day they meet their maker pray it may teach them a lesson
They outside looking in tryna peep it
You blew it, I am LeWitt, my serpent's are few and secret
Decided to double diss 'em, leave 'em in disarray
I'm dwelling in oblivion, dummies, bullets will ricochet
And by the time you chime in you're merely a critic
Everybody telling you how to do it, they never did it, get it?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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