Phineas Gage

Ces Cru

Sun- Sun- Sun-tzu manifested-
Heh, don't take life so seriously, man!
(Scratched) Sun- Sun- Sun-tzu manifested-
They say that uh, we're here for a good time, man, not a long one
Be at peace!Bless the bay mac dre rest in peace fat tone. Yo
I ain't ever tryin to be that schmoe
With three fat hoes, on a recap show
I lay fly bitch down inside a sweet chateau
You want a show? Push your motherfuckin' seat back, bro
But you can ease back though with all the feedback though
My people show me mad love whenever we back home
I bake cake, stack dough, make three stacks four
All we see cash come, all you see cash go Yo!
Kneel down and get your kneecaps blown
Oh the rap game, maybe you should leave that 'lone
Same shit you snapped on, shit that we passed on
I don't give a flying fuck about your d-bag song
New friend tryn'a to slide up on the team back off
There's not a titty that round, nor a weed that strong
I'm in the game full time, fin'na see jack long
You're killin' my high, let me see that bong Ces Cru you bitch!
You ain't gotta guess who in the mix
It's Superman standin' next to Lex Luthor and shit
I'm lookin' at all of y'all like who's the next dude on the list
If I had recruited you then, I bet that you would've dipped
But for real dog, your rap squad's stupid as shit
Staggerin', slack-jawed, wear a pair of shoe if it fits
Question: Where were you when this shit
Was backyard boogie down? Everybody parachuted and split
'Cause none of y'all could see what I knew would exist
The fuck is more therapeutic than this? I give thanks where due
It's nothing more, if you were legit then I thank you
Now you Mr. Manipulation ain't it a bitch that I came to?
I've done a dozen things you did in a day
Way I did it damn it doesn't even begin to explain
I roll a blunt, out of rosebud, Citizen Kane
Bleed out my motherfuckin' soul bruh, minimum wage- what?
All my enemies and critics complain
They swear that one day I'll pay for my sinister ways

It's really a shame; penny earned, penny was saved
Career hit a spike head on, Phineas Gage, bitch

Songwriters
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