

# Blindfold (feat. Wrekonize)

Ces Cru

Forget the BS, you wanna be Ces?  
You better OD until you DOA  
In a minute we gone, it couldn't be that we on  
The next shit that we own and we don't play  
Blindfold em and (line em up in a row) I'm bored out of my fucking mind with these fat asses and fast food  
Fake beefs and rap crews, snap-backs and tattoos  
Every new fad is just bad news, like I need that I watch CNN  
Stressed up from the chest up, it's a good thing that we knee-deep in  
We in the real world, shit's real dog  
I don't care what you don't feel dog  
People countin' on me like chip stacks  
And a matter of fact I got bills dog  
Doin' B-I, hella B-I-G with the bosses, up at the office  
No leverage, I gotta eat so, I'ma take whatever he offers  
It better be legit, and you can eat a dick  
I been working shifts up at the Pita pit  
Got a contract, couldn't respond back  
Lost contact, couldn't read the shit  
May never know what might've been  
But then again, considering I'm on the grind  
Somebody hold em, blindfold em, one last smoke set em up in a line Forget the BS, you wanna be Ces?  
You better OD until you DOA  
In a minute we gone, it couldn't be that we on  
The next shit that we own and we don't play  
Blindfold em and (line em up in a row)  
Forget the BS, you wanna be Ces?  
You better OD until you DOA  
In a minute we gone, it couldn't be that we on  
The next shit that we own and we don't play  
Blindfold em and (line em up in a row) Line em all up on the wall and then aim at it  
Way that we came at the game like a pain addict  
The way we came at, like it ain't matter  
Brain scatter your grey matter like cake batter  
Swing batter batter swing, he can't hit he can't hit  
They want my spot on the label but they can't have it  
You sick of seeing my face, pasted up in the place  
Shit I don't know what to say bitch you can blame Travis  
Snake and bat we chain react you think it's  
Easy huh, wanna be the one?

Go easy bro you think its easy come?  
But they don't see me go, what have we become?  
When I'm on the road, I don't see my son  
Two months at a time on the eat and run  
Put the check on the rent and then eat the crumbs  
Pull the change out the couch and the pizza come  
I'm wide awake, y'all taking naps  
Trying to join our rank I ain't taking apps  
I don't see these funds, Imma speak in tongue  
Payback's a bitch and she don't pay in cash  
We never quit when they tell us no because the  
Love and respect's what I felt the most, so I  
Exercise my self-control, but which one of y'all helped me though?  
Blindfold 'em... You with the BS, you wanna be Wrek?  
You droppin' demo discs, I'm hittin' eject  
I wanna tell you the bottom line is a typical topic  
And I'm a pinnacle prophet of time, the best  
Watch me closer now, line em up in a row  
Blindfold the crowd, line em up in a row  
Rhyme hold em down, line em up in a row  
I warn you now clown, here we go If you gotta get a weapon and get to steppin'  
I'm reckon' every second that I'm checkin' the freakin' record  
It's Wrek and I been kickin' it incessantly  
Gen & Tech and my twenty-second beckon for the  
Deepest of women, get 'em!  
If you gotta get a crew, get a Ces one  
You'll make a motherfuckin' move for the next one  
Checks come homie when the best drum flex huh  
Better be gettin' ready for the moment that the flesh bumps  
I been talkin' to myself bout the honors on the shelf  
Get ya head spun  
You need a place to pray, hope for better god to hate  
Shit I probably can erect one  
I been rockin' with the Ces since the prophets at the back  
Got a leg up on the neck son  
Every time the brother speak, you just know it's gettin' deep  
When you wake up with the dead ones Forget the BS, you wanna be Ces?  
You better OD until you DOA  
In a minute we gone, it couldn't be that we on  
The next shit that we own and we don't play  
Blindfold em and (line em up in a row)  
Forget the BS, you wanna be Ces?  
You better OD until you DOA  
In a minute we gone, it couldn't be that we on  
The next shit that we own and we don't play

Blindfold em and (line em up in a row)Ring around the Middi, we hit that wall  
We the shit and comin' to hit that stall  
Enemies enterin' in the ring back off  
We pop up whenever we get that call  
Ain't nobody gonna body me, no man  
I'm takin' the bull by the horn with both hands  
So, breakin' the rules, I'ma go with no plans  
Of reconciliation, I look and put ya face in  
Trace it back to the basement, where it came from  
Lick another shot with the ray gun  
I'm true to the shit, y'all new to the script  
Wonder why I lick a shot with the same tongue  
Shit's beyond easy, so be gone ya peon  
If we on, then roll up bleezies  
Blindfold em so when they don't see me  
They point a finger as if I'ma hate on Weezy  
Please believe me or leave me to be  
Lock em and load em, pop to B street  
It's all fly in the vanilla sky  
420 motherfucker, wanna rock to this beat?  
It stops officially, the bucks I mean  
Get em up I mean  
Elevated on a hater, bringin' up the scene  
Ready to unload it on ya motherfuckin' team

Songwriters

Miller, Steven S / Aiello, Stephen Matthew / Newton, JakePublished by  
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>