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 lineForget the BS, you wanna be Ces?
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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 goIf you gotta get a weapon and get to steppin'
I'm reckin' 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 onesForget the BS, you wanna be Ces?
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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
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