Strange Creature (feat. Murs)

Ces Cru

Past dreams, past hopes and schemes, my cru's flowin
And blowin up and that's dope to me homie I
Open your chi with the stroke of a key and you can
Scope it in threes bro it's totally sweet!!
My poetry's so many bullet bills loaded and cocked
Fannin the hammer head sharp shooter blowin my top
The grass knoll park shooter melons will pop
Bearing witness to how the Con-Glom Element rock
Gentlemen pull your mics out, walk em like a tightrope
How to stay a float I, guide em like a lighthouse
Career been getting rocky, hide inside a lifeboat
Panic abandon ship El Cap-i-tain about survival
....let me calm down, dead em on arrival
Place your hands palm down sweatin on the bible
Keep your weapons drawn, manifested all styles
Lucky lefty steppin on your leprechaun title ya bitch
What is up doe? Am I faded?
Fuck No! Sober than a motherfucker
Still on that cut throat
Similar to Aston Coming through blasting
Similies like 2 23's I'm an assassin
Big ass bullets with a big ass dick
And you can go and ask my mama she'll say "Yeah that's Nick!"
Knew a couple crips, Knew a couple bloods
But I choose to be an insane artist and not a thug
Mixin up words like some volatile chemicals
Tryna blow up like Nitrogen inside an inner tube
Minuscule minds may not comprehend, the depths of my insanity could crush a mortal man
Hear no, See no, speak to evil, I leave that to Godi
I'm the rap Don Cheeto, what the fuck?
And Ubi he could be the tony stark or you could be the coward ass lion with a phony heart
I keep it moving, you dead, I'm ahead a mile
It's heated In the kitchen, I'm chefin, go get a towel
Witness the Resurrection they said I've been dead awhile
And I am a nice guy compared to a pedophile
I'm playing rip van villain so put the beard away
And flowing tidal wavy while chugging another beer today
Could give a shit if the haters appear or hear to stay
And like I won't shake em and throw my fucking career away
Don't ever come at me riffing I ain't a sucker
If my blade's in your cunt then my knife is a motherfucker
Kill alert, ill alert, pen spilling still in the dojo

I curse the Polaroid if I strike a pose for the photo
Click, for sure though, it ain't a problem to pen pain
If I have a death wish If I die its a win, yay
I got the pulling these idiots try to push me
If you are what you eat, then its safe to call me a pussy (pussy)My vocal tone fitted, I broke a bone with it
Trained for combat like a locamoti-div
Bombin on the track like it's Kosovo... get it?
Get my Zach Delarocha on, soak your soul in it
The team I play for is CES we will take organs
Illuminatti leave your body in the great forest
If he want a peace of me then he gon' wait for it
And if he close to me then he don't need to pay for it
Meter maid score it, Anita Bake See a place foreign leavin any day Dorris
Watch over my brother Imma keep em safe: warning
Bitin all up on the hook and I don't need the bait, Norman
I'm leavin break orbit, We in space soarin
Keep a cape, super hero need a break, Norris
Deviate, getting music free I hate Torrent
And if they come at us we wage war, pray for em dog...

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