

# Rubble (feat. Rittz)

## Ces Cru

K-K-Kato on the track, bitch  
Whatever happened to the emcee  
Times done changed for the emcee  
And if he rap, I know he gotta be buzzed  
If you don't know somebody who rap  
You know somebody who does  
It's prob'ly one of your cousins or dude up the block  
Dropped a couple of albums or moved up a notch  
Swallow it up or I don't slack on writing commence  
To eating motherfuckers like Attack on Titan it's real  
I see you headed for your doom, interscope and  
These lesser niggas searching for the moon in the ocean  
My third eye's open, inner vision in 3D  
It's killer city, Missouri murdering 'em on GP  
So fuck 'em all with a condom and I'm a nympho  
This ain't no conversation, no common knowledge no info  
I'm going in and it don't  
Matter who get offended, this shit is premeditated  
So if I said it, I meant it  
I dropped in just to say what up  
Hip hop chuckled to itself and it created us  
Laugh now but y'all dogs better rabie up  
Cause on a real, ball hogs never made us much  
My group precipitates skill, shade by the deal  
Fools forget to play still chasing dollar bills  
I'm feeling great fail if you cruising it's a race  
You hit the brakes bail if you knew what it would take  
To make sales, no run up on the state sales  
My face pale, made a come up on some hate mail  
It's all subtle boy, I hope you enjoy the rebuttal  
Where with the trouble I just shrug when I point to the rubble  
My coin stack, prepare the appointed task  
They avoided the facts, I'm disappointed but back buoyant  
I let him know that that soylent is rap poison  
Comma for selling Belladonna I'll tell him Ill be out  
Bring it right back  
There's more and I'ma need a night cap  
Emcees be bugging me I need a fly trap  
I'm fly as fuck, I look at you and see a piece of white trash  
That got you heated, my bad  
If I can beat him scrapping, I'ma stab him, leave a wide gash  
They leak and he gon need a dry rag  
An ice pack, an eye patch, a life raft

I drown him in a pool of blood  
I'm truly underground, I write my rhymes inside a mine shaft  
Frame by frame I stutter the game, it's like I seen a time lapse  
And every lake is just as bad, I can't look past the traffic jam  
Test the rappers they won't ever pass the class exam  
Blazing like I lit a match and had a can of gas in hand  
You make me mad on stage, I'll backhand a bitch like afro man  
Snap a wrench in half and discipline you like a kid again  
We stomping basic bitches need some titties and an ass implant  
Cold blooded like I'm trapped beneath an avalanche  
Keep bragging 'bout your record deal, I'll jack you for your cash advance  
Bitch You can't be the best emcee if someone else is writing your raps

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>