

Hope (feat. Bernz)

Ces Cru

Feel good, fucker
I'm full of hope
I'm full of hope
You know? You know
With your bitch ass I'm full of hope, yes, truer than a motherfucker
I'm full of smoke, yes, cooler than a motherfucker
Flying through the Midi, the most hated in my city
Couldn't give a bloody fuck, look up, I keep these feelings with me
If a hater marks a hickey, I'm a target come and stick me
I can pick a chick apart so if she starts to acting picky
I be rolling up that sticky while I'm throwing up them deuces
Just a slave to the rhythm, neck inside of seven nooses
I ain't calling him a racist, if you thought so you's a dummy
Death is chasing me while I pursue this money, kind of funny
It's a sunny day in Killer City, if you feel it split a Philly
Skip it, you can feel it with me
Ces about to kill it, really
Let somebody write for me? You's a comedian
Silly, Wayne signed to Sony homie
We are not Milly Vanilly
You are not ready steady, the flow of your energy
Put O'shea in that KC Tea
Pop the top on that Hennessey
Nobody's knockin I can chill got me feelin good
The birds chirpin sun shinin got me feelin good
I'm ridin with the windows down got me feelin good
My city's ill, can't nothin stop me from feelin good
Yeah, y'all got me feelin good
The birds chirpin sun shinin got me feelin good
I'm ridin with the windows down got me feelin good
That's how I feel, can't nothin stop me from feelin good I'm about to take what's mine, I'm a let
them take it easy
Take your time I'll give you space and take your place on TV
It's give and take I'm chasin cheese but that don't make me greedy
If you don't give a fuck they'll rape you and then take it freely
Let's celebrate graffiti fuck it elevate the needy
If only it was that simple to sell a crate of CD's
Let's keep it relevant, how well equipped am I
They debate the creation of my intelligent design
I tried to told em but they didn't listen, It's tougher
To sit in prison then deal with reality and big decisions
Bottled your instinct and slept on intuition

The reason I Stevie Wondered about your depth of inner vision
My dreams manifest that's divination
I'm overwhelmed with possibility
You're stressed about your limitations
It's all about the mindstate you stay in
If you don't like it change the situation
We hope pushers dispensing the most dangerous drug
Tryna give you that pure with each batch we cut up
The heart pumps to a beat, that's why we trap over drums
A little product we got, until the shipping's all done
You want to purchase?
Mayday and Ces, they got about a pound, you heard this?
Your whiskey glass half empty? Well fuck a sermon
Better call your bartender till your throat starts hurting
Until it's burning, the shit's working
Riding down the district, causing nothing but mischief
Bass so heavy you flinching, just to get some attention
Some girls in every direction, thinking the future's ours
Had to bottle this instant, just to sell it to y'all
An enemy of the system for putting it in your system
Yeah it's stranger than fiction, still we cutting it raw
Our products flooding the streets and it's starting to float abroad

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>