

# Highlander

## Ces Cru

We were riding high  
They were rolling low  
We were grinding heavy  
They would take it slow  
They wanna know the game  
But it can't be told...  
No it can't be sold  
Why they thinking that it can't be so You gotta give me space  
I gotta hit these dates  
Got a lot of chicks giving me chase  
But can nobody ever seem to get me the pace, it's quick (YA)  
It's Will Bixby and Gates  
Hit 'em with the real sixteen for cake (YO)  
For god's sakes, what I really needs' a break  
Break it down, roll it up, Philly weed and shake  
Breaking down the rhyme at a millipede's pace  
Pray to see the light of day or will it be a waste  
Hillary's a fake and Don Trump's a fraud  
Either way they both livin' way above the law  
Hip Hop dead, motherfuck this I'm gone  
Master of Puppets and Justice for All  
Load 'em up, Kill 'em All Reload and BRAT  
Death Magnetic let them all Fade to Black  
I been chillin' out in the back hallway  
Waitin' for one of y'all to collapse on stage  
My hat's off, better get your facts all straight  
Before you get figured out and get black balled (HEY)  
I see you runnin' like a track star  
Too bad you run in a circle around in the backyard  
It's like nobody did ever listen to Black Star  
And if they did they probably thought it was whack bars  
I guess they too cool for school they act dumb  
And sell the venom to kids and get 'em a fat sum  
I'm Highlander maybe one of the last ones  
Who give a fuck what they talk about in their rap song (YA)  
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And it can't be sold  
When you're rollin' with the banditos  
Keep an eye on the clock as the hands go around  
Cause you gotta know the time and the season  
Listen up and everybody soundin' like clowns  
They never had a rhyme nor a reason  
The roof is on fire everybody leavin'  
The air is thin and it got everybody wheezin'  
I got the keys keys keys got the keys keys keys  
Which means I be gone for the weekend  
These idiots be acting like I ain't got it when I always had it  
Been at it with a pad and a pen and it never mattered the patterns  
I was developin' hell I been a veteran long as a lot of y'all walkin' the planet and  
I don't need an automatic I'm doing this out of habit, you silly rabbit  
Anybody can have it if you in it then grab it, do it good as the baddest  
Take a look at the status yeah it's Godi doin' the Hammerdance  
Go ahead and forfeit you never had a chance  
They holla at us and we answer with an avalanche  
I'm going Super Saiyan stayin' in a battle stance  
Kamehameha flying out of both of my hands  
I need a milli Travis said to give me that advance  
I probably well enough to never need a battle plan  
Even the Murs guy said I was a battered man  
Show me the money dummy put it in my fucking hand  
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