

## Lil' Cease "Future Sport"

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Let the Monkey out (yo, yo)  
Let the Monkey out (yo, yo)

Yo, yo, this Funk Doc  
Straight up, nigga, lay down  
No time to play now (uh ha)  
Brace be around your hip from the waist down  
Keep it calm and don't react  
Cognac be the Zodiac  
Lo, we back, cock, so these cats won't relax  
You see the face through the open mask, body  
Open gash, hoes throw me cash  
We gon blow, front row, do trash  
I'm a what you call a dog \*Dog barking\*  
Fucking girls that do hair in mini-malls  
Lunatic when Doc spit, four patted walls (uh ha)  
Sick therapy got you back in the raw (uh ha)  
Cocky mass, I put the axe in the door  
Massacre, seminars off Branson jars  
I'll strip your hoe, strip your Benz  
Even strip that black line on your Master Card  
Card, card, card

You're 'afraid to say what you mean  
You're just too scared to say what you feel  
You're afraid of us  
You're afraid of us

BK niggas, hold it down correct (uh ha)  
Been a long time coming, niggas better start running  
Do more than top-gunning  
Dumming like a fifty-dollar sum  
And y'all cowards don't mean nothing (uh huh)  
Kept it real with this Rap shit while you try to go Pop  
I got the Maz' flow down on the schemes and plots (uh ha)  
If I want, nigga, I could come and take your block  
So call them, the first one to call the cops  
Like a lesbi, strictly platinum status nigga, let's see  
I don't wanna test, B, niggas don't impress me  
Who got you gassed like Ghetty, funny like Eddie? (uh huh)

Bris' flow deadly, cuttin' niggas like a machete  
Done, I die tech when it's indirect (c'mon)  
The home team would a never let a nigga disrespect  
(c'mon)  
We carry every object, enough ammo to take 'em (uh  
huh)  
Any ghetto project, so what nigga wanna test?  
(aaaahhh!)  
Wha

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You're just too scared to say what you feel  
You're afraid of us  
You're afraid of us

Yo, yo, ha ha, yo  
It's the phenomenon Cease, kill more than cancer  
Serious, real thug, no dancer (what)  
More cheese than cameras, cock them hammers (uh)  
My fo' fo' leave niggas bent like Montana  
I'm killer than these cats could imagine when I'm  
rapping (oww)  
I make it happen when I'm relaxing  
Who want action? I'm a give you whatcha bargain for  
It's not friction, it's like fiction  
Puttin' these cats outta commission  
Flows that's devastatin', I'm dissin', so listen  
If it's hot, then get the fuck out the kitchen  
We All-City, we all-pretty  
Niggas rather die just to floss wit' me (ha)  
Keep it real, fuck how niggas feel (feel)  
'Cause this direct shit gonna get niggas killed  
Niggas sayin' Cease can't write, Cease can't rob (yo)  
Little do they know, I'm ahead of my time  
Future rhymes, what

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You're just too scared to say what you feel  
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Yo, c'mon  
Yo, yo, say what  
Ha ha, yo  
You afraid  
You afraid  
Motherfuckers  
Yeah, yo  
Uh huh, uh huh, huh  
Future sport motherfuckers  
Buck buck buck buck

Huh, ahhhh  
Uh huh, c'mon  
Uh huh, huh  
Ha ha, ha

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