

Celph Titled

"Primo's Four Course Meal"

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[Intro] [Celph Titled talking] Hahahahah. Celph Titled.
The motherfuckin' landmine lieutenant Back up in this
biznatch fo' sho' do' Sammy The Sleezebag. What's
good pimptation? I'm 'bout to show you what happen to
MC's that can rhyme I'm right here. We ain't go no
motherfuckin' where We gon' do it like this. Check it,
yeah Stand back you heard Sir murders occur My verbs
are disturbed My curse words are hurtin' your herbs
Alertin' the service bringin marines with kerosene
flasks Guns and masks J Jumpin' through glass with
sick 229's and mp5's I rapid fire bustin' spray men
When I was a baby my pacifier was a grenade pin And
yes I'm from Tampa No I'm not a Buccaneer But I'll be
buckin near your main arteries ya fuckin queer The sun
is here Cover your eyes All my attributes is dangerous
My mustache is murderous My hip bone will send your
clique home With they ribs blown back and they wigs
sewn to they six pack Cartilage in a gift wrap My
cartridge's click clack And leave you and your bitch
clapped Now ya bitch ass need a neck brace with a chin
strap We swing machetes at crews with little ice picks
And niggas round my way call me the Cuban Missile
Crisis My raps not for emo kids My flame thrower leave
you bald head like chemo kids I ain't a gangsta and a
gentleman I'm one of the two Don't open doors for
bitches So which one do you choose? Playboy Make you
steak sauce A-1, you gay soft Not Travolta, but what's
in my holster take your Face Off We about to cake off
My money stacks make the rubber band snap My
number runners gettin' bundles with no government
tax Ain't no 20-80 split Better give me half or you can
get your jaw split Courtesy of Vinnie Paz A.O.T.P. or D.E
M.I.G.O.D.'s Either/or with C4, galore, the heaters pour I
got the fever for Thick skeezers and a need for whores
She got an Applebum, so what the fuck we need Bonita
for? Rappers try to pull my cards I gave 'em a shuffle
Guttermouth took they bodies so I gave him a shovel
Runnin' ten laps in a second when I'm rappin' on
records Came in the game in '98 and I'm already a
legend Back in the day me and Dutchmasive, schemin'
just to get in Now we slingin' wax from 8-1-3 to the

Kremlin Hook line and sinker My hooks and lines will
sink you leagues under the sea Up my sleeves up
under the fleece No tricks just a loaded piece Chrome
heat Put you in a coma sleep With a comb over to cope
wit holes in ya cheek And I don't care if you worship I'll
put a bullet in your temple Leave you bent and crippled
Wife and kids get sentimental Ya best soldiers
incomparable to my b-team Fuck Nas mission
impossible be my +Thief's Theme+ Each beam I aim
multiplied by eight You gettin' fucked on your album
and gettin raped on mixed tapes Sidekick with a
flipped face and targetin' system Heat vision like the
Predator I'm slaughterin' victims The harder I hit 'em
Nigga the better they know Call up the reverend and we
bringin holy shit to your show These holy clips leave
you holy split Every hoe I hit Get baptized in holy water
comin out the hole in my dick I stay holdin' my dick You
thought I wasn't one of them Spittin' phlegm on Bibles
in God's crib right in front of Him I'm Iceberg but not
Slim More like this hyper shit that sunk the Titanic That
irreversible damage There's no recovery possible No
nurses no hospitals No stuffed bears and get well
cards Just Celph spittin' Hell's bars You grew up on a
farm with the Amish gettin' they goats from I'm from
the dirty south but I'm clean so call me soap scum I'll
sell the same shit twice Double dip it and re-up I ain't
married to this rap game We ain't signin' a prenup You
up late watchin raunchy cable And I'ma creep behind
your couch And crack ya motherfuckin' skull on the
coffee table [Outro] [Celph Titled talking] And that's
that you fuckin' you crack rats 64 bars like it ain't
nothin'! Primo what up? We bring that real shit back
that raw shit. You heard the word? Yo, better say
cheese motherfuckers. Before I squeeze
motherfuckers [x3]

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