

Celph Titled "Right Now"

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[Intro] And god said let there be Celph Titled 45 King
drop the beat on them Fuck all that shit you talkin' Not
now but right now NYC, Tampa Bay, whole universe
[Verse One] Yo the Don Juan klepto destructo Out for
the gusto Celph Titled let the guns blow Call yourself a
thug I don't think so Put the heavy metal to your torso
and yell out "Bingo!" I'm on some sick shit with a
cannibal's thought Skeletons in my closet with no
secrets to hide I'll pull out the biscuit and hold it by the
barrel And beat you senseless 'til I expose your bone
marrow Maximum blaze frequency cause your skin to
boil The only way you'd have a hit record is if I
smacked it for you Uncanny lung compartments from
the God body department With microphone
enlargements Directly from the Chrome Depot The gun
nursery Bring nooses to the court house and have a
hung jury I'm dumb nice, fatal with one slice Caribbean
rum spice, the vampire and sunlight Medallion The ice
real icon I bet you wet the bed if you don't sleep with
lights on You mad pussy, like when Lil' Kim gets
agitated You had a chance to pull the trigger and you
hesitated [Chorus] Yo who the fuck want it? (Not now
but right now) If you got it better flaunt it (Not now but
right now) If I see it I'ma pawn it (Not now but right now)
(Not now but right now) (Not now but right now) All my
nigga's gonna wile out (Not now but right now) Got a
problem pull your nine out (Not now but right now) Don't
know? Better find out (Not now but right now) (Not now
but right now) (Not now but right now) [Verse Two]
Need some advice? Here's a hollow tip I make you give
fellatio to the chrome and fuckin' swallow it I roll with
cats that'll rob you clean, all or nothin' Dig up your
grave if we thought we forgot something Fuck hip hop
I'm just an MC which stands for Motherfuckin' coroner
what you think my hands are for? You fantasize about
exotic women while I'm fuckin' one I'm really
threatenin' enough to make a paraplegic get up and
run What you gonna do with that? Nothin' Better put the
tool away before I cut your head off cum muffin Bitches
be like, "Where the fuck this nigga come from?" I've
been on the low with all my dons makin' love songs

Shatter your jaw to pieces Now you speak in broken English You defeat me and make history I charge one hundred G's a track, my shit thump Better pay me upfront or you wont be here next month You wouldn't fuck with me if you were invincible Think your shit is hot, but it's deaf as in unlistenable Always keep the clip loaded so I can buck things Niggas act platinum but flash small bills like ducklings You spent doe on these bitches while I hustle women These rappers couldn't get a deal if they was Russell Simmons I hold it down for my Floridians Rep the New York City and Step close get blown in to oblivion [Chorus] Yo who the fuck want it? (Not now but right now) If you got it better flaunt it (Not now but right now) If I see it I'ma pawn it (Not now but right now) (Not now but right now) (Not now but right now) All my nigga's gonna wile out (Not now but right now) Got a problem pull your nine out (Not now but right now) Don't know? Better find out (Not now but right now) (Not now but right now) (Not now but right now) [Verse Three] Yo when I step in to the place every single bitches jaw drops Settle my own disagreements while you call cops There ain't no contest here, it's just a bunch of flukes You find me landin' of your roof with a parachute Neatly arrange the corpses and set a deadline Fuck my last words, one hundred years ago I said mine Eloquently put I'm ill, so peep the sequel In the Celph Titled Bible, every man's cremated equal Speak of the Devil red I beat the Reaper with a shovel head And said, "You not on my level yet." Respect me it's mutual but cross me it's funeral I take what's suitable but after that it's non recoupable I'm raw dawg relentless The only way you could represent the streets Is if you got poured into the cement mix This is all live Motherfuck a DAT tape I stack weight and let the Mac spray until your back break Niggas talk shit but in my face plead the fifth Turn into faggot motherfuckers when I clench my first Beyond thee unclassified, I'm not Earth related You couldn't rip mics if they were perforated [Chorus] Yo who the fuck want it? (Not now but right now) If you got it better flaunt it (Not now but right now) If I see it I'ma pawn it (Not now but right now) (Not now but right now) (Not now but right now) All my nigga's gonna wile out (Not now but right now) Got a problem pull your nine out (Not now but right now) Don't know? Better find out (Not now but right now) (Not now but right now) (Not now but right now)

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