

Celph Titled, Primo's Four Course Meal

(Intro)

Celph Titled, the motherfuckin' landmine lieutenant
Back up in this biznatch fo sho though
Sammy the Sleazebag, what's good pimp-tation
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 gonna do it like this, check it, yeah, yo

(Verse 1)

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, jumpin' through glass with Sig 229's and MP5's
I rapid fire, bust and 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 you fuckin' queer
The sun is here, cover your eyes
All my attributes is dangerous, my moustache is murderous
My hipbone'll send your clique home with they ribs blown back and they wigs sewn to they six pack
Cartilage in a gift wrap
My cartridges click clack
And leave you and your bitch clapped
Now your 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

(Verse 2)

My rap's 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 would you choose?
Playboy, make you steak sauce, A-1 you gay soft
Not Travolta but which of my hos to take your face off
We got the cake off
My money stacks make the rubber bands snap
My number runners gettin' bundles with no government tax
Ain't no 20/80 split, better give me half
Or you could get your jaw split
Courtesy of Vinnie Paz
A-O-T-P or D-E-M-I-G-O-D-Z
Either or with C4 galore heaters pour
Got the fever for some thick skeezers and a need for whores
She got a apple bum so what the fuck we need bonita for
Rappers try to pull my cards I gave 'em a shuffle
Guttamouf took they bodies so I gave 'em a shovel

(Verse 3)

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 Dutchmassive scheming just to get in
Now we slingin' wax from 813 to the Kremlin
Hook line and sinker, my hooks and lines'll 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 combover to cope with holes in your 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
Your best soldiers incomparable to my B-team
Fuck Nas, Mission Impossible be my "Thief's Theme"
Each beam I aim multiplied by 8

You gettin' fucked on your album and gettin' raped on mixtapes
Sidekick with the flip face and targetin' system
Heat vision like the predator, I'm slaughterin' victims

(Verse 4)

The harder I hit em, migga the better they know
Call up the reverend and we bringin' holy shit to your show
These holy clips leave you wholly split
And every ho 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 that type of 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 reup
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 your motherfuckin' skull on the coffee table

(Outro)

And that's that, 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

Better say cheese motherfuckers
Before I squeeze motherfuckers (x2)
Motherfucker