

Cage, Agent Orange

Dialogue below interpreted by Cage from the film 'Clockwork Orange')

Whispered in the background several times: 'Shoot the cops'

There was me, Alex... and three of my mens
All supposed to meet at Korova Milk Bar
The Korova Milk Bar couldn't afford it's liquor license
So it sold milkplus Drencrom, or Synthmesc
It would sharpen you up for a bit of the ol' ultraviolence
Which plagued our minds for the evening
And so kiddies... death for all, right right?! RIGHT RIGHT!!

Verse One: Cage

I'm Against the Machine like Rage; bitches say, 'I hate you Cage!'
After circle jerks, I wash my hands off and do dirt
Sick with a smirk, plus I be disturbed
Fucked the first two bitches like dogs and I jacked off on the third
I'm obvious oblivion but that's my science
Fuck your head up like corn rows put in by blind giants
Haven't been with it, since the last corpse kidded
Wore a blood stained smile, and told the cop, 'He did it!'
Of course the most raw throughout the 9-1-4, 1-0-9-4-0
Got you beat shook like Doc Moreau
Pour beer out for yourself because you're walkin dead
I'll burn your house down like a fuckin Talking Head
And get high like fuck, and pick apart my brain
Dissections [HA!] may [HA!] mentally [HA!] cause [HA!] infections
Break you with inventions, sick intentions
Leave most MC's lost in my sentence
I'm strictly, beyond and back, come and get me
Hemotopine, left from a lip like a hickie
Leak smoke got me ready to murder a rookie
Killers on your block tuck in they dicks like Tootsie
Come and witness what your shit missed
Watch the glock kiss, Little Sis' wetter like a Baptist
Inconvinence; dilemma, like sitting on, Venus
With no shuttle, treeless
Try and pick apart some Agent Orange perception
Catch frontal lobe damage and not manage correction
I smell leak smoke, left by the anonymous
Beats fall back, til life die when I'm embalmin this
Come around and get yo' ass shot to clusters
I'ma play the injuns with the arrows you be Custard's... back
I write upon ya, divorce your head and neck then scalp it
Rip off all your flesh and make a outfit
Chorus: *cut and scratched by the DJ*

People said his brain was infected by devils (3X)

Infected by, infected by, infected by devils

People said his brain was infected by devils (3X)

Verse Two: Cage

I survived abortion; got mushed in that canister shaped coffin
Til stolen ('that bitch') from the garbage I was tossed in
Instincts, snatch your cream like links
Blow shotguns through the sky, make an E. T. I. chink
See me twistin leak with my peeps from psychiatrics
Get high, run up in ya crib and fuck ya moms backwards
Lost in the dust, don't give a fuck about dangerous
I'm in it for the whip, plus the cream and the head... rush
Ready to bust any trick that talk slick
Know a crew of devils in my head that force me to walk...
With, Death in my pocket for the curious
At your execution see twelve faces of Jesus in your jury list
Orange Agent, shit on the vagrant
Caught you in the alley by yourself and left your head vacant
Dare you sample, some of the stress in my life
Give an MC brain surgery with butterfly knives

For all you cunts that try to spit with your bitch clique behind ya
Wake up in the mornin with a horsehead beside ya
Ma Dukes is just a cherry on top
Spendin G's on quacks to try an fix my Clock
I caught the quick lock, buggin in the institution
Whatever sanity was left, caught the execution
Psychological pollution, they stickin me with Thorazine solution
Shootin at the sky lookin for Godly retribution
And I can almost see clear
I start buggin like a insect and lay larvae in ya ear
Agent Orange stompin on MC corpse slim circle body part
Call murder scenes abstract art
Split your sweet prayers since the horror show with infra-red
Boots get planted in chest there for the misled
Lay it down for naps in the dirt, just like Clockwork
Undress your ghost while your brain's takin a squirt
Chorus
(Dialogue below interpreted by Cage from the film 'Clockwork Orange')
Still feeling alive as the young devotchka collapsed
Me being still ready for more in-out in-out
Necro still forcing syringes and dope tracks on the locals
We came to a place called home
And did a little of the old, break and enter...