

# Cage, Among The Sleep

[Verse 1]

I'm seconds from eating with the Mossberg had to offer  
And feed my thoughts on Christ to the altar  
I wake up on a red floor, axing a dead whore  
My dick chewed up, why I let this bitch give me head for?  
Pigs tryin' to kick down the door, I'm out for me  
Opened the sliding glass door and hopped off the balcony  
Fell thirty flights to cars on 10th Av.  
Landed on a FedEx-disguised meth lab  
And after it blew up, I woke up and threw up  
Stuck my hand in my pants, my shit ain't chewed up  
Wipe the puke from my face then leave this place  
With a 4-5 in the waist at an elitist pace  
No breathing space, I step out and show face  
Within 3 minutes I'm approached for H  
Then a shotgun to neck, now lose the weapon  
And my skull fragments painted the sky for seconds

[Chorus]

Back to my brain like my brain is a home  
While I roll with the fame I still aim at the throne  
All my peers all sleep and I'm the only one not weak  
Or am I unconscious dreaming I'm making a speech  
Is this reality or my memory gettin' mileage?  
Am I staring at the sun or blood vessels in my eyelids?  
Do I make music or is music making me?  
Is this really all death or just my awakening?

[Verse 2]

I pick my head up, with a face full of drool  
Look around the classroom, now I'm some geek in high school  
Get fucked with in the hallway and can't do shit  
But write names on bullets and fill a few clips  
No need for rags and vodka, got a locker  
With enough fire-power to war with helicopters  
First clique to pass, I'm clicking the release  
Each adolescent fist holding thought police-killers  
And I ain't paying for the clips I'm spendin'  
When I shoot up the crowd like a heroin convention  
Feds storm the building for the sick boy with balls  
Made of steel, put shit through toilet stalls  
See my teachers dead through holes in the door  
And alerted the cops outside, holdin' the floor  
I exit the bathroom, enter a roulette parade  
Getting shot the fuck up but smoke some pigs on the way

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I open up my eyes to get cracked in the face  
Six times, while I'm asked for combos to a safe  
My wife on the couch, dying, raped and shot  
While the gunmen argue on where to take the Yacht  
Assuming I'm rich, Playboy bitch  
My own boat and if I don't start speaking I'mma lose my throat  
They start chumming the water with my dead ho and laugh  
Force me to see great whites snack on her lower half  
Lopped off my arm, throw it in, no guns to shoot  
Think of three past deaths and find an escape route  
All I have to do is wake up, lift the mast

And get shot off the boat and my back to get ripped in half  
I wake up screaming with a shotgun in church, fiending  
To kill myself, but I don't know if I'm still dreaming  
50-50 chance I'mma die and go straight up  
Or straight to hell, either fucking way I'mma wake up!