

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!