

# Cage, Summer In Hell

Weathermen.. president is in the building

Fucked up out my mind, the gun in my belt  
the voice yells out, 'enjoy your summer in hell'  
Dead friends and family surround me where they found me  
An apparent suicide I had a bounty on my spirit  
Higher than I ever been, overlookin my wake  
Wit closed caskets, cause I had took off the face  
Cause I ain't never like nobody starin at me  
I'm feelin sappy..made a few people ???? was really happy  
My crew standin there wit shovels just grinning  
When the sun drops n the cryin stops its back to the livin  
Cause y'all ain't really think I'd go out like kurt did you?  
Beat gi gi allen to the punch and do it at a venue  
Hopped out the coffin like david blain  
I hit y'all wit a decade of verses, I guess for baby fame  
You want a plug? Stick this underground shit so far up your ass you  
stutter now, keep lookin to cover, how  
The fuck did rap turn into big and pac karaoke  
Back in the 80's they did shit but kept it very lowkey  
I know I'm speakin to less than one percent of the public  
But this is for the people who copped movies and loved it  
Ya'll better hope I don't catch aids or the big c  
Cause the day they say I'm goin is in the week y'all comin wit me.  
From the smallest of riffs to the biggest of beefs  
I'ma be the first rap serial killer in the streets  
I'm caught somewhere between a thug and intelligence  
I bug off a elephant, acid scratched off the elephant  
Along with the rest of the insect nation  
Standin there wit bloody arms like its hallucination  
This could be the last you'll ever see of I  
Cause my spirit and physical just can't coincide  
Used to write patterns now they right for themselves  
If you ain't into death, step back, when I'm lightin up L's..