

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..