

Smut Peddlers, 54

(Cage - whispering)

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huhhhh
Kill that cat.. watch me kill that cat
If it's your girl I'm lookin at
Then watch me kill that cat

(Verse One: Cage)

I hunt cunts like these, with underground disease
In they yearly matin spots, spawn a million MC's (got rhymes)
that used to go to shows, drink dance get high
Then you click the mic the whole audience wanna rhyme (yo let me rhyme let me rhyme)
In '92 I let the Cage outta Alex
Through college radio demonstrate the fist, f**k the love ballads
Summon demons in my ad libs, fun triplin
Vomit good shit, go feed off dead Christians
Red light in the Lincoln, from drinkin Drencrom
The corpse in my eye can explain the thinkin
While I lay behind a wall of flesh, engulfed by the homeless
If I escape, I might evaporate my whole state
Plus when Cage ripped in half on the concrete
Screamin, "That's my spirit running down the street!"
The undead, writin in gun lead
Liposuct' a fat bitch out her box with one hypo' jab
Inject tiger serum, I can't hear 'em (who?)
Alex with the f**kin loaded thirty-oh-two, cause

(Chorus: Cage)

This is for the whores, and the kicked over stores
And fifty-four dollars in my pocket on tour
This is for the kid that said, "Oh you dead!"
And the fifty-four stitches that he caught in his head
This is for the clowns I beat with no hands
And the two O-Z's down to fifty-four grams
With two to the face, I'm a basket face
With fifty-four seconds to outer space

(Cage)

I love a bull mastiff ground up, make a pound up
With green Jesus, get in I'll drive you to seizures
Humanoid pause, before God, with cyborg dogs after me
Killin these rhymen Sigmund Freuds - for the cause
Your whole life's a waitin room for worms
Strangest occurs, you see Venus in furs
With toast out facin Earth, avenge my sixteen
Your old shell talk to pistols like Starscream
My whole story lost on a wall in black marker
66 more flicks for Clive Barker
With a little message, for real research kids
Can you guess who the faggot DJ is?
My anti-commercial style will curse you
Say f**k so much, my airplay's like curfew
To third shift farm chemists, the senate scarred
Start killin all the livin like the Serbian guards
You supportin communism buyin majors so dub
Watch me put two rocks in Kurt Loder head, whassup

(Chorus)

{*Mighty Mi scratches*}

The undead.. red light in the Lincoln
For Cage.. ripped.. in half on the concrete
Screamin, "That's my spirit runnin down the street!"
Runnin down the street.. runnin d... down the street