

# Cage, (Down) The Left Hand Path

I was misled, but once I found the way  
I convinced a group of 19 that they should drown today  
How I flipped it, clipped it after madness  
Then the dead came back and haunted the wrong address  
Cause they some stupid dead motherfuckers  
Just like all you bitches, all Weathermen fluffers  
And I get my shoes polished  
By the best open mic emcees paying Timbaland's homage  
In this day and age  
If your deck ain't playing Cage  
You probably disgruntled your Mrs. Funnel mayonnaise  
Or I ain't get the right palm  
My whole career been a upstream kayak through blood  
My tools love, seeing the face of opponents  
Seconds before they scull and wig savor the moment  
Light up a Jay, cast silence over Bob  
And hair stuck on the ground, shit I might as well rob the dead  
Look, more patterns to market  
Not even naming I'm standin' a walkin' target with shoppers that look at me  
awkward  
Granted I got a canon and my freakin' mouth's leakin'  
Cause my crew put more dust in the air than house keeping  
If you sleeping you're getting woke the fuck up  
Like you're parents while you bought this and smoke the fuck up  
With some much rhymin' in the NYC  
I carry 9 millimeter in the back of Taxi  
While I thought music prevented GOB servants  
And a cycle of brain wash entertainments to detergent  
[Chorus]  
If my thought patterns  
Brought palans to Walt Adams  
And spit violence and death, then kids start gaddin'  
Bloody ear canal  
Hold it down with a towel  
Cause by the time the verse hatch your stomach's hangin' out  
We got a verse on the loose, let's get these mouth zippers  
Buy six drinks a night then wake up and wear 'em as house slippers  
I'm just fuckin' with you bitch, don't get offended  
This ain't your average anti-pop record with a happy ending  
Go ask your block  
School body and bastard pops  
How the fuck you get your hands on acid drops  
Music television repellent for kids with extreme views  
Start torchin' labs to light the team's fuse  
I've gotten plottin', rotten ? been chewing  
I keep my hands in it with no tangible influence  
Whether a Clockwork Orange or a murderous night  
A book of what my pops did to Tony Burgess's wife  
[Chorus]