

# Cage, Escape To 88

[Scratches]

[Verse 1]

Welcome to a piece of brain tissue, my brain's lungs  
Filled with octane like liquid it came from  
Some silly, said her tits sellin illy  
Really? By the jar? Pump the car full of grey jelly  
Called her Ronda, after I shit on the dash  
Cause I can't stand hooked up on dust  
The three manuevr so swiftly in and out of looters  
Through checkpoints with juice in stashed coolers  
2002, my album's played through  
ID on the window like it's fucking Beirut  
Too bad no planes flew into MTV  
I'll never get a platinum plaque for MP3  
Being blackballed by a white MC - Pause  
I guess that faggot found the right MD  
And I'm twisted but not like faggots that suck fame  
This clown is saying I'm sicker with metal than mudvayne  
I train my following like a bitch modelin  
H is like a God and it won't stop hollerin  
Fuck needing a TV to be a rockstar  
Punch a hole through Mark Wahlbergs chest and dent a copcar  
Put my brain in it, I wouldn't last a minute  
Scribble some shit in 30, I'm love like gimmicks  
Sluts, cynics, ducks with dipped spinnage  
Fuckin you up in the front row's good for image

[Scratches]

[Verse 2]

I gotta walk on, half feet in Harlem for a gorilla  
That lost his family and want revenge on his killer  
Clapped the poacher, fled the stomach of rap through and ulcer  
Covered in blood, eating with vultures  
Off the chain and got a hook in his backskull to my feet  
Breastfeeding, moms was cooking up crack  
Drop me in a pot, cop in the spot, pistols gleaming in the sun  
Look son - I'm fistal fiendin  
Nine to script with leading any malicious beatings  
Specially if feeled if the couples bitch is breedin  
Six is reading, bitterly gritty  
Caught a GTA charge before Liberty City  
Too bad no brains blew out no heads plenty  
I'll prolly die after I Blow like Ted Demme  
There's no conspiracy, your bitch is a forced fit  
In the telly yelling "Behold the pale horse dick"  
Fuck the Taliban, I'm back to Ballys, and  
Keep your little faggot brother off her Sally, man  
I can explain this "do not cross this line" in my brain  
Feds in the crib, but they're not finding the cane  
Cause time in the game, New York is trife  
My boy T on the lamb like a fork and knife  
The corporate life, too fond of the blonde talker  
So I grew a beard and switched sides like John Walker