

# Cage, Good Morning

[Cage]

Homeless cardboard cribs, cops shoot civilians  
Vendors rap stars wall street billions  
Donald Trump shotgun pumps illegal store fronts  
Dollar fifty dutches, af one's and dunks  
Skyscrapes planes hit 'em army in the subway  
High risk orange alert everyday  
My click is a clip that spits in glock land  
Walk like I'm from the hood, hair like and indie rock band  
Throw fits then pitch from hammers blow lungs up  
Before Onyx was telling me to throw them guns up  
My style was sick and homeless freezing and stuck  
'till Def Jux stuffed them gees in the cup  
Now It's the season to fuck shit, piss in the morning flicker  
Lights in your head and earn my explicit warning stickers  
NY on the fitted shines from the brain inside  
So I don't need a Yankee on for a New York frame of mind

[Chorus]

I'm trained in the dirt, I strain to be heard  
The fame of the words alive in my city  
Stray from the herd I say what I learned  
painfully burned alive my city  
Aim for the dirt, claimin the earth, danger alert  
alive in my city  
Though the same that desert, I remain when they  
mirk, claim a grain of the worth in my city

[Cage]

Knocked up Jux, they had a monster I'm TV on the street  
In the cabbage patch with premies on my feet  
I got a New York bop itchy index like a New York cop  
Sick in whichever city my tour stops  
So by the time I get home, I'll have spread so much enjoyment  
I'll create the vaccine, then destroy it  
I pull immaculate concepts from thin air  
Implemented by the listener to learn until I get there  
I'm most alive from one to five  
In the morning Thursday's KCR gave birth to weatherman, then died  
Homeland security advisory system won't work  
Until the danger rainbow jumps into red alert  
Divide quickly, a few can ride with me when martial law hits  
Pack up the whip and hide with me  
Until the eve of destruction paints a town black  
And anarchy ensues you'll have the soundtrack

[Chorus]