

Cage, Holdin A Jar 2

My intelligence is money
My skin is the streets of New York
My arms and legs are its fucked up bridges
The subways are the worms that come through my corpse
Liberty, my bitch, fucking everyone
They cut my two middle fingers down but my dick is still standing

I walked into Nasa, my pocket full of envelopes
And this chick swinging from my dick is into dope
Like hi-jackin with no planes, it's harmless
Way to sherned out to kick your fucking skull into your armpits
All found a dime, what's the worst that could happen
Cage got a knick for 8 millimeter action
No family man, even my daughter earning chasing after me with a fucking handy cam
Flippin while I'm holdin a jar, tell me if I'm going too far
Turn around I left some coke in the bar
Can't waste the range premise on this FBI-secretary with tits unless she's a menace
See the liquid kids and streams of five on her
This is the minds blotter, paper-savior dipped in high blotter
And I'm more patriotic with the narcotic wrapped in the little flag in the back ????

I ain't tryna train the sane, I'm playing the game
Like numbers scratched off a gun, they change your name
Chase the past and get the violence to spread
Got my arms in the dirt tryna silence the dead

Even when you win you lose in the end
So I take acid out of my back and use it again
Excuse me brother, why tap your spinal cord?
while open-mic emcees waste vinyl cords
??? for skin, your flesh is born from it
Empty the clip in your Toyota GS400
If you're too old to hustle, put the gun down, uncle
That's a nice vest with your head hangin from its last muscle
Go cop the album, keep me alive
And my functioning creative compartment will be downsized
Beyond demise, it's high maintenance
Looking for drugs with my hands crawling with agents
Biological, with the hands on my nostril
Can't get a vaccine with half the city in a hospital
All these doom-leaders, and their spoon-feeders
Can take the young, and let them lose leaders

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