

Cage, Pussy, Money, And War

Ck one, tell ya mum this shits done,
Got a brand new album for a fucked up son.
Her daughter gettin fucked, like I give a shit tricker
Go eat that acid off'a them explicit warning stickers.
Lickin tha cd, askin ya mum to buy it
While I'm gagging honey, in the hyatt with my dick and keep it quiet
"Room service..."
Fuck that! Assume Nervous..
break this bitch ass off a bruised purpose
in and out throw a fist in the route this bitch has waste management cuz I piss in her mouth
match made of guinness for forty five minutes then I'm breakin my foot off her ass for the finish
look dingy and fendy but trendy millenium Ted Bundy lookin all friendly at Wendy's
cuz it's time to eat and I'll fuck you up I ain't them rhymin' geeks

chours:

We want pussy, money and I'm ready for war
Already I'm tore still I'm gettin head from your whore
bring the fun on don't be the one pull the a gun on
promoters that don't gimmie our dough are gettin' swung on (x2)

I can't help that your wife likes sex and the violence got knives to her head while I paint eyelids
then cut my ear off smear don't get the dead deer off then have that bitch get Lon Ser off
then we laugh about it at whatever clubs poppin' and blow this shit up with all the whores and thugs
make it a point to then break in the joint spend a clip on cult members outside waitin' to join
I'm gettin' this money I don't care how it look if I pick up both arms you're watchin' a coward cook
riddle with leg d-cup nipple tip of the egg twelve four watchin cops itchin their head
sippin' grey goose with a trey deuce on this kid that runnin' this dough and I'm like 'lay loose'
don't have your mom's be like 'that's my boy' they'll sign the papers to have your corpse destroyed

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you better got rocks to fling or glocks to ping fuck around and got Cage doin' obnoxious things
it's four AM where your kids at Larry Clarke's crib with Copywrite next to where the PTA live
went to see Bully not for my two songs maybe up cameo with Bijou Phillips lady up
this time around crazy I'm slicin shrunk monkeys used to pistol whip til Shady made it look pussy
tryin' to dissect words I write only found a napkin in the diner for the verse I wrote last night
so don't pick up bread crumbs like this old bitch sittin' shoddy in the NIS gun
you get the point like your bitch do I punch through the planet like when PCP hits you
watch me shake up these little primaddonas cuttin' off their backpacks like Mad Cow Llama

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