

Cage, The Weather Report

"The most dominant" [Copywrite]
"Copywrite" [Copywrite]
"78 degrees" [Copywrite]
"Alex with a little message" [Cage]
"The most dominant"
"Copywrite MC" [Copywrite]
"Alex with the fuckin loaded thirty-oh-two" [Cage]

[Cage]

Nod you head till I bend you with a ?pitch or pucket?
Like your orratories a corporate gorey suffice
You ain't nice, you like fake dice
Caught by work release
Ice grillin villians, billing to make a killing
Peeling metal fillings like a jux from God
Spilling your stomach lining for just a fistful of ?kine?
And I climbed in your head, kicked a rhyme in your mind
And said "By far these are the weakest designed lens infrared"
Lasers who take them all for you
Like new Danzig, big titty mami porn yo, that's loyal
Book with the brown pages pickin em up
Till my fans prepare your girls for the trachea fuck

[Copywrite]

Yo, whether wearin raincoats or plain clothes
You can brainstorm all day and Weathermen remain bone
Try, I'll quiz you to see where your mind's at
Whatever the IQ, I'll multiply myself twelve times that
You're assumin' I'm human, that's your first mistake
When verbs could make the earth's crust burst and perforate
So just imagine if all seven bust
It'll cause Satan's soul to shake and the golden gates of Heaven rust
And that talk wasn't brought to start a trend
I was seeing if my thoughts could split the sea apart again
From now, to the here-after
My lungs lunge punch to crush queer rappers that fear laughter

[Chorus]

"The most dominant"
"Copywrite" "78 Degrees"
"Alex with a fuckin loaded thirty-oh-two"

[Copywrite]

Once the phlegm is launched
Your fam's attention's lost
And they focus on every song I'm ever mentioned on
There ain't a man on this fuckin planet Earth I fear
Brainstorming till my ears, nose, and mouth squirt ideas
The best man, prove it in front of you
Your fans booing
This is the fifth time we battle
What are you, DEAF AND STUPID?
It's confusing to those spittin bad quotes
I was givin life in a test tube by scientists in labcoats
Got speed in session
You call that a verse?
I thought that was your Gilbert Godfried impression
Forfeit, or I'll be forced to scorch shit
To mush your face in a pile of horse shit
I torture kids, the contortionist
Bless the less fortunate
House so many crabs, they mistake my rest for an orphanage
To pull a burner on us two is useless
I'll hold your arms while Cage stabs you with a mouthful of toothpicks

Chorus

[Cage]

You think shit's sweet?
With your tastebuds ripped out
Thrown in a jar or jelly (Yo Cage that's tripped out)
Peddle through medical bars, they couldn't chart me
Till I file my fingertips down to red Sharpies
Man give me the cars keys
Play the three like Dan Majerle
Watch me crash the shit then go sniff coke with Chris Farley
When I return, put fire to frozen land
Ain't got no holes in my hands
I put holes in my fans
So I can see what they feelin while Copy delimn em
Collect em in glass case like bugs with pins in em
Think that's vain, I paint self portraits in my own blood
I went platinum but they don't give out plaques for dubs
Try these ?love? sprinkled with elephant teeth
Relevant proof, you ain't kickin shit in elegant boots
Tell the truth when I show pity
Runnin through Central Park with a watergun
And my friends wettin titties
(Copywrite 78, Alex the Worm King, Eastern Conference)

Chorus 4x