

Cage, Weather People

[Verse 1]

I met shorty at the mall
Her bra holdin two d-cups of jello
My socks yellow from leaky - Hello!
What a bag would do to you
When the doobiest move me to a piece of property
Forget what I just put the groupie through
Got her spinnin to the angel, dizzy to diesel
Roll up the PCP-lease, I'm busy with evil
My hand on the tit, I'm commandin her clit
Disband of this shit, nobody knows but it's expandin the chips
Chicks wanna touch I might go shoot up the fruits in her
Dip in my mouth lookin like I'm recruited by Lucifer
Ain't like what I roll up is anti-religious
But it's like I copped in chinatown, I would slant eyes the bitches

[Chorus]

This is for my Weather People, them clever people
Haters should speak against cause they were never equals
Drug-fiends, I was happy to beat you
What you tell the ex hoes? "I'm sorry I ain't treat you!"
Learned myself cause nobody said "let me teach you"
This ain't for the Middletown people I still see through
This is for my Weather People, them clever people
Haters should speak against cause they were never equals
Dust-fiends, I was happy to beat you
What you tell the ex ho? "I'm sorry I ain't eat you!"
Learned myself cause nobody said "let me teach you"
We follow the same road but we know where it leads to

[Verse 2]

Chrome 380 drive me crazy cause it's fun to clap
My tit rader, callin out more hoes than Thundercats
In that burberry like a yuppie lumberjack
But you don't see the pattern till I take the coat off blunderblack
Rolled up, ready for brain acupuncture
Then I took the hoodie off the clit and didn't much her
Welcome to the strangest of days, there's dangerous ways
You find death, I found it in the angelin haze
Johnny Mnemonic with the Bubonic in the leathergoose
Fuck the North Face, it's what I got underneath that's weatherproof
And when it jump out to speak
It'll greet you with a flash of light
then leave you in a box cause the worms need you

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Come and see Hell's house, whatever bleeds yells out
And the first two letters of my click is "WE" spelled out
The locals hate me, cause the locals love me
Every piece of shit emcee with a dream from here can't touch me
"Fuck me!" - That's what they hoes yell out, lovin the penis
Tight like the rims in the street with the rubber between us
Everytime I whipe my ass or get cloudy
Ten local rappers wanna write a song about me
In and out of the hash like I'm in and out of the blue mesh
In and out of my mind like I'm in and out of the US
Drip swet to NY, dip wet then get high
And thank G.O.D. Al-Qaida wasn't in the sky

[Chorus]