

Smut Peddlers, Anti-Heros

(Eon)

We arrive with the sun smog up in the vintage London fog
I'm fuckin your G after you took her to miniature golf
From the floor of this shitty-ass kitchen
I see hella cats in my general chao's chicken
And your dogs is in the black bee sauce
Fuck the wrong bitch raw and have your dick found up in cars
I'm not worried bout no air time
I'm more concerned about when my bald spot'll reach my hairline
Cats be stuck on that Grinch colored lie
With one bloodshot and a twitch up in the other eye
So you get stuck by the strong safety
when you a serial killer clown like John Wayne Gacy
Donate that track to charity
Watch it become a TRL calamity, soon to be parodied
I stay married, to some D-cup breasteses
With music, weed, and porno as my mistresses

(Chorus)

We all weirdos, anti-hero's
The ones your moms said wouldn't amount to fuckin zero
Flaws in the laws, can't be downed by it
Stalk through life with a quiet defiance
We all weirdos, anti-hero's
The ones your moms said wouldn't amount to fuckin zero
So much hip-hop bullshit to cut through
And if you don't like it, well then fuck you!

(Copywrite)

Lovin sluts when they IQ's under three
They suck cock and rock a 34 in double-D (uh-huh)
Earth will crumble under me
And the moon will plummet to the sea before you cats are sunnin me
I'm who rappers come see when they want heat
If you had traces of Copywrite in your sperm you couldn't cum-pete
So fuck you, your mom, and your team of pawns
And if you don't believe in God, then you're callin me a fraud

(Eon)

Outlawed, for disturbin the peace in synagogues
I'm rollin with a crew that look like fuckin sweatogs
Endin up strapped to hospital gurneys
with a stage show resemblin some "Weekend at Bernie's"
Straight from "The Dead Zone" with ten poems
of dead tomes, now they gotta reinvent foes
Since a child, my (?) on file
That's why I filmed your bitch with "Girls Gone Wild"

(Chorus)

(Copywrite)

Fuckin coward; I got priests and nuns lovin Tower
If it ain't about rap or pussy, I don't give a fuck about it
Written for written, you can't front, your clan sucks
Fuck it here, spit my written, I'll come off the head like dandruff
Searchin the trunk of your Benz for money to spend
I'll steal from anybody especially one of my friends
That goes double for that bitch you share your microphone with
and those dumb enough to believe she writes her own shit
You ain't no enemy, my friends are worse
Got a memory with an endless verse
to serve any emcee within this earth
whether kin to me, or friend since birth
I'll kill you, hop in a rented jeep, rear-end your hearse

Recite sinister quotes
minutes before I slice your minister's throat
with a miniature sword
So where my local whores with open sores
that want Copywrite semen to marinate they vocal chords?

(Chorus)