

Smut Peddlers, Botton Feeders

(cage)

let my orange dick spit

I got a dog named kubrick

It's obvious I like his flicks

Filming 'em with human chicks. if that's a sin

Let him poke this white bitch kim for coke

Outside of a bar until I switched in

Breaking her in like new tims in a robbery

Take a culture of my spit's culture and spawn a colony

Smell like teen spirit? grab a shotgun and feed us

My l.p. street they shaking up columbine high cheerleaders

Dipping in two seaters, that ain't mine

So many sick ass letter combinations I ? peg rhymes?

Blew my e.c. advance on a p.c. and grams

D.c. and p.s.2 games, grow lights and plants

Crops done by the time the cops come

Car jacked this pregnant indian for a datsum

Blaze a building, to catch a rap magazine

You wanna talk shit and not get f**ked up?

That's a faggots dream!

Hook: x2

Scratched in "yeah, you know how we comin"

With the looters, solicitors, unwanted visitors.

Nickel bag misdemeanors, bottom feeders.

Moochers, bleeders, breeders and sleepers.

(r.a. the rugged man)

Hey yo, I'm just as broke as when I had no deal

I'm not too bright. my brain is like oatmeal

I used to be label mates with shaquille o'neal

Now I get my dick sucked in the batmobile

I live in long island, with a house of retards

And illegal aliens that need green cards

I'm a rap legend to little weird white kids

That carve shit in their arms

Like "i don't wanna live"

I'm the original, dirty, white gangster

Ryhmer. perverted rhyme writer

We dirty old men you can't trust us

See us finger popping your daughters in the back of school buses

Rugged man. hairy baboon

Catch me at the mtv awards jerkin off in the bathroom

Cage, eon, mighty mi. why try?

Remix this shit. put it back out when I die

Repeat hook

(mr. eon)

I'm so depressed, I'm doing whippits for hours. 'cause I realize

I'm less popular than what's happening now was

There are women in pits in my basement

My trophy. morgana's tits in a glass encased man

Like my sidekick gary highnick

I'm still banging the thai chicks plus I'm high bitch

Eon rains...f**k it! e hurricanes

You a cold front that's seen on every weather vane

I got a storm more perfect than george clooney

Thinking y'all scary. y'all ain't even goonies!

E eases through the scene that's serene

And drops the illest shit any latrine has ever seen

I have no left or right ventricles

That's why I laugh when cops pull out with both tentacles
The beast lives among us
And I cause a reaction similar to what seeing your mother hung does

Repeat hook