

Smut Peddlers, Medicated Minutes

(Eon)

I stalk down the block, grabbin my jock
Scratch cocks while I dot for my red light stop
Dead right Hobbes I write rhymes for a livin
Hid my misgivings from my brain was still mssing

(Cage)

Read and study while my boots muddy
So fuckin filthy an Avirex butters look bummy
Think out loud, cause I'm allowed, to stage dive in a crowd
of cannibals about to spit across my eyebrow

(Eon)

Now God blessed me with abnormal tendencies
and granted clemency for illegal chemistry
Ain't worth your weight in molecular structure
Out of work like JFK Jr.'s flight instructor

(Cage)

Went, lookin for exits, and tried to get my head fixed
Slept with a perforated picture of Jimi Hendrix
See in these days, Cage is like, 54 ways
to get my fuckin money, mega seedless to blaze

(Chorus: Smut Peddlers)

Sluts, gimmicks, ducks you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck, image, we stuck on spinach
In a second you'll be checkin into fuckin smut clinics!
Like sluts, gimmicks, ducks you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck, image, we stuck on spinach
In a second you'll be checkin into fuckin smut clinics!

(Cage)

I ran up in a wack open mic cafe on stage
So many biters I performed in a shark cage
in dark shades, during the Central Park raids
I walked out with a book of paper and a bag of beige
friends, the camera lens (is) behind the shoelace
Get more upskirts than (?) for your face

(Eon)

I'm fresh out the box like new (?)
The chicken played with my monkey now we makin zoo porn
Now MC's the Anti-Christ like, Damien thorn
Eric the Pascal(?) land so feel the scorn
The old man, illest show man, my moldin
With logic equal to fifteen Vulcans

(Cage)

And I'm soakin, face lookin blank
Shoot this little kid up with horse tranq' and send him to the bank
with a 'give me the funds' note, clip's missin from the gun
If he gets slapped then fuck it all I'll split it with my dunn's
(Bum bum!) I shit on crumbs, got a couple thousand sons
that all shoulda been wiped off some jugs or cloggin lungs

(Eon)

Everytime I dabble watch my life unravel
Did I miss an exit to the road less traveled?
Transmit from the depths of the deepest bassment
Through the pavement, up into spaceships
Deathstar creator, I orbit track wars

My appeal spans Rhodes scholars to slackjaws

(Chorus)

(Eon)

Yo, a Peddler show, include a few heathens
From Hoth to Tatooine, you choose the season
Dialect for all these crews and legions
A walking contradiction like "Jews for Jesus";

(Cage)

I spit how the earth taste and pass forms out of place
Galvanize my face and kill for breathin space
Nobody to trace, open the trunk like the case
Light the L off of your body and sweepd you in the face

(Eon)

Yeah I seen old timers became semi-thugs
I got more dizzy spells than Reginald Denny does
Cranium blower, Shea Stadium goer
Hydro cultivator turned uranium grower

(Cage)

I'm the, smut chancellor, got vagina slippers for the floor
Show you and that slut you call wifey hardcore
While I burn off the lips, stacked(?) to evolve
(?) I'm down to shoot (?) fucks cause I cancelled their cause

(Chorus)

(Cage)

In a second you'll be checkin into fuckin smut clinics!
In a second you'll be checkin into fuckin smut clinics!