

# Too Much

## Cage

Blue collar to corporate blessed the unfortunate  
Like when I put my foot down that bitch still aborted it  
Stuck the canister under my jacket like the lucky one  
'Uh, sir you can't leave with that,' Bitch this my fucking son!  
Put with the gun crammed in the glovebox  
With 151 drum bottles, I don't drink, they gettin' flung  
With lit rags in it, kill 10 step-dads a minute  
Still won't be a star till the label as a gimmick  
Even if I limit timid com-mi-tive cynics  
Each one famous suicide at gunpoint to mimic  
You too can be a mock-celeb or the last there is  
Or be ghost like money that played Casper in kids  
I put a sick twist every other frame design so  
You see AIDS victims selling pretzels at a slideshow  
With a nine shown I brand and skin 'em  
Run out of punchlines when you kids stop standin' in 'em

[Chorus]

Yo Chris I think they think you know too much  
Yeah Sis I think you put coke up your nose too much  
They cut my hands off so I couldn't hold too much  
They try to kill me through my dick with these hoes too much  
You stack dough too much  
You smack hoes too much  
Well you can blame it on the mint leaves I roll too much  
They cut my hands off so I couldn't hold too much  
Don't stand off, bullet holes show too much

They see weed on dust with an ounce a pound  
Is like jumping out of building grabbing napkins on the way down  
My impant I scarred, I'm anti-star  
Though I shine like one buried underground with y'all  
And I tried to learn good just wasn't concerned, should  
I really be on my sixth bottle of wormwood  
My skin is burnin' blisternin' aloe ow  
Dragged this big fat bitch in to see Shallow Hal  
I drink Jack puff black in Orange County  
Bought a gun with a body to stick in this whore's Audi  
Knew this kid Craze he would stick dope on a chick open ha'

Then I changed my name to Cage like Nick Coppola  
All these snakes with these forked tongues stitched together  
After I put down the pepper I switch the weather  
Whatever rights they want to shrug off for safety feelin' taken  
For a Rabbi appearance 'cause they kneelin' to Satan

[Chorus]

Then, I stepped over the bloody axe frame with wax fame  
Rogue pistol runnin' through New York like Max Payne  
Out shootin' celebs, I'm rootin' for feds  
In a pit of lions then we sip shoot from the heads  
I run with maniacs liable to kill at any minute then  
I wonder why I can't shake this insanity image  
It's been a dead Cage since I've strapped to beds  
And shot up with needles and five since I put gas to heads  
You was bitch in high school no rep no threat  
Riding my jacket like I'm a hand off the fans at coat check  
Haters want to put they bitches up no stress  
Like your life in the monitor box behind the desk  
I scribble shit on paper, pay rent, look at nature  
See a menage before lunch, them bitches are ravers  
Drive blazers, still inside my North Face  
Drippin' formaldehyde and short-circuit my tazer

[Chorus]

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