

# That Smut

## Smut Peddlers

Welcome to the peep show  
Perhaps you've heard of us  
Are you familiar with this? Peddlers  
Eastern Conference That smut, it is what it is  
That smut, it is what it is  
That smut, it is what it is  
That smut, it is what it is Yo yo, I'm unrippable like Knicks tickets  
And if your girl's a little looser you bet E's dick did it  
I'll lace your crew better than Paragon can  
Have you shook worse than the Marathon Man Makin MC's use our fetus to clone us  
Comin' out lookin' like Arvydas Sabonis  
My team's in the bonus, you foul too much  
Playin' on the wall with the scowls and such Man the Owl's a Dutch, I done all varities  
Cage, Mi, and E's, anti-society  
Fingers blisterin', still stickerin'  
Under black moonlight, with butane flickerin' I'm with my girl but yeah, I'm lookin' at yours  
Done 'em all, debutantes to crack whores  
Bad breath you may stink like shits is  
Y'all belong up in the pink like douches That smut, wet dreams of G-13  
That smut, money shots and porno plots  
That smut, politicians in limousines sniffin'  
That smut, double D's trapped in baby T's That smut, wet dreams of G-13  
That smut, money shots and porno plots  
That smut, politicians in limousines sniffin'  
That smut, double D's trapped in baby T's Ducks came through, we laid 'em out  
While you fucks dissect spit from Cage's mouth  
When I run a vagrant route, you spacin' out  
With no family to react when your brains is out And when I click this out you know the drill  
This mic a shiv, hip-hop is Nancy after I stab her  
On stage, you wanna go on after?  
Show you the Art of War and then finish the crowd with the 1st chapter Come and walk through this little  
doorway  
Enter the mind of Cage and a horse will shit you out on Broadway  
The flies won't eat it then feed it to the wildest  
Peddle Smut like anabolic beer meth hydrolix Alex frolics, hangin' upside down  
Ordained 'til my rhyme ninja bleeds through my face of war paint  
So if you see me with a little pop jingle  
Shoot me in the back of the head and feed me to my starvin' breddern That smut, wet dreams of G-13  
That smut, money shots and porno plots

That smut, politicians in limousines sniffin'  
That smut, double D's trapped in baby T'sThat smut, wet dreams of G-13  
That smut, money shots and porno plots  
That smut, politicians in limousines sniffin'  
That smut, double D's trapped in baby T'sCage kennels, back to the state [Incomprehensible]  
Put you in the mental, locked down with three channels  
EC Network, the weather station, my favorites  
Cut your back out, sell it to AvirexKissed this doe bitch with AIDS and I caught a cold sore  
Looking for, "Sex in the City" and I shit on these four old whores  
Kick mud off my boots to shake the story loose  
Actin' bigheaded when I smoke with BeetlejuiceKids wanna fuck with the Peddlers, I can't wait  
I strafe Diallo's widow, datin' the jake  
You spit some shit, I'll return the sentiment  
And spit in your face, 'cause you're not in your elementBorn to slay them fake mega monsters  
Who couldn't even rhyme if they had teleprompters  
Yo E you fucked up, man you probably right  
I wipe my ass and shove it in your face like Bobby KnightThat smut, wet dreams of G-13  
That smut, money shots and porno plots  
That smut, politicians in limousines sniffin'  
That smut, double D's trapped in baby T'sThat smut, wet dreams of G-13  
That smut, money shots and porno plots  
That smut, politicians in limousines sniffin'  
That smut, double D's trapped in baby T'sThat smut  
That smut

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>