# That Smut

## Smut Peddlers

Welcome to the peep show
Perhaps you've heard of us
Are you familiar with this? Peddlers
Eastern ConferenceThat smut, it is what it is
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That smut, it is what it isYo 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 ManMakin 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 suchMan 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 douchesThat 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'sDucks 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 outAnd 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 chapterCome 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 hydrolixAlex 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' breddernThat smut, wet dreams of G-13
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That smut, politicians in limousines sniffin'
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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
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