

blek le roc

Kill that cat, watch me kill that cat  
 If it's your girl, I'm lookin' at  
 Then watch me kill that cat I hunt cunts like these, with underground disease  
 In they yearly matin' spots, spawn a million MC's  
 They used to go to shows, drink dance get high  
 Then you click the mic the whole audience wanna rhyme In '92 I let the Cage outta Alex  
 Through college radio demonstrate the fist, fuck the love ballads  
 Summon demons in my ad libs, fun triplin'  
 Vomit good shit, go feed off dead Christians Red light in the Lincoln, from drinkin' Dren from  
 The corpse in my eye can explain the thinkin'  
 While I lay behind a wall of flesh, engulfed by the homeless  
 If I escape, I might evaporate my whole state Plus when Cage ripped in half on the concrete  
 Screamin', "That's my spirit running down the street"  
 The undead, writin' in gun lead  
 Liposuct' a fat bitch out her box with one hypo' jab Inject tiger serum, I can't hear 'em, who?  
 Alex with the fuckin' loaded thirty-oh-two, 'cause This is for the whores, and the kicked over stores  
 And fifty-four dollars in my pocket on tour  
 This is for the kid that said, "Oh, you dead"  
 And the fifty-four stitches that he caught in his head This is for the clowns, I beat with no hands  
 And the two O-Z's, down to fifty-four grams  
 With two to the face, I'm a basket face  
 With fifty-four seconds to outer space I love a bull mastiff ground up, make a pound up  
 With green Jesus, get in I'll drive you to seizures  
 Humanoid pause, before God, with cyborg dogs after me  
 Killin' these rhymin' Sigmund Freuds for the cause Your whole life's a waitin' room for worms  
 Strangest occurs, you see Venus in furs  
 With toast out facin' Earth, avenge my sixteen  
 Your old shell talk to pistols like Starscream My whole story lost on a wall in black marker  
 66 more flicks for Clive Barker  
 With a little message, for real research kids  
 Can you guess who the faggot DJ is? My anti-commercial style will curse you  
 Say fuck so much, my airplay's like curfew  
 To third shift farm chemists, the senate scarred  
 Start killin' all the livin' like the Serbian guards You supportin' communism buyin' majors so dub  
 Watch me put two rocks in Kurt Loder head, whassup This is for the whores, and the kicked over stores  
 And fifty-four dollars in my pocket on tour  
 This is for the kid that said, "Oh, you dead"  
 And the fifty-four stitches that he caught in his head This is for the clowns, I beat with no hands  
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With two to the face, I'm a basket face  
With fifty-four seconds to outer space  
The undead, red light in the Lincoln  
For Cage, ripped, in half on the concrete  
Screamin', "That's my spirit runnin' down the street"  
Runnin' down the street, runnin down, running down the street

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