A Crowd Killer

Cage

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm an anarchist, no wait, I'm an Antichrist
Couldn't find a third six of my scalp so I used a knife
Scratched it in, I'm wasted, getting trashed again
An active ten, laughing and slashing friendsSelling dust to kids is how I used to spend the day
'Cause I was only trying to live like Tim McVay
I respect women's lib by letting them get their mace off
My dogs are hungry so I flick em with cutting your face offFollow my lead, smoke weed and bleed sloppy
If you see me selling out in the store one more copy
Jump in the crowd and start swinging the cordless
Then dismember all you high-tech spy kids with a swordfishSee these cats in the streets off TV, they all bitch
Fans with a mic wanna battle, they all shit
So I push cop killers and things, they call quits
Then let off one in the crowds, they all hitsMy career's low on gas, I'm stabbing the rapper in sight
A suicidal failure like Shady's ex-wife
One day got too pissed and sliced open two wrists
I punch lines 'til there's coke all over my two fistsLook off over crowd, connect nicotine buzz
Then find your bitch dug out like the headrest where them screens was
Fuck your six, I got sixteen waiting
Anymore patient than when they switched me to out-patientLeft the hospital and dissed my whole crew
Even pop knew the deal and walked out when I was two
Get slammed in the dirt, murked and earth plate shaked
You ain't stirring hurricanes, you breath on birthday cakeSee some more fags, we'll choke them herbs
And beat promoters down and be booked on spoken word
If I'm too sick, I'm sorry, I'm trying to get my head right
Wrapped up in this cult that I started on my websiteSee these cats in the streets off TV, they all bitch
Fans with a mic wanna battle, they all shit
So I push cop killers and things, they call quits
Then let off one in the crowds, they all hitsI snap a copy of Blade on DVD in half
Slice your neck and hand you a pamphlet on AIDS
Smut Peddlers, break up is apparent
When I put shit together like Malcolm McLarenSo Keep staring, I keep feeding your brain flaws
I'm porn again like the scam that got me in chain stores

Cage, number 9 on Billboard, fuck
Now I gotta sick Kubrick on Lil' Bow Wow's nutsLong range shots to where you and your mans is
Missed and hit some skinny ugly white bitch in Kansas
Scratch her eyes out right where the evil itched her
Need a [unverified] elixir, a heaven [unverified]See these cats in the streets off TV, they all bitch
Fans with a mic wanna battle, they all shit
So I push cop killers and things, they call quits
Then let off one in the crowds, they all hits

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