

# 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 friends  
Selling 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 off  
Follow 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 swordfish  
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  
My 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 fists  
Look 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-patient  
Left 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 shaken  
You ain't stirring hurricanes, you breath on birthday cake  
See 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 website  
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  
I 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 McLaren  
So 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 nuts  
Long 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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