

Smut Peddlers

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
 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
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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