

Medicated Minutes

Smut Peddlers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I stalk down the block, grabbin' my jock
Scratch cocks while I dot for my red light stop
Dead right, Hobbes, I write rhymes for a livin'
Hid my misgivings, from my brain, was still missin' Read an' study while my boots' muddy
So fuckin' filthy, an Avirex butters look bummy
Think out loud 'cause I'm allowed to stage dive in a crowd
Of cannibals about to spit across my eyebrow Now God blessed me with abnormal tendencies
Granted clemency for illegal chemistry
Ain't worth your weight in molecular structure
Out of work like JFK Jr.'s flight instructor Went lookin' for exits an' tried to get my head fixed
Slept with a perforated picture of Jimi Hendrix
See in these days, Cage is like 54 ways
To get my fuckin' money, mega seedless to blaze Sluts, gimmicks, ducks, you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck image, we stuck on spinach
In a second, you'll be checkin' into fuckin' smut clinics Like sluts, gimmicks, ducks, you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck image, we stuck on spinach
In a second, you'll be checkin' into fuckin' smut clinics I ran up in a whack open mic cafe on stage
So many biters, I performed in a shark cage
In dark shades durin' the Central Park raids
I walked out with a book of paper an' a bag of beige Friends, the camera lens is behind the shoelace
Get more upskirts than women [Incomprehensible] for your face
I'm fresh out the box like newborns
The chicken played with my monkey, now we makin' zoo porn Now MC's the Anti-Christ like Damien thorn
Eric the Pascal, land so feel the scorn
The old man, illest showman, my moldin'
With logic equal to fifteen Vulcans An' I'm soakin', face lookin' blank
Shoot this little kid up with horse tranq'
An' send him to the bank
With a 'Give me the funds' note, clip's missin' from the gun
If he gets slapped, then fuck it all, I'll split it with my dunns I shit on crumbs, got a couple thousand sons

That all shoulda been wiped off some jugs or cloggin' lungs
Every time I dabble, watch my life unravel
Did I miss an exit to the road less traveled? Transmit from the depths of the deepest basement
Through the pavement, up into spaceships
Death Star creator, I orbit track wars
My appeal spans Rhodes scholars to slack jaws Sluts, gimmicks, ducks, you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck image, we stuck on spinach
In a second, you'll be checkin' into fuckin' smut clinics Like sluts, gimmicks, ducks, you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck image, we stuck on spinach
In a second, you'll be checkin' into fuckin' smut clinics Yo, a peddler show, include a few heathens
From Hoth to Tatooine, you choose the season
Dialect for all these crews an' legions
A walkin' contradiction like, 'Jews for Jesus' I spit how the earth taste an' pass forms out of place
Galvanize my face an' kill for breathin' space
Nobody to trace, open the trunk like the case
Light the L off of your body an' swepted you in the face Yeah, I seen old timers became semi-thugs
I got more dizzy spells than Reginald Denny does
Cranium blower, Shea Stadium goer
Hydro cultivator turned uranium grower I'm the smut chancellor, got vagina slippers for the floor
Show you an' that slut you call 'Wifey', hardcore
While I burn off the lips, stacked to evolve from
I'm down to shoot [Incomprehensible] fucks
'Cause I canceled their cause Sluts, gimmicks, ducks, you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck image, we stuck on spinach
In a second, you'll be checkin' into fuckin' smut clinics Like sluts, gimmicks, ducks, you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck image, we stuck on spinach
In a second, you'll be checkin' into fuckin' smut clinics In a second, you'll be checkin' into fuckin' smut clinics
In a second, you'll be checkin' into fuckin' smut clinics

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>