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Crombie

Kill that cat, watch me kill that cat
If it's your girl, I'm lookin' at
Then watch me kill that catI 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 rhymeIn '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 ChristiansRed light in the Lincoln, from drinkin' Drencrom
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 statePlus 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' jabInject tiger serum, I can't hear 'em, who?
Alex with the fuckin' loaded thirty-oh-two, 'causeThis 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 headThis 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 spaceI 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 causeYour 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 StarscreamMy 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 guardsYou supportin' communism buyin' majors so dub
Watch me put two rocks in Kurt Loder head, whassupThis 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 headThis 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 spaceThe 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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