

A Crowd Killer

Cage

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 McVeigh
I respect woman'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 in things they call clips!
Then let off one in the crowds, they all hits!

My career's low on gas, I'm stabbin 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 stirrin' 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

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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 nine 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 [?] elixir, a heaven [?]

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