

Agent Orange

Cage

There was me, Alex... and three of my mans
All supposed to meet at Korova Milk Bar
The Korova Milk Bar couldn't afford it's liquor license
So it sold milkplus Drencrom, or Synthmesc
It would sharpen you up for a bit of the ol' ultraviolence
Which plagued our minds for the evening
And so kiddies... death for all, right right?! RIGHT RIGHT!

I'm Against the Machine like Rage; bitches say, "I hate you Cage!"
After circle jerks, I wash my hands off and do dirt
Sick with a smirk, plus happy disturbed
Fucked the first two bitches like dogs and I jacked off on the third
I'm obvious oblivion but that's my science
Fuck your head up like corn rows put in by blind giants
Haven't been with it, since the last corpse
Kidded, wore a blood stained smile, and told the cops, "He did it!"
Of course the most raw throughout the 9-1-4, 1-0-9-4-0
Got you beasts shook like Doc Moreau
Pour beer out for yourself because you're walking dead
I'll burn your house down like a fucking Talking Head
And get high like fuck, and pick apart my brain
Dissections may mentally cause infections
Break you with inventions, sick intentions
Leave most MC's lost in my sentence
I'm strictly, beyond and back, come and get me
Hemotobin, left from a lip like a hickey
Leak smoke got me ready to murder a rookie
Killers on your block tuck in they dicks like Tootsie
Come and witness what your shit missed
Watch the Glock kiss, Little Sis' wet her like a Baptist
Inconvenience; dilemma, like sitting on, Venus
With no shuttle, treeless
Try and pick apart some Agent Orange perception
Catch frontal lobe damage and not manage correction
I smell leak smoke, left by the anonymous
Beats brought back to life die when I'm embalmin' this
Come around and get yo' ass shot to clusters
I'm a play the injuns with the arrows you be Custer's... back
I ride up on you, divorce your head and neck then scalp it
Rip off all your flesh and make a outfit

People said his brain was infected by devils

I survived abortion; got mushed in that canister-shaped coffin
'Til stolen from the garbage I was tossed in
Instincts, snatch your cream like links
Blow shotguns through the sky, making E.T. eyes chink
See me twisting leak with my peeps from psychiatrics
Get high, run up in your crib and fuck your moms backwards
Lost in the dust, don't give a fuck about dangerous
I'm in it for the whip, plus the cream and the head... rush
Ready to bust any trick that talk slick
Know a crew of devils in my head that force me to walk...
With, Death in my pocket for the curious
At your execution see twelve faces of Jesus in your jury this
Orange Agent, shit on a vagrant
Caught you in the alley by yourself and left your head vacant

Dare you sample, some of the stress in my life
Give an MC brain surgery with butterfly knife
For all you cunts that try to spit with your bitch clique behind ya
Wake up in the morning with a horse head beside ya
Ma Dukes is just a cherry on top
Spending G's on quacks to try and fix my Clock
I caught the quick lock, buggin' in the institution
Whatever sanity was left, caught the execution
Psychological pollution, they stickin' me with Thorazine solution
Shooting at the sky looking for Godly retribution
And I can almost see clear
I start buggin' like a insect and lay larvae in your ear
Agent Orange stomping on MC corpse slim circle body part
Call murder scenes abstract art
Split your sweetbreads it's the horror show in infra-red
Boots get planted in chest there for the misled
Lay it down for naps in the dirt, just like Clockwork
Undress your ghost while your brain's taking a squirt