

Ck Won

Cage

Look y'all gotta get in fuckin' line if you want to get served...
Put the money in her... look I know y'all used to them bottles of that piss
yellow...
You fuck this we closin' shit out...

If I'm as ill when I'm makin' my arms achin'
Holdin' this baby over the roof when my Incubus CD skips...
My wrist slips, look over the edge and score the bitch
On the land of them flips man start handin me dames or clips
Fuck it - start squeezin' - shootin' mo'fuckers for no reason
Am I buggin when I burnt the flames after rubbin' - gasoline on my arms and
chest and start huggin'
People in the precinct like cousins by the dozens when they question me I sa
y where I wasn't
Pretty BM puttin holes in your civic out the window shermed up if you say I
don't live it
Shits landin' your grills holdin' a divot large enough forecast fema to pivo
t
Or is it Chris Palko that's givin' these bitches mouthfuls
Then it's thank you notes on their face with scalpels

CK won yeah for CK run
Your dough bitches I leave and tip y'all in ones
Out of dough you might wake up with a mouth full of cum
And this ether rag to wipe with when I'm done

CK won yeah for CK run
Your pockets dawg you keep the lint and the crumbs
If you climb out the trunk be happy to see sun
Not get the fuck back to work and get me some more funds

Now don't start gettin jumpy I'm happy to pump 3
Clips to your face then set out to leave the country
Bitch smack enabled the quick snack scoop out the twat and get what's left o
f the bitch back
Eat later rap to heat haters pimp like I feed em feet first to gators
Skin grafts can't hide the brand and then rolled up here with your husband a
fter my hands in it
Then send em home with three of my mans in it cause I'm no prince like prote
ctive palm laminates
Think shits silly now watch the nine milly - put this really dull bitch brai
ns all in the belly
That's fifty K more fifty more to gun or play back to the lab with a big tit
tied run away
Guess who ain't gonna pay to paint islands gettin' head from a wilin bitch a
nd still drivin'

I left a trail of dead nurses kept the ID from their purses
Started my own 1 900 number service...
Gettin' mad at earth is a waste of time
Still collectin' note when I'm too wasted to rhyme
You in the basement online with the webcam, go get your head slammed limbs b
roke bedpan
All for this bitch played you for Chris, IV in your wrist and fist pumpin' y
ou Cage piss
With the incidentals of cage kennels cut through the panties with the rocks

and the dentals

Speakin' of which no gifts for the snatch unless you want diamond earrings w
ith earlobes attached

Shoot up an M5 and whoever in it cause I ain't got one and I ain't waitin' a
minute

If the ransom ain't met then I ain't cakey to floss cheese grater to face an
d start scrapin' it off...

"Down in the snook of the duke of new york - now they knew who was master an
d leader"