(Down) The Left Hand Path

Cage

I was mislead, but once I found the way
I convinced a group of 19 that they should drown today
How I flipped it, clipped it after madness
Then the dead came back and haunted the wrong address
Cause they some stupid dead motherfuckers
Just like all you bitches, all Weathermen fluffers
And I get my shoes polished
By the best open mic emcees paying Timbaland's homage
In this day and age
If your deck ain't playing Cage
You probably disgruntled your Mrs. Funnel mayonnaise
Or I ain't get the right palm
My whole career been a upstream kayak through blood
My tools love, seeing the face of opponents
Seconds before they scull and wig savor the moment
Light up a Jay, cast silence over Bob
And hair stuck on the ground, shit I might as well rob the dead

Hear this to the DJ then track the clubs
Lift the cover of my CD then see what acid does
Don't just stand there looking like some average thugs
If there's a chick standing next to you then grab her jugs
And if you ain't grabbin' the dough when they ass below
Then you come back to the crib wearin' a mask and gloves
Then you go back to the club stinkin' of ass and blood
Joke some kid up diggin' pockets and snatch the drugs

I a backwards education
Studied some chick with broken navigation
All this anti-Cage demonstratin'
I don't pray to Satan
I pray on agents makin'
Shapeable minds
Capable of firing traceable 9's
But not at any kegs that make they snout's see
I don't know what I wrote till' I spit and my mouth bleeds
Look, more patterns to market
Not even naming I'm standin' a walkin' target with shoppers that look at me awkward
Granted I got a canon and my freakin' mouth's leakin'
Cause my crew put more dust in the air than house keeping
If you sleeping you're getting woke the fuck up
Like you're parents while you bought this and smoke the fuck up
With some much rhymin' in the NYC
I carry 9 millimeter in the back of Taxi
While I thought music prevented GOB servants
And a cycle of brain wash entertainments to detergent

If my thought patterns
Brought palans to Walt Adams
And spit violence and death, then kids start gaddin'
Bloody ear canal
Hold it down with a towel
Cause by the time the verse hatch your stomach's hangin' out
We got a verse on the loose, let's get these mouth zippers
Buy six drinks a night then wake up and wear 'em as house slippers
I'm just fuckin' with you bitch, don't get offended

This ain't your average anti-pop record with a happy ending
Go ask your block
School body and bastard pops
How the fuck you get your hands on acid drops
Music television repellent for kids with extreme views
Start torchin' labs to light the team's fuse
I've gotten plottin', rotten [?] been chewing
I keep my hands in it with no tangible influence
Whether a Clockwork Orange or a murderous night
A book of what my pops did to Tony Burgess's wife

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