

# Haterama

Cage

So many faggots to swing the ax at  
Who do I shoot first?  
Answer when I make this dead cow feel my boots hurt  
Whoever's standin' as part of the human pavement  
Quitters advance, tryin' to rap, the movement's faded  
Kill like I stuck it in shit  
Sold ya'll a bucket of shit  
Even Bobbito said, "Fuck it I quit!"  
KCR shit me out but you knew that  
Reflect your crew back, to that late-'90s beat  
You shouldn't eschew that  
The biggest pop star in the world threw dirt in my engine  
But when I say his name I look like Royce tryin' to get attention  
I know the ledge, 110 stories you been sour  
The only Boston hits in New York was the Twin Towers  
It's only right my raps reflect evil  
My only wish: to trade places with them 3, 000 dead people  
Hindsight Halloween you begged to open up  
Daddy's Lex, coked it up, on stage chokin' up  
Dropped the mic and left  
Cage arrived a hour later  
Cause the opening acts bore me, especially them coward haters  
Eight Jack and Cokes, 7L's gettin' lucky  
Get to the side of the stage, these groupies tryin' to touch me  
That's a snuff, no that's a hug, my arm's small  
Richie Rich got the nerve to steal on me for pub?  
What was that? Bugs hit windshields harder than that  
Wasted loot on rap, coulda been through Harvard and back  
I know you're salty I sold more in Beantown  
You're obscene, now you're wasting all your label's cream now  
Trying to get violent, but gay is gay  
The same day New Yorkers was on mourning JMJ  
You got no respect, why give it? You don't get it  
What toy-ass crew can't beat up paramedics  
Too many cards showing, do you know how to play the game?  
Throwin' up consecutive bricks like it's your label's name  
Oops, I guess it is, fuckin' stick to the kegs  
Your team probably front like they ain't on my dick in your face  
End your career? shit ain't even started  
Clean up your style  
Help out Lif, he holdin' your whole scene up  
You see the sweat on his face, that's all  
I know you ain't sweat like that since you sent El-P a demo  
And his slang is outdated like, "Look I'm butter now"  
You fatherfuckers still drown in my watered down  
True, me and your producer got a past beef  
Either his girl sucked my dick or I wouldn't rock to his trash beats  
BOAST: look girls, your health's vital  
Cop the Nighthawks album, bitches, Celph Titled  
Played your boys idle  
Every tonight'll seem like you and the cops are tight  
Shoot up your ankles cause your socks are white  
Go teach your pops to fight