

Leak Bros.

Cage

You mix the blood of Christ with Bruce Campbell
Puff the Evil Dead, once, twice
And got an Army of Darkness handle on my heater, so
Watch your back when I follow the leader, don't
Sweat the technique or the weed I roll
She's seen the low
Donnie Darko still dippin the engines
Me and Tame like the crimson guards from different dimensions
Convertible Tims, perverted with ends
Manipulation of the truth like my hyperbole friends
Shotty in the john I'm like Vincent Vegas fix them haters
While six ho's blow me and a pimp with pissed on gators
Chinatown Dumbledore bootleggin my shit
Cause they sell in the stores what I sell on the net
I got more juice than Beetle
Little Robbie Kenevil skipped across
Rikki Leaky Lake before she did a show on diesel
The steez climb from the bag into the book
Listen, I'm out to let them heaters cook like [?] in the kitchen

Look at all the death that's surroundin us
Eject into my cigarette just to be down with us
Bring a chick to the moon if she down to crush
Then get back to the planet just to cop a pound of dust

I dip my cigarettes in the most wicked of liquids
That have me blackin out like six solar eclipses
Flip like light switches, I'm unpredictable with it
With blunts that smell funny, the insides is minted
Adjust my brain with the effect of purple rain
Wet up, full of sherm, dead up, fried and messed up
My Newport warped off illy makin me silly
Brain rotted and toxic, now I'm fifty one fifty
As the world turns the sherm is spinnin me backwards
Knockin me off axis, I'm soakin my Dutch Masters
Outta control until my high go down, I mix 2 liters of leak per hydro pound
It's like dreamin with your eyes open
Knowin what's up but you can't control nothin so you might go nuts
I lose focus off the hocus pocus, smokin ferocious
Exceeding any and all known medical doses

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My brain thinks around the holes in it
Infinite running stream of consciousness I could drown in in any minute
Leave a shot up duck to die in a dead goose
Spidey hits the maryjane and he let's the web loose
Swing from bitch to ho like buildings
In the same shirt my pops was killed in
Blunt got more juice than 3 dead children
Leak brothers blast off then blast for the cake
First to die gets smoked by the crew after the wake

This is our brain on drugs

We get a buzz and write the sickest lyrics ever that was
With the rush of the vanilla dutch pretty much roll it with an intricate dut
ch
Blaze it up and we start thinkin too much
Mix the goodie with some backyard boogie to stretch it
Listen to records for a message and use various methods
Smoke Garcia Vegas for breakfast
Herb got me slurrin my S's makin me restless, fresh from off the guest list

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