

Left It to Us

Cage

Hot bukakke session... I mean seriously...
How many fucking times do we have to go through this shit?

I write left shit with my right spit on the mic twice
Sleep on beef wake up to hammers like christ
We summon electro animals destined a mandible
Giant like we runnin through New York City in mechanical lions

Yo I walk on glass chuckle city out of a miners lung
Grasshopper keep a civil tongue where the passifiers plugged
Shrug em off eye of tiger pen over the hideous
Watch the gorilla in em slither back through the lineage

I write left shit with my right brain
Made eyeballs pop like bike chains in the right phase
Dog, I got cat links connected to my arms like bat wings
So each complete revolution of the bells is saddening

Weathermen is not a crew it's a hot mind with guns up to it
The last cats audio to-in it ruinin' your drumkit
Vandals of society arsonist sheep in public
We speak in reality tv and there are no writers touchin it

And if the brick city was Compton I'd be OG Bobby Johnson on the loose
Throwin up deuce at the first sign of a problem
Weathermen filth nastiest black and blue braid and light base milk with lump
s
Bulked up for the last six months

Yo the freak show veteran, bad to the skeleton
I heard he's in the weatherman-oh god it's them again

A weatherman can do no wrong no uniform
Cut off three limbs with a new arm dead planet in it's palm
Flow some life in your rap one cross second
Let me take you from your normally programmed shit record
If you're into irony I brought the four four in the place
While canvas nights paint the art of war in your face
Hit that psycho stimuli that gets you hot happy and whistlin'
And if I'm too bugged the feds are still listenin'

You're flawed in the particles I'm a fuckin genuine article and you been rep
pin' shit marginal
Partially I'm responsible I'm harsh to the bono and I'll acid wash your phon
o
I swagger the injury shield cloak
A flock of humming birds circle the same place I spoke
Arena hollowed out drunk bombshells fell through the smoke
Heal the pain of followers runnin through hell in shell toes

And the award for scummiest ninja moment of the summer
Goes to mister slip a mickey to christ at his own supper
Who's talent turned chemical imbalance to vital cash crop
While moonlighting as your local Eckhart Pharmacy mascot
Boss Hogs dogs sniffin' out victims for the quota sorta rogue put a slip on
the system throw the...
WM's up for bounty hunters Paulie Junior mount the chrome bazookas on the Or

ange County Choppers

Two dollar box cutters sharp with the game bustin through your cheek
You keep the change representative tang weatherman gang - stop
As the planet and the stars and the moons collapse
It's this Cage, Aesop, El, Breeze Brew, Tame and Yak
Pack it out early like winter for the brain
I'm a stop like fish dinners with a jar of bizarre for the dip spinach
The new left southpaws outlaws north to california
Represent bent and put dents in your battle armor