

Perfect World

Cage

Money in the bank...

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I woke up president Weatherman keep the weapon in
The same spot that got honey spillin her estrogen
Lookin' to molest me in the back of the Lac
I got a million plus downloads, fuck a plaque!
Another thing I have is a little fascination
For girls that use my music to make relations
Take, ummmm, for instance so persistent
Had me doin' shit to her so unchristian
Into pissin' and strangulation masons
Keep callin' me about my applications
Cause I dropped it off then thought knock it off
You could start your own club to plot and stalk
Perforated thinking I see shit spastic
Pinned under a microscope into a book of acid
Transform the high to a narcotic logic
Flying with maggots in the cock pit

Money in the bank, it's a perfect world
New car shotgun it's the perfect girl
Eat your pills up try to work this world
And have no malfunctions to hurt this girl
May or may not really deserve this world
To reveal that you really got a worthless girl...
Don't be nervous, girl! (Okay okay)
Don't be nervous, girl!

There's a thin line between love and a fuck
And how drunk she got to be to put it in her butt (Okay okay)
Struts in her seven jeans I follow deception
To the suicide diner to feed my depression
I need a girl to make me crash my Benz up
A whistler with a blade that'll cut all my ends up
I'll pop in every direction to catch a court case
East bay, West Nile, south park to north face
My aunts smokin' I got her crack
I had a kid to feed then I wrote "Agent Orange" on a Whopper wrap
That's why I has it my way like a barkin pit
Only know the day by which side of the street I park my shit
Make it awkward quick I'm achin' to bloom
But they all wanna see me eat how I ate in the womb
Inspired by Doom death and metal objects
Like a young Zev Love X readin' Marvel Comics

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Come on, girl, don't be nervous, girl! (Okay okay)
Don't be nervous girl!

I take a look around soak up my environment

Ring it out into the mic and pay rent
Clips holdin' V.I.P.'s to Jesus
When the birds pressed up on the glass like Grey Goose
Science fiction with too in depth raps
Ride tsunamis through new left tracks
Semi colon my brain geeked out and swollen
No glass just nerd wraps to roll dro in
In these last days before I drop, bleed or end
I'll serve til they kill me like Scott Peterson
I spit ugly so many rappers love me
They rush me at shows tryin to kiss and hug me
It's truth or dare but y'all keep pickin truth
Cause the know I'm goin' dare them to come to New York, oops!
I spilled beer on the board fine me later while I conspire this Illuminati p
aper

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