

Public Property

Cage

The employee of the year
Yeah, I'm back to work
Let that label sell old Cage songs and Weathermen shirts
You threw a whack title on that Weathermen song
Which was another remix where you synched my shit up all wrong
Seemed a bit malicious like you tried to fuck up the mission
But upon departure of y'all I checked nothing just carried on my vision
Wrote 'till my fingers bled, got no respect or love
So now y'all can pay me back by writing out my check in blood
But pay me no mind if my records are wreck-less
This time around I'm just one of you fucking depressed kids
You saw the bottle splash next see the tech sprayer
Woke in the studio chained to the board with a mini cassette player
The H in mother nature's arm through intravenous
Shook some seasons but Weathermen still who the team is
Wanna see Weathertron assemble like republicans
But when we transform it'll be just for the fuck of it

And I got more days than left on this earth invested
Cause this piece of me needs...!
I broke more nights just to sleep and bleed through breakfast
Cause this piece of me feeds...!
Suffered 100 pen stabs to the head up restless
Cause this piece of me loves...!
Don't fuck with weather prez I got a major death wish
Cause this piece of me is...!

Goin' to church I didn't feel right, "Christian doesn't kneel right!"
Tried to kill my self in music cause I tried to do it in real life
Born with my circuitry in my programmers hands
First act of anarchy a freshmen not blendin' in with Hammer pants
Sophomore graduated with unspeakable acts
You had the balls to rip me off have 'em when I speak up with Yak
I gave you "Eons" to pay me but money bags stallin'
Like it ain't my how "The Mighty" have fallen
I stabbed my mom'n'pop label, calm on, stop!
Y'all still owe me doe time to go back to mom n pop
C'mon stop it's silly how did you really
Think you had "Home Field Advantage" in New York reppin' Philly

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Knuckles bloody no sleep seen three days tanked
Write or break jaws my fists still filled with teenage angst
And the only therapy is what's read on paper, funny!
How the same applies to seeing blood on money
Splash you in the face with liquid nitrogen see if it freeze
Then smash you bring cats, doggie, I'm Vietnamese
Not sure where heaven is, but I know hell is here
Used to stuff trees into bottles like Belvedere

Just to see clearer, cracked my rear view mirror
Now the schizophrenics in it are closer than they appear or
I'm light years beyond my apocalyptic day dream
To riding around with guns in a van with my A-Team
The fire in the sky that rises to sink night
Just another morning I wake up too left to think right
The much better looking white Al Roker
After gastric bypass brings the weather, it's over

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