

Curt Hennig

"In-Outs"

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Ah ladies and gentlemen, you're smut peddlers again
We're going back to our roots
We are porn again..

[Cage]

I surf out spots and I bail after they knock
Socially disorder like, whites blacks and Puerto Rocks
In your lab with toast and oven mittens
Keep my feet in anus MC's so much they stop shittin
The Sugar Box, called crotch, for Cage prints
Leave pussy glowin orange in a spin like dioxins
My man's truck crashed, the radiation plant burned
Spit ran out, lit up like Green Lantern
Bentley on the wrist, while I'm drinkin Sunkist
? ? ? I spit electric piss
From big city to outback, somebody's gettin cornered
And my steez got my old seeds suicidal abortin shit
Even cheerleader from a player present
Stuck this hooker with broken glass
until her belly looked pregant
Pissed in her mouth and lit her stomach for a while
Kicked her in the ass while she gave birth to a crystal

Chorus: Mr. Eon, Cage

I peddle smut like paper routes with no droughts
We givin IN-OUTS, and IN-OUTS, and more IN-OUTS
I spray fluid by the ounce, your pouch gets pounced
Givin IN-OUTS, and IN-OUTS, and more IN-OUTS
I peddle smut like paper routes, your mom's house
catches IN-OUTS, and IN-OUTS, and more IN-OUTS
I spray fluid by the ounce, your pouch gets pounced
Givin IN-OUTS, and IN-OUTS, and more IN-OUTS

[Mr. Eon]

We get our lye on, while my shit spray like Krylon's
My wide-eyed state red just like a cylon
From the drug that I be high on, you know my motto
I'm tellin you girl, I got a tough pill to swallow
Like Killamantjaro, been in there
ever since Rory Sparrell, shot straight like an arrow

I hope to grab up pirates just like a pharoah
and I wobble too much, for the straight and narrow
But on this mic, I be a pleasant surprise
Like seein shaved pussy right in front of your eyes
Intriguing, your empty words have no meaning
You need Vivarin if you gonna keep sleeping
I be quenching thirsts, you're just quarter water
Never heard about, just like Seargeant Slaughter
O-I-N-T, cobra clutch your domepiece
I try to stay slim, but my shit be obese

Chorus: Cage, Mr. Eon

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[Cage]

I scribble declarations cause mental patients need it
Turn a dominatrix to a submissive cheerleader
Bite it beat it eat it hit it quit it
Then I stick my fingers in the fuckin mouth of critics
Ahhh, day in the life of Agent Orange mad E.T.
Paraphanelia, try all local twats in the area
Stormin grounds with four-pounds, I exist through the
rounds
Take it out on my mom's dome with legs and arms
bound

[Mr. Eon]

We spit phlegm that's outrageous, like sneaker prices
Mics get wet like dildo devices
Bleed from sores that's puss ridden, plus hidden
in a Crackerjack surprise, your demise
The skull fracture, I attacked ya
Mr. E in 3-D, you're just a beat jacker
Exhalin flatulence, past tense
Have quadripalegics, doin back bends

Chorus: Cage, Mr. Eon

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Agent Orange, smut peddler for life
Dick Starbuck, smut peddler for life
DJ Mighty Mi, smut peddler for life
J the Sultan, smut peddler for life
Al Goldstein, smut peddler for life
Bill Clinton, smut peddler for life
Hide your women

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