

High & Mighty "In"

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featuring Cage

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 Killamanjaro, 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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