

IDA**"54"**

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...Yo, Yo
Uh...huh, uh...huh, uh...huhhh
Kill that cat, Watch me kill that cat
If it's your girl im lookin' at, watch me kil that
cat...

[Cage]

I hunt cunts like these, with underground disease
And the yearly matin' spots, spawnin' million emcees
They used to go to shows drink, dance, get high
Then you click the Mic, the whole audience wanna
rhyme
In ninety-two, I let the cage outta Alex, through
college radio
Demonstrate the fist, fuck the love ballads
Summon demons in my ad-libs, tongue trickling
Vomit good shit, go feed off dead Christians
Red light in the lincoln, from drinking drenchrome
The corpse in my eye can explain the thinking
While I lay behind a wall of flesh, engulfed by the
homeless
If I escape, I might evaporate my whole state
Plus when cage ripped in half on the concrete
Screaming "that's my spirit running down the street"
The undead, writing the gun lead
Lypo-suck the fat bitch outta box with one hypo jab
Inject tiger-serum, I can't hear em'..."who?"
Alex with the fuckin' loaded 30-0-2
...cause

Chorus: Cage

This is for the whores, and the kicked over stores
And 54 dollars in my pocket on tour
This is for the kid that said "oh you dead"
And the 54 stitches that caught in his head
This is for the clowns I beef with no hands
And the two O-Z's down to 54 grams
With two to the face, I'm a basket face
With 54 seconds to outer space

[Cage]

I love a bull mastif, ground up, make him pound up
With green Jesus, get in, I'll drive you to seizures
Humanoid pause, before god, with cyborg dogs, after
me
Killin' the rhymin' Sigmund Freuds
For the cause, your whole life's a waiting room for
worms
Strangest occurs, you see Venus in furs
With toast out, facing earth, avenge my sixteen
Year old shell, talk to pistols like star scream
My whole story lost on a wall in black marker
Sixty-six more flicks for Clyde barker
With a little message for real research kids
Can you guess who the faggot DJ is?
My anti-commercial, style will curse you
Say fuck so much, my airplay's like curfew
To third shift farm chemists, the senates scarred
Start killing all the living like a serbian gods
You supporting communism buying major's, so dub
Watch me put two rocks in Kurt loaders head, for sub

Chorus: Cage

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[FADE OUT]

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