

## IDA

### "Agent Orange"

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(Dialogue below interpreted by Cage from the film "Clockwork Orange")

\*whispered in the background: "Smoke dust, shoot the cops  
Give out automatics to your friends on the block"\*

There was me, Alex.. and three of my mens  
All supposed to meet at Korova Milk Bar  
The Korova Milk Bar couldn't afford it's liquor license  
so it sold milkplus Drencrom, or Synthmesc  
It would sharpen you up for a bit of the ol' ultraviolence  
which plagued our minds for the evening  
And so kiddies... death for all, right right?! RIGHT  
RIGHT!!

[Verse One: Cage]

I'm Against the Machine like Rage; bitches say, "I hate you Cage!"

After circle jerks, I wash my hands off and do dirt  
Sick with a smirk, plus I be disturbed  
Fucked the first two bitches like dogs and I jacked off  
on the third

I'm obvious oblivion but that's my science  
Fuck your head up like corn rows put in by blind giants  
Haven't been with it, since the last corpse kidded  
Wore a blood stained smile, and told the cop, "He did it!"

Of course the most raw throughout the 9-1-4, 1-0-9-4-0  
Got you beasts shook like Doc Moreau  
Pour beer out for yourself because you're walkin dead  
I'll burn your house down like a fuckin Talking Head  
And get high like fuck, and pick apart my brain  
Dissections [HA!] may [HA!] mentally [HA!] cause [HA!] infections

Break you with inventions, sick intentions  
Leave most MC's lost in my sentence  
I'm strictly, beyond and back, come and get me  
Hemotobin, left from a lip like a hickie  
Leak smoke got me ready to murder a rookie  
Killers on your block tuck in they dicks like Tootsie

Come and witness what your shit missed  
Watch the glock kiss, Little Sis' wetter like a Baptist  
Inconvenience; dilemma, like sitting on, Venus  
with no shuttle, treeless  
Try and pick apart some Agent Orange perception  
Catch frontal lobe damage and not manage correction  
I smell leak smoke, left by the anonymous  
Beats brought back to life, die, when I'm embalmin this  
Come around and get yo' ass shot to clusters  
I'ma play the injuns with the arrows you be Custard's..  
back  
I write upon ya, divorce your head and neck then scalp  
it  
Rip off all your flesh and make a outfit

[Chorus: \*cut and scratched by the DJ\*]  
People said his brain was infected by devils (3X)  
Infected by, infected by, infected by devils  
People said his brain was infected by devils (3X)

[Verse Two: Cage]  
I survived abortion; got mushed in that canister shaped  
coffin  
til stolen ("that bitch") from the garbage I was tossed in  
Instincts, snatch your cream like links  
Blow shotguns through the sky, makin E.T. eyes chink  
See me twistin leak with my peeps from psychiatrics  
Get high, run up in ya crib and fuck ya moms  
backwards  
Lost in the dust, don't give a fuck about dangerous  
I'm in it for the whip, plus the cream and the head..  
rush  
Ready to bust any trick that talk slick  
Know a crew of devils in my head that force me to  
walk..  
with, Death in my pocket for the curious  
At your execution see twelve faces of Jesus in your jury  
this,  
Orange Agent, shit on the vagrant  
Caught you in the alley by yourself and left your head  
vacant  
Dare you sample, some of the stress in my life  
Give an MC brain surgery with butterfly knives  
For all you cunts that try to spit with your bitch clique  
behind ya  
Wake up in the mornin with a horsehead beside ya  
Ma Dukes is just a cherry on top  
Spendin G's on quacks to try an fix my Clock  
I caught the quick lock, buggin in the institution  
Whatever sanity was left, caught the execution  
Psychological pollution, they stickin me with Thorazine

solution  
Shootin at the sky lookin for Godly retribution  
And I can almost see clear  
I start buggin like a insect and lay larvae in ya ear  
Agent Orange stompin on MC corpse slim circle body  
part  
Call murder scenes abstract art  
Split your sweet prayers since the horror show with  
infra-red  
Boots get planted in chest there for the misled  
Lay it down for naps in the dirt, just like Clockwork  
Undress your ghost while your brain's takin a squirt

[Chorus]

(Dialogue below interpreted by Cage from the film  
"Clockwork Orange")

Still feeling alive as the young devotchka collapsed  
Me being still ready for more in-out in-out  
Necro still forcing syringes and dope tracks on the  
locals  
We came to a place called home  
and did a little of the old, break and enter  
I could feel the Drencrom, leading me on to a horrow  
show  
trying to walk; me being up twice..

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