

IDA**"Teenage Death"**Visit "[Teenage Death](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Man talking:

The old cynicism is gone
We have faith in our ears
We're optimistic, as to what becomes of it all
It really boils down to our ability to accept
We don't need pessimism

Teenage death, girls want dick not words
Flicks, got hearse
Tits, not hers
Went to the park at dark and shot birds
With a Mauser
Get a lot stirred
Fuck gimmicks
Then quickly abort the duck image
Occupy the same space that you can't fuck with it
I'm writing words tasting
Like the most anticipated works of violence since
Freddy vs. Jason
I'm worth patience, a worth in greater market
So I can shoot up your chest like them little paper
targets
I donate sluts, never pitch in to pay tricks
How'd you get your shit on billboards? Bitch, glitch in
the Matrix
And that's beside five flies in conformness kids
That may or may not know what a Cage performance is
The latest installment is not to unplug you
But if you don't get this by the 13th, listen and fuck
you!

[Chorus]

Fuck this rap shit, it's what you weigh in the street
(right)
Don't shit where you sleep, better lay with your heat
(tonight)
All praise D.O.V. cause that's who's comin'
Lookin' for huntin' with the gunnin'
Watch your backs are runnin'
It's like he's already dead if you're saying he sleeps
(right)

They're comin' real deep and they're playin' for keeps
(tonight)
Run for the hills cause they're comin' for kills
You got fuck to loose, you got nothing to bill

It's like money is God, y'all worship church rappers
I cut Rock 'N' Roll High School with purse snatchers
If the clocks are all evil then Orange's guns peal
Drop food on my fr-enemies like Donald Rumsfield
I run with the ropes
Spent to much on choke
Had a PCP overdose and I still smoke
Can't get locked down how my brindle enters
And won't come down like New York's two burning
middle fingers
Street journalist
Even written down to this
Most of my rap colleagues sittin' down to piss
Bookstore revolution
Televised execution
Where I put my dip Newports at Susan
What if Kurt were to put a hole in Courtney chest
That frame of mind wouldn't caught me a west
For Cage is anarchist games evolved
While the most wild mannered piss, brains dissolve

[Chorus]

Reading, study while my boots bloody
So fuckin' milky her marginised loops love me
And a company of wolves they respect I eat first
But doctors can't stitch up for your stomach leak bursts
Mix max with half-wits
The task flips
In Middle Town they'll shoot you over a fuckin' trash
bitch
Grew up with no pop and a crazy hoe
That's why I need no play on commercial radio
Unravel the mind, around the room frozen sides
Sheep to tired to fight, close your eyes
Put vanilla dutches in the sky, when the Time's on the
table
Knife to the tits, 9 to the navel
It's like a self-righteous path to line these pockets
I got sideways knowledge, doll, at least he's honest
Stick a fork in his tail, then jux the crowd with it
If there's bite marks on my dick if think your girl's
mouth did it

[Chorus]

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