

IDA**"Too Much"**

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Blue collar to corporate blessed the unfortunate
Like when I put my foot down that bitch still aborted it
Stuck the canister under my jacket like the lucky one
'Uh, sir you can't leave with that,' Bitch this my fucking
son!

Put with the gun crammed in the glovebox
With 151 drum bottles, I don't drink, they gettin' flung
With lit rags in it, kill 10 step-dads a minute
Still won't be a star till the label as a gimmick
Even if I limit timid com-mi-tive cynics
Each one famous suicide at gunpoint to mimic
You too can be a mock-celeb or the last there is
Or be ghost like money that played Casper in kids
I put a sick twist every other frame design so
You see AIDS victims selling pretzels at a slideshow
With a nine shown I brand and skin 'em
Run out of punchlines when you kids stop standin' in
'em

[Chorus]

Yo Chris I think they think you know too much
Yeah Sis I think you put coke up your nose too much
They cut my hands off so I couldn't hold too much
They try to kill me through my dick with these hoes too
much
You stack dough too much
You smack hoes too much
Well you can blame it on the mint leaves I roll too much
They cut my hands off so I couldn't hold too much
Don't stand off, bullet holes show too much

They see weed on dust with an ounce a pound
Is like jumping out of building grabbing napkins on the
way down
My impant I scarred, I'm anti-star
Though I shine like one buried underground with yall
And I tried to learn good just wasn't concerned, should
I really be on my sixth bottle of wormwood
My skin is burnin' blisternin' aloe ow
Dragged this big fat bitch in to see Shallow Hal
I drink Jack puff black in Orange County

Bought a gun with a body to stick in this whore's Audi
Knew this kid Craze he would stick dope on a chick
open ha'
Then I changed my name to Cage like Nick Coppola
All these snakes with these forked tongues stitched
together
After I put down the pepper I switch the weather
Whatever rights they want to shrug off for safety feelin'
taken
For a Rabbi appearance cuz they kneelin' to Satan

[Chorus]

Then, I stepped over the bloody axe frame with wax
fame
Rogue pistol runnin' through New York like Max Payne
Out shootin' celebs, I'm rootin' for feds
In a pit of lions then we sip shoot from the heads
I run with maniacs liable to kill at any minute then
I wonder why I can't shake this insanity image
It's been a dead Cage since I've strapped to beds
And shot up with needles and five since I put gas to
heads
You was bitch in high school no rep no threat
Riding my jacket like I'm a hand off the fans at coat
check
Haters want to put they bitches up no stress
Like your life in the monitor box behind the desk
I scribble shit on paper, pay rent, look at nature
See a menage before lunch, them bitches are ravers
Drive blazers, still inside my North Face
Drippin' formaldehyde and short-circuit my tazer

[Chorus]

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