

Cage "Teenage Death"

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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's chest?

That frame of mind when it caught me a vest

For Cage, His anarchist games evolved

While most wild anarchist's, brains dissolve

[Chorus]

Reading, study while my boots bloody

So fuckin' milky homogenized 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 fuckin' trash pick

up

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 juts the crowd with it

If there's bite marks on my dick i guess your girl's

mouth did it

[Chorus]

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