

## Cage

# "The Left Hand Path"

Visit "[The Left Hand Path](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I was mislead, but once I found the way  
I convinced a group of 19 that they should drown today  
How I flipped it, clipped it after madness  
Then the dead came back and haunted the wrong  
address  
Cause they some stupid dead motherfuckers  
Just like all you bitches, all Weathermen fluffers  
And I get my shoes polished  
By the best open mic emcees paying Timbaland's  
homage  
In this day and age  
If your deck ain't playing Cage  
You probably disgruntled your Mrs. Funnel mayonnaise  
Or I ain't get the right palm  
My whole career been a upstream kayak through blood  
My tools love, seeing the face of opponents  
Seconds before they scull and wig savor the moment  
Light up a Jay, cast silence over Bob  
And hair stuck on the ground, shit I might as well rob  
the dead  
[Chorus]  
Hear this to the DJ then track the clubs  
Lift the cover of my CD then see what acid does  
Don't just stand there looking like some average thugs  
If there's a chick standing next to you then grab her  
jugs  
And if you ain't grabbin' the dough when they ass  
below  
Then you come back to the crib wearin' a mask and  
gloves  
Then you go back to the club stinkin' of ass and blood  
Joke some kid up diggin' pockets and snatch the drugs  
I a backwards education  
Studied some chick with broken navigation  
All this anti-Cage demonstratin'  
I don't pray to Satan  
I pray on agents makin'  
Shapeable minds  
Capable of firing traceable 9's  
But not at any kegs that make they snout's see  
I don't know what I wrote till' I spit and my mouth bleeds

Look, more patterns to market  
Not even naming I'm standin' a walkin' target with  
shoppers that look at me  
Awkward  
Granted I go

Visit [Cage](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.