

Cage "The Soundtrack"

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This is the soundtrack to kill your stepfather
Leave the faggot unconscious and douse him in
Goldschlager
Light the match, now kick him till he holler
Kick him harder, he only had forty dollars
Jump in your moms whip your face dripping
Leave the tabs alone, no such thing as safe tripping
Bumps of K help explain what's inside you
Look in the rear-view, he's still dragging behind you
Pull it over, you skidded off half his shoulder
Pouring rain you can still smell the blood odour
Think of all the shit he put your mom through
He's half dead, it's already starting to calm you
Tell him to bite the curb then kick till it's heard
Read the papers nerd, stepfather massacred
Start to laugh, you know it's alright
Cause when they questioned your moms you was
sleeping all night

Three in the chest, I saw him drop
The only time that I ever called him pop
Two in his back while he's dead on the ground
One more in the head because he made a little sound
Ran out of bullets so I used the blade
Wear rubber gloves cause he might have AIDS
Better call home because I'll be late for supper
Sorry mom, I just killed this mother fucker

Cut school cause you like fuck school
Mom fuck you, I'll throw you into a truck too
Keep my drugs, I can sneak in more
Let's all go rob my stepfather's sneaker store
I got the codes and plus the new shocks in
Nobody's watching so jail ain't an option
Fuck trust, tried to kill my family twice
Stupid mother fuckers trying to raise an anti-christ
I steal from the bitch that shit me in the ditch
And plot the death of the fag that said he'd make her
rich
In dish washing gloves, anger starts to flood
At gun point, got mom wrapping the carcass up
See through stab wounds, a barbeque at dad's tomb

Barbeque chicken, I can tell mom is glad too
Meet you in the car, rolled the haze
Rubbing my full stomach while I pissed on his grave

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Put me on a pins petition, man listen
My mom might slip in your blood and die in the kitchen
My hands itching to push the blade then my fist in
Pop out your back knocking your spine out of position
Parts missing while they scoop you off the ground
The class clown ready to pull the mask down
Empty the gun, then it's time to reload
Mapping out his murder, pissing for my P.O
Get home, he's on the couch running his mouth
Walked up to him and put his own gun in his mouth
His mouth painted the wall, he's still standing waiting
to fall
Heard a car pull up, I should've stayed at the mall
But I'm sick of getting treated like a god damn step
child

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