

C-Murder F/ Master P

"Medicated Minutes"

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[Eon]

I stalk down the block, grabbin my jock
Scratch cocks while I dot for my red light stop
Dead right Hobbes I write rhymes for a livin
Hid my misgivings from my brain was still mssing

[Cage]

Read and study while my boots muddy
So fuckin filthy an Avirex butters look bummy
Think out loud, cause I'm allowed, to stage dive in a
crowd
of cannibals about to spit across my eyebrow

[Eon]

Now God blessed me with abnormal tendencies
and granted clemency for illegal chemistry
Ain't worth your weight in molecular structure
Out of work like JFK Jr.'s flight instructor

[Cage]

Went, lookin for exits, and tried to get my head fixed
Slept with a perforated picture of Jimi Hendrix
See in these days, Cage is like, 54 ways
to get my fuckin money, mega seedless to blaze

[Chorus: Smut Peddlers]

Sluts, gimmicks, ducks you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck, image, we stuck on spinach
In a second you'll be checkin into fuckin smut clinics!
Like sluts, gimmicks, ducks you finished
This is dedicated for those medicated minutes
Fuck, image, we stuck on spinach
In a second you'll be checkin into fuckin smut clinics!

[Cage]

I ran up in a wack open mic cafe on stage
So many biters I performed in a shark cage
in dark shades, during the Central Park raids
I walked out with a book of paper and a bag of beige
friends, the camera lens (is) behind the shoelace

Get more upskirts than (?) for your face

[Eon]

I'm fresh out the box like newborns
The chicken played with my monkey now we makin zoo
porn
Now MC's the Anti-Christ like, Damien thorn
Eric the Pascal(?) land so feel the scorn
The old man, illest show man, my moldin
With logic equal to fifteen Vulcans

[Cage]

And I'm soakin, face lookin blank
Shoot this little kid up with horse tranq' and send him to
the bank
with a 'give me the funds' note, clip's missin from the
gun
If he gets slapped then fuck it all I'll split it with my
dunns
(Bum bum!) I shit on crumbs, got a couple thousand
sons
that all shoulda been wiped off some jugs or cloggin
lungs

[Eon]

Everytime I dabble watch my life unravel
Did I miss an exit to the road less traveled?
Transmit from the depths of the deepest bassment
Through the pavement, up into spaceships
Deathstar creator, I orbit track wars
My appeal spans Rhodes scholars to slackjaws

[Chorus]

[Eon]

Yo, a Peddler show, include a few heathens
From Hoth to Tatooine, you choose the season
Dialect for all these crews and legions
A walking contradiction like "Jews for Jesus"

[Cage]

I spit how the earth taste and pass forms out of place
Galvanize my face and kill for breathin space
Nobody to trace, open the trunk like the case
Light the L off of your body and sweepd you in the face

[Eon]

Yeah I seen old timers became semi-thugs
I got more dizzy spells than Reginald Denny does
Cranium blower, Shea Stadium goer
Hydro cultivator turned uranium grower

[Cage]

I'm the, smut chancellor, got vagina slippers for the
floor

Show you and that slut you call wifey hardcore

While I burn off the lips, stacked(?) to evolve

(?) I'm down to shoot (?) fucks cause I cancelled their
cause

[Chorus]

[Cage]

In a second you'll be checkin into fuckin smut clinics!

In a second you'll be checkin into fuckin smut clinics!

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