

## C-Murder F/ Master P "That Smut"

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[Eon] Welcome to the peep show  
[Cage] Perhaps you've heard of us  
(Are you familiar with this?)  
[Eon] Peddlers  
[Cage] Eastern Conference

[Smut Peddlers]  
That smut! It is what it is  
That smut! It is what it is  
That smut! It is what it is  
That smut! It is what it is

[Eon]  
Yo yo, I'm unrippable like Knicks tickets  
And if your girl's a little looser you bet E's dick did it  
I'll lace your crew better than Paragon can  
Have you shook worse than the Marathon Man  
Makin MC's use our fetus to clone us  
Comin out lookin like Arvydas Sabonis  
My team's in the bonus, you foul too much  
Playin on the wall with the scowls and such  
Man the Owl's a dutch, I done all varities  
Cage, Mi, and E's - anti-society  
Fingers blisterin, still stickerin  
Under black moonlight, with butane flickerin  
I'm with my girl but yeah I'm lookin at yours  
Done 'em all, debutantes to crack whores  
Bad breath (?) stink like shits is  
Y'all belong up in the pink like douches

[Chorus 2X: Smut Peddlers]  
That smut! Wet dreams of G-13  
That smut! Money shots and porno plots  
That smut! Politicians in limousines sniffin  
That smut! Double D's trapped in baby T's

[Cage]  
Ducks came through, we laid 'em out  
While you fucks dissect spit from Cage's mouth  
When I run a vagrant route, you spacin out  
With no family to react when your brains is out

And when I click this out you know the drill (SCATTER!)  
This mic a shiv; hip-hop is Nancy after I stab her  
On stage, you wanna go on after?  
Show you the Art of War and then finish the crowd with  
the 1st chapter  
Come and walk through this little doorway  
Enter the mind of Cage and a horse will shit you out on  
Broadway  
The flies won't eat it then feed it to the (?)  
Peddle Smut like anabolic beer meth hydrolix  
Alex frolics; hangin upside down  
Ordained til my rhyme ninja bleeds through my face of  
war paint  
So if you see me with a little pop jingle  
Shoot me in the back of the head and feed me to my  
starvin breddern

[Chorus]

[Cage]

Cage kennels, back to the state (?)  
Put you in the mental, locked down with three channels  
EC Network, the weather station, my favorites  
Cut your back out, sell it to Avirex  
Kissed this (?) bitch with AIDS and I caught a cold sore  
Looking for "Sex in the City" and I shit on these four old  
whores  
Kick mud off my boots to shake the story loose  
Actin bigheaded when I smoke with Beetlejuice

[Eon]

Kids wanna fuck with the Peddlers, I can't wait  
I strafe Diallo's widow, datin the jake  
You spit some shit, I'll return the sentiment  
and spit in your face, cause you're not in your element  
Born to slay them fake mega monsters  
who couldn't even rhyme if they had teleprompters  
(Yo E you fucked up) Man you probably right  
I wipe my ass and shove it in your face like Bobby  
Knight

[Chorus]

That smut!..

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That smut!

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