

Cage f/ Aesop Rock, El-P, Tame One, Yak Ballz "Left it to Us"

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[voices talking: hot bukakke session... I mean seriously... how many fucking times do we have to go through this shit?] [Cage] I write left shit with my right spit on the mic twice sleep on beef wake up to hammers like christ we summon electro animals destined a mandible giant like we runnin through New York City in mechanical lions [Aesop Rock] Yo I walk on glass chuckle city out of a miners lung grasshopper keep a civil tongue where the passifiers plugged shrug em off eye of tiger pen over the hideous watch the gorilla in em slither back through the lineage [Yak Ballz] I write left shit with my right brain made eyeballs pop like bike chains in the right phase dog, I got cat links connected to my arms like bat wings so each complete revolution of the bells is saddening [El-P] Weathermen is not a crew it's a hot mind with guns up to it the last cats audio to-in it ruinin' your drumkit vandals of society arsonist sheep in public we speak in reality tv and there are no writers touchin it [Tame One] and if the brick city was Compton I'd be OG Bobby Johnson on the loose throwin up deuce at the first sign of a problem weathermen filth nastiest black and blue braid and light base milk with lumps bulked up for the last six months [Yak Ballz] yo the freak show veteran, bad to the skeleton I heard he's in the weatherman-oh god it's them again [Cage] a weatherman can do no wrong no uniform cut off three limbs with a new arm dead planet in its palm flow some life in your rap one cross second let me take you from your normally programmed shit record if you're into irony I brought the four four in the place while canvas nights paint the art of war in your face hit that psycho stimuli that gets you hot happy and whistlin' and if I'm too bugged the feds are still listenin' [El-P] you're flawed in the particles I'm a fuckin genuine article and you been reppin' shit marginal partially I'm responsible I'm harsh to the bono and I'll acid wash your phono I swagger the injury shield cloak a flock of humming birds circle the same place I spoke arena hollowed out drunk bombshells fell through the smoke heal the pain of followers runnin through hell in shell toes [Aesop

Rock] and the award for scummiest ninja moment of
the summer goes to mister slip a mickey to christ at his
own supper who's talent turned chemical imbalance to
vital cash crop while moonlighting as your local Eckhart
Pharmacy mascot Boss Hogs dogs sniffin' out victims
for the quota sorta rogue put a slip on the system throw
the... WM's up for bounty hunters Paulie Junior mount
the chrome bazookas on the Orange County Choppers
[Tame One] Two dollar box cutters sharp with the game
bustin through your cheek you keep the change
representative tang weatherman gang - stop as the
planet and the stars and the moons collapse it's this
Cage, Aesop, El, Breeze Brew, Tame and Yak pack it
out early like winter for the brain I'ma stop like fish
dinners with a jar of bizarre for the dip spinach the new
left southpaws outlaws north to california represent
bent and put dents in your battle armor

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