

Cage f/ Camu Tao

"The Death of Chris Palko"

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[Cage]

It's been about a year since my ears dried pop
For those that missed the show: oh my god!
That psychiatrist used to hold my cock
Put nails in my head, ride me and smoke my pot
Sub Roc said: "Chris, kep your hardcore gritty
Def Jukie t-shirt walking through cardboard city"
Positively pack plus pistols popsicles
Used to strut IV stands like canes in hospitals
I swung down on some grills with the handle
Screached out of the parking lot then I flicked the
camel
Read Cobain's journals by the fire in a flannel
Copped pills from TV but they don't switch the channel
The world is yours and you're for flies to play in
When the seeds in your eyes can fly you'll see what I'm
saying
Homeless stick their hands out for change and I pay
'em
'Cause they live in a box and I got a bed to lay in

(Back in the day, 1997)

The death of Chris Palko, he passed, we clapped well
Woke up during an autopsy in rap hell
Ran off dripping verses and patterns from my cut shell
Hungry MC's lap up my blood trail
In this +Atmosphere+, I'm unbalanced, +Slug+ on a
seesaw
Spit through +Bazooka Teeth+, my tongue is the C4
Need more stitches to finish displayed mental
Chris went to the hospital came home Cage Kennylz
I sunk down to my lowest in the scramble
Stepped over the body for the wallet on the mantle
Sneaker tracks of blood traced back to my vandals
By the door I'll be on the couch with a box of ammo
The world is spinning, I'm spending my cash in it
Pull up to the pump and dump some gas in it
Know a bunch of rappers that finish last in it
And they can't do shit about it

(You are shameless)
(Now let us build to the climax, shall we?)

[Camu Tao]

Now it's me still hocking loogies in the movies
Nasty with groupies, get it moving
Follow me stupid to the back of tragedies moving
through it
And we'll cause problems get it moshing, popping with
treatment
Get the cops to pop in from precincts
Get the girls to come in and see us, yeah
We'll keep on flowing till the clothes are rolling right off
your shoulders
We'll keep on going till the crowd gets open and girls
take notice
I know you notice who it is - a wizard of perfect vocals
I think it's easy when the people fiending, it's perfect
Now it's your host with a load of soldiers
Stay fresh head to toe he's a beast on the doses
If you come close you'll get fucked up
You know you're supposed to 'cause
Now it's your host with a load of soldiers
Stay fresh head to toe he's a beast on the doses
If you come close you'll get fucked up
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