

Smut Peddlers

"Anti-Heroes"

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[Eon]

We arrive with the sun smog up in the vintage London fog
I'm fuckin your G after you took her to miniature golf
From the floor of this shitty-ass kitchen
I see hella cats in my general chao's chicken
And your dogs is in the black bee sauce
Fuck the wrong bitch raw and have your dick found up
in cars
I'm not worried bout no air time
I'm more concerned about when my bald spot'll reach
my hairline
Cats be stuck on that Grinch colored lie
With one bloodshot and a twitch up in the other eye
So you get stuck by the strong safety
When you a serial killer clown like John Wayne Gacy
Donate that track to charity
Watch it become a TRL calamity, soon to be parodied
I stay married, to some D-cup breasteses
With music, weed, and porno as my mistresses

[Chorus]

We all weirdos, anti-hero's
The ones your moms said wouldn't amount to fuckin
zero
Flaws in the laws, can't be downed by it
Stalk through life with a quiet defiance
We all weirdos, anti-hero's
The ones your moms said wouldn't amount to fuckin
zero
So much hip-hop bullshit to cut through
And if you don't like it, well then fuck you!

[Copywrite]

Lovin sluts when they IQ's under three
They suck cock and rock a 34 in double-D (uh-huh)
Earth will crumble under me
And the moon will plummet to the sea before you cats
are sunnin me
I'm who rappers come see when they want heat
If you had traces of Copywrite in your sperm you
couldn't cum-pete
So fuck you, your mom, and your team of pawns
And if you don't believe in God, then you're callin me a

fraud
[Eon]
Outlawed, for disturbin the peace in synagogues
I'm rollin with a crew that look like fuckin sweatogs
Endin up strapped to

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