

Smut Peddlers "Botton Feeders"

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Let my orange dick spit
I got a dog named Kubrick, it's obvious I like his flicks
Filming 'em with human chicks, if that's a sin
Let him poke this white bitch Kim for coke
Outside of a bar until I switched in

Breaking her in like new Tims in a robbery
Take a culture of my spit's culture and spawn a colony
'Smell Like Teen Spirit'? Grab a shotgun and feed us
My LP street, they shaking up Columbine High
cheerleaders

Dipping in two seaters that ain't mine
So many sick ass letter combinations I peg rhymes
Blew my EC advance on a PC and grams
DC and PS2 games, grow lights and plants

Crops done by the time the cops come
Car jacked this pregnant Indian for a Datsun
Blaze a building to catch a rap magazine
You wanna talk shit and not get fucked up?
That's a fagot's dream

Yeah, you know how we comin'
With the looters, solicitors, unwanted visitors
Nickel bag misdemeanors, bottom feeders
Moochers, bleeders, breeders and sleepers

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Hey yo, I'm just as broke as when I had no deal
I'm not too bright, my brain's like oatmeal
I used to be label mates with Shaquille O'Neal
Now I get my dick sucked in the Batmobile

I live in Long Island, with a house of retards
And illegal aliens that need green cards
I'm a rap legend to little weird white kids
That carve shit in their arms like I don't wanna live

I'm the original, dirty, white gangster
Rhymer Perverted rhyme writer
We dirty old men, you can't trust us
See us finger popping your daughters in the back of
school buses

Rugged Man Hairy baboon
Catch me at the MTV awards jerkin' off in the bathroom
Cage, Eon, Mighty Mi, why try?
Remix this shit Put it back out when I die

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I'm so depressed, I'm doing whippets for hours
'Cuz I realize I'm less popular than what's happening
now was
There are women in pits in my basement
My trophy Morgana's tits in a glass encased man

Like my sidekick Gary Highnick I'm still banging the
Thai chicks
Plus, I'm high, bitch, Eon rains, fuck it, E hurricanes
You a cold front that's seen on every weather vane
I got a storm more perfect than George Clooney
Thinking y'all scary, y'all ain't even Goonies

E eases through the scene that's serene
And drops the illest shit any latrine has ever seen
I have no left or right ventricles that's why I laugh
When cops pull out with both tentacles, the beast lives
among us
And I cause a reaction similar to what seeing your
mother hung does

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