

## **Smut Peddlers**

### **"My Rhyme Ain't Done"**

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One day I launched a rocket up into the moon  
And landed on a crater in a blue lagoon  
Three girls in the nude, in the pool they had room  
Screamin', "Starbuck we wanna have a orgy with you"

But never in my life had I seen green bitches  
And when I want they would grant me three wishes  
One was a pound of the blue moon hydro  
Twistin' it up, watch my divine mind blow

Two was a pair, of gravity boots  
With a space helmet, and a Nike moon suit  
They took me from the pool up to the bedroom  
Where wish number three, my dick they consumed

They hittin' me off orally so lovely  
Now those dainty ladies they took it easily  
Time flew by, no weed, time to leave  
It's time to get back to Earth at breakneck speed

I told the moon bitches that I'd see 'em again  
And thank you very much for the weed and the head  
They were three moon girls, I fucked every one  
That story is over, but my rhyme ain't done

This is how I get where the fuck I get  
I went to Harlem so I could get some wet  
I bought the dutch out of the bodega  
Left a cloud of black smoke in the air

Took a '99 Beetle, on a magical mystery tour  
Your, narrator's pedal hits the floor  
Saw a hardcore, punk rave bitch yellin', "Fuck the law"  
Guzzlin' alcohol, leather jacket and a bra

Boots militant, her nose caked up with  
[Incomprehensible]  
Kicked her in the face, yellin' Kent  
Dipped cigarette, Masai Bai is on cassette  
I'm chewin' on her nipples like nicotine

Crashed into a Corvette, doin' eighty

Face hit the back she went through the glass of the  
Mercedes  
Crushed all her bones, and I hear every one  
That crime is over, but my rhyme ain't done

Captain Crunch was a slanger of narcotic cereals  
And Toucan Sam was his right hand "Man"  
Now Sam was a skimmer, a mini-wheat slinger  
Killed Count Chocula with the snap of his finger

Tony the Tiger was his arch-enemy  
So anthrax Apple Jacks disguised as Sugar Smacks  
To add to that, he was flippin' Fruity Pebbles  
Told the hoe to hit the skids, 'cause Trix was for kids

Snap Crackle Pop sellin' Krispies on your block  
Lucky the Leprechaun is suckin' up top  
My man Sugar Bear was the one they feared most  
'Cause he was always known to pack that Cinnamon  
Toast

Boo Berry got caught, at the Honeycomb Hideout  
The man with the Wheaties was a former wide out  
There were ninety-nine cereals, I ate every one  
That story is over, but my rhyme ain't done

I met this kid named Bob Skarm, he had a farm  
His pops got shot by his little brother in the front lawn  
So he inherits the land, comes up with a master plan  
Put Cuba out of B.I., he hands me a C.I.

I got a half a acre, need help with the cultivatin'  
Thirty-percent of the gross, hands me toast, let's roast  
I got a four-wheeler, no street dealers will mega Cage  
Won't even leave the state and drop Indelible weight

Pushed the plow, from here to Moscow, where do I start  
now?  
Burn the crops if you see cops call blaow blaow  
I got it, whippin' the tractor blotted  
Before the first harvest in the corn rows Cage spotted

The tail ends, under surveillance, merc the crop  
Run up, [Incomprehensible] got knocked for the smoke  
lookin' at twenty summers  
Six hundred plants, and they burnt every one  
That story is over, but my rhyme ain't done

Now I'ma tell you what the fuck this means  
From nine one four L.E.S. and Queens  
Two lyrical technicians that came to play

Number one Smut Peddler, Eon and Cage

Just a little somethin' that we made up  
Sick lies on time, Mighty Mi on the cut  
Some of it is fiction, and some of it fact  
Now they love a dumb rap on a heavy drum track

They were mad fuckin' hoes and we fucked every one  
That story is over, and my rhyme is done

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