

Smut Peddlers

"The Red Light"

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{*sample played in background throughout song*
"My world, is blue"

[talking]

[Cage] The fuckin Trump..

[Mr.E] Yeah cut it up, cut it up

[Cage] This ain't no, this ain't no bright lights and big city

[Mr.E] It's dark alleys, red lights and no pity

[Mr. Eon]

I got it, locked, stocked, and two smokin bongos

Got trees soaked and drawn, the mute grow dissolve
drawn

Independent like Ralph Nader

When I hate y'all like Dallas Cowboy tailgators

[Cage]

I used to cut up my arms

Now 12 arms cut up my vinyl pawns

Fuck fawn, I get embalmed on the john

Then step onstage for encore

Stab the promoter with the pen from his Palm 4

[Mr. Eon]

East demenic, head dented, so devious

The most mischievous, check out the sleaziest

Deep in the dead of night, Peddlers getcha head right

This here be a soundtrack for the Red Light

[Cage]

Lick the side of my mouth out, see the words, gouged
out

Letterin, hangin from the jaws, down stout

A verse in blood, that only hybrids see

And the non-creatives test my words fro HIV

[Hook: Both] - 2X

This here ain't no bright lights and big city

It's dark allies, red lights with no pity

For all-a y'all raw dawgs that get gritty

Stack ones, carry guns, and live shitty

[Cage]

You get the tip while I piss on the barcheck
Give a bitch some head that I pulled out of a carwreck
Am I angelic or just slightly off track
My bones shift when my ripped off wings flap

[Mr. Eon]

Now it's a damn shame
Don't even fuck with that bull that got Time Corp
Coursin through his veins
Eon's called fierce, cuz he's all weird
Leave the fuckin record all cut up like Paul Pierce

[Cage]

My pain pour, quicker than Paul
Painful bulletholes that contain splinters from the front
door
You seen how I did ya dawgs
Sent 'em home, souls collected, impaled on telephone
poles

[Mr. Eon]

They all be catchin eights when I be slashin fakes
Makin fun of me? I'm still pullin out on classmates
With laser-guided missles that don't miss
Oh bitch, you don't wanna test when I hold this

[Hook: Both] - 2X

[Mr. Eon]

When the Earth is cast, it's fuckin gun ashes
With different aspects of microphone spastics
Froze elastic, ass kissed the tragics
Swimmin through ya petty bullshittin life jackets

[Cage]

For the most glamorous eat this shit raw
E.C. put Cage down like a sick dog
Now kids fiend for my solo LP
Like crack addicted Co-Flow fans, you just flee

[Mr. Eon]

Slayin drones, beat 'em up with sticks and stones
Stick with man-to-man, don't fuck around with zones
If I'm home or on neutral turf, when I blurt
You will hurt, this mics spurts when I smell dirt

[Cage]

I got a bullet with a name on it, dick got a blade on it
Lung got a stain on it, bottom-feeder get AIDS on it

I drop shit for the crowds to figure out
You touch the mic the crowd'll breath and pour they
liquor out

[Hook: Both] - 2X

[Mr. Eon talking]
The Starbuck, The Word King
Alchemist, Smut Peddlers, ah-ha
My world.. is blue, Eastern Conference...

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