

## Housecream "Ridiculoid"

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[E1-P]

Shutup... Yo, yo, yo, yo  
My life's not right check one  
My life's not right check two  
My life's not right check three  
Are you ready????!

(you know this was supposed to be for my album  
right?)

When I send a sickness (ease down) dark soldiers  
fallin in with flying debris  
and bad programs of landmines  
that remind me of the sexiest of slow jams  
I pull a glock or fiver murder the group by numbers  
I was nursed by the biggest of buildings  
and had the sonic volcanic cap  
that the butcher have attached to his dead mother  
now this material might walk with a twitch and live for  
the twisted shit  
image is of voice cast getting pistol whipped  
electronic talents fold  
the realest television is the one that talks out loud to  
you  
when the plug is corroded out  
and they say productivity is up this month but I've lost  
my passion  
sick of waiting in line for my weekly chocolate ration  
its bad health and industrial sadness  
never helped by tofu franks or ?hedistic? maggots  
this addiction is more random  
I walk door to door Mormon style spitting my sick  
tantrums  
because I wasn't born handsome  
now that my life's complete with a capacity to push  
greatness buttons  
with beats that have to be registered  
as sex offenders represented to the public  
I'll exfoliate your face with the acid inside my stomach  
Binge and purge, we live in thirty second blurbs  
and if consumers stopped existing we'd forget how to

use words  
just fuckin' eat each other til the next space age occurs  
or at the source awards scratchin our heads like what  
happened  
if the kids would've disclosed that you all lost if you just  
ask them  
out to plant life that sits and looks pretty  
to attract curious ?and section? angels when in the city  
that's below any self-respecting actress in a german  
schiester film  
who gobbled doggie dick and human feces  
my fingers tap buttons with sanctified awareness  
from heart scan to pulse readings  
this a voice from a dead dimension without astral  
projection  
the sluggish rugged discuss bunk that hovers  
Acme lab rat escape barely breathing through the  
heating vents  
I'll try to come back for my family before the poison  
feeding commence  
but if I should exhaust God's patience on ?some?  
better take my place nigga  
tell 'em it's the love that got me this far  
and it's in my dreams I see their faces and

[Vordul]

Murderers is like handles that clap sandals  
hand sand off tools and I can't stand on two  
amped off booze wheelie with my ankle bruised  
on the block silly with a mint ?ellie?  
watch young ladies hop scotch with the pink jellies  
that's me trying to wop vetti  
with the longness and pot-bellied  
til it's nauseous a raw dog orphan straight out of the  
orphanage often  
lost in a realm tryin to find cells  
strapped like a marksman with raps that'll off kids mad  
hi  
got my mind wrapped in a coffin resurrect thoughts in  
amorphous  
morph into Aquaman polyin in waters talkin to dolphins  
to get that bilingual spittin ?charm? tryin to get it on  
and spit a thorn that'll split a form in half studyin math  
light 'dro Eaton's love mixed with ash  
spit bats that stick to DAT's  
sip snapples and twist off caps when you fuckin with  
the sickest cats

[Vast Aire]

Yo  
My life's not right check one

My life's not right check two  
My life's not right check three  
Are you ready???

See I exist  
iron fist  
metal speech  
scientist  
came out the womb of a phoenix expect nothin less  
then a mature flame velocity's my plane my thought is  
my train  
the galaxy's the body sun is the heart and the black  
hole's the brain  
heard my verse had nuthin to say  
I leave your mouth open when you're standin  
(the word's the midget) esophagus is the cannon  
cipher unknown the upper hand on overstandin watch  
the landin  
believe it or not I'm walkin on air  
last of America's heroes here to close the circle  
I still remember the days of Coleco  
a daily struggle but I hold onto the vision  
hip hop at it's best when it lacked television  
and everybody wasn't an emcee  
you know where the flows be and if you check the  
rhyme slowly  
you'll find out cats is unseen like Jarobi  
and most likely openin doors with the psyche  
if it's a Mikey, they'll eat anything  
starving but hack or crush anything  
not stars from the songs we sing this shit's ridiculoid

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