Cage, Agent Orange

Dialogue below interpreted by Cage from the film 'Clockwork Orange')

Whispered in the background several times: 'Shoot the cops'

There was me, Alex... and three of my mens

All supposed to meet at Korova Milk Bar

The Korova Milk Bar couldn't afford it's liquor license

So it sold milkplus Drencrom, or Synthmesc

It would sharpen you up for a bit of the ol' ultraviolence

Which plagued our minds for the evening

And so kiddies... death for all, right right?! RIGHT RIGHT!!

Verse One: Cage

I'm Against the Machine like Rage; bitches say, 'I hate you Cage!'

After circle jerks, I wash my hands off and do dirt

Sick with a smirk, plus I be disturbed

Fucked the first two bitches like dogs and I jacked off on the third

I'm obvious oblivion but that's my science

Fuck your head up like corn rows put in by blind giants

Haven't been with it, since the last corpse kidded

Wore a blood stained smile, and told the cop, 'He did it!'

Of course the most raw throughout the 9-1-4, 1-0-9-4-0

Got you beat shook like Doc Moreau

Pour beer out for yourself because you're walkin dead

I'll burn your house down like a fuckin Talking Head

And get high like fuck, and pick apart my brain

Disections [HA!] may [HA!] mentally [HA!] cause [HA!] infections

Break you with inventions, sick intentions

Leave most MC's lost in my sentence

I'm strictly, beyond and back, come and get me

Hemotopine, left from a lip like a hickie

Leak smoke got me ready to murder a rookie

Killers on your block tuck in they dicks like Tootsie

Come and witness what your shit missed

Watch the glock kiss, Little Sis' wetter like a Baptist

Inconvinence; dilemma, like sitting on, Venus

With no shuttle, treeless

Try and pick apart some Agent Orange perception

Catch frontal lobe damage and not manage correction

I smell leak smoke, left by the anonymous

Beats fall back, til life die when I'm embalmin this

Come around and get yo' ass shot to clusters

I'ma play the injuns with the arrows you be Custard's... back

I write upon ya, divorce your head and neck then scalp it

Rip off all your flesh and make a outfit

Chorus: *cut and scratched by the DJ*

People said his brain was infected by devils (3X)

Infected by, infected by, infected by devils

People said his brain was infected by devils (3X)

Verse Two: Cage

I survived abortion; got mushed in that canister shaped coffin

Til stolen ('that bitch') from the garbage I was tossed in

Instincts, snatch your cream like links

Blow shotguns through the sky, make an E. T. I. chink

See me twistin leak with my peeps from psychiatrics

Get high, run up in ya crib and fuck ya moms backwards

Lost in the dust, don't give a fuck about dangerous

I'm in it for the whip, plus the cream and the head... rush Ready to bust any trick that talk slick

Know a crew of devils in my head that force me to walk...

With, Death in my pocket for the curious

At your execution see twelve faces of Jesus in your jury list

Orange Agent, shit on the vagrant

Caught you in the alley by yourself and left your head vacant

Dare you sample, some of the stress in my life

Give an MC brain surgery with butterfly knives

For all you cunts that try to spit with your bitch clique behind ya

Wake up in the mornin with a horsehead beside ya

Ma Dukes is just a cherry on top

Spendin G's on quacks to try an fix my Clock

I caught the quick lock, buggin in the institution

Whatever sanity was left, caught the execution

Psychological pollution, they stickin me with Thorazine solution

Shootin at the sky lookin for Godly retribution

And I can almost see clear

I start buggin like a insect and lay larvae in ya ear

Agent Orange stompin on MC corpse slim circle body part

Call murder scenes abstract art

Split your sweet prayers since the horror show with infra-red

Boots get planted in chest there for the misled

Lay it down for naps in the dirt, just like Clockwork

Undress your ghost while your brain's takin a squirt

Chorus

(Dialogue below interpreted by Cage from the film 'Clockwork Orange')

Still feeling alive as the young devotchka collapsed

Me being still ready for more in-out in-out

Necro still forcing syringes and dope tracks on the locals

We came to a place called home

And did a little of the old, break and enter...