

Escape To 88

Cage

[Scratches]

[Verse 1]

Welcome to a piece of brain tissue, my brain's lungs
Filled with octane like liquid it came from
Some silly, said her tits sellin illy
Really? By the jar? Pump the car full of grey jelly
Called her Ronda, after I shit on the dash
Cause I can't stand hooked up on dust
The three manuever so swiftly in and out of looters
Through checkpoints with juice in stashed coolers
2002, my album's played through
ID on the window like it's fucking Beirut
Too bad no planes flew into MTV
I'll never get a platinum plaque for MP3
Being blackballed by a white MC - Pause
I guess that faggot found the right MD
And I'm twisted but not like faggots that suck fame
This clown is saying I'm sicker with metal than mudvayne
I train my following like a bitch modelin
H is like a God and it won't stop hollerin
Fuck needing a TV to be a rockstar
Punch a hole through Mark Wahlbergs chest and dent a copcar
Put my brain in it, I wouldn't last a minute
Scribble some shit in 30, I'm love like gimmicks
Sluts, cynics, ducks with dipped spinnage
Fuckin you up in the front row's good for image

[Scratches]

[Verse 2]

I gotta walk on, half feet in Harlem for a gorilla
That lost his family and want revenge on his killer
Clapped the poacher, fled the stomach of rap through and ulcer
Covered in blood, eating with vultures
Off the chain and got a hook in his backskull to my feet
Breastfeeding, moms was cooking up crack
Drop me in a pot, cop in the spot, pistols gleaming in the sun
Look son - I'm fistal fiendin
Nine to script with leading any malicious beatings
Specially if feeled if the couples bitch is breedin
Six is reading, bitterly gritty

Caught a GTA charge before Liberty City
Too bad no brains blew out no heads plenty
I'll prolly die after I Blow like Ted Demme
There's no conspiracy, your bitch is a forced fit
In the telly yelling "Behold the pale horse dick"
Fuck the Taliban, I'm back to Ballys, and
Keep your little faggot brother off her Sally, man
I can explain this "do not cross this line" in my brain
Feds in the crib, but they're not finding the cane
Cause time in the game, New York is trife
My boy T on the lamb like a fork and knife
The corporate life, too fond of the blonde talker
So I grew a beard and switched sides like John Walker

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>