

\* send corrections to this typist

I'm wild with a dosage  
character closely cut from a fabric that's ferocious  
with a misanthropes motive and a quote that drips from a slit throat  
livid and sickly corroded, f\*\*k it I'm precocious  
first fraud to get soaked equals the joke that stands closest  
tear the thugs up with clubs before the toast leaves their holsters  
purvey the unconveyed for the age of the no hoppers  
and never shut the f\*\*k up till we have a sense of closure  
dissonant key, shines blind while I'm landing  
well I've lost friends to death and simple misunderstandings  
every breath is a zone, isolated and accident prone, christ...  
maybe I'm designed to live alone  
'99 will be remembered as the time that shit cluttered my dome  
so in 2000 when you talk to me (blah blah blah)  
just watch your f\*\*king tone  
some people think they know me 'cause they play me in their home  
and lose perspective on the rules of engagement  
get smacked to the pavement  
if the tune bruise hard, that's my whole job fulfillment  
so before your suck box squawks that smart thought...try to kill  
or space ghost might spit on you, we're tight like that...teammates  
been through too much shit to turn away now, no debate

I'm wild with a dosage, maybe something similar  
to the substances that threw some of my best friends out of focus  
who holds the vein contains poppy juice, notice the same strains  
that take away our pain might croak us  
88, eighth grade, weighs in with a grin  
smoking bones in tomkins park where all the crack heads lived  
it was me and my friend jon and a bag without skins  
so we emptied out a cigarette and stuffed that shit in  
way before The paincave made itself known, that's what we did  
like running around downtown brooklyn getting chased by the big kids  
now as a man I don't run much, still have the same click  
that very few people I meet in this world can measure up with  
simple words can do work versus complex bids  
plus a rhyme style without emotion isn't telling me shit  
this portion of the broadcast is adjourned with a dark tint  
now I've got razor blades in my throat and I don't mind it one bit  
from the women I've loved down to the clubs that I've ripped  
I dedicate my strange ways from in this maze that I sit

yes, ladies and gentlemen, can you escape from...drum roll please....

The paincave  
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