

We're Famous

Aesop Rock

I brought that genuine shit in '96
Before you knew the underground or independent existed
I watched the whole scene straight jump on the dick
After stepping to KCR lit and flexing my shit
No gun talk, no gimmicks, just rounds of raw-dogging
Dirty dusty intelligent wit and word murdering
A hardcore poetic informed without burglary
Potent and shook the shit out of rappers who just learned of me
Everytime I prescribe a new pill, revolution
Quickly defined the standard for indie rap distribution
Arrogant unafraid shit developed riding a train thinking of brain fucks
"Bad Touch Example" that soon became bucks
Had everybody sprung wondering where I came from
Screaming out "Independent as f**k" with an insane tongue
With an indelible squad of design monsters
Innovating the styles that made biters look like imposters
So we scripted an album and signed to Rawkus
Selling a hundred thousand without a radio chart hit
Imposterous son is taking the world hostage
Classic hip-hop bombage dirty with style progress
Now I've come from the '80s juvenile Brooklyn
Where cats was like: "Gimme that subway pass, kid. Good lookin."
Now someone else is taking a ride with what's mine
So I had to develop styles with a death device cooked in
So when I battled in basements I had eight sentences
Waiting ready for the four you had laced in
And I was taught to wait patient (Why?)
Only faggots make shit up just to get famous
So when I finally blew up I remained sick
Earning respect in ghettos and 'burbs for word placement
Back when the independent scene remained faceless
We were the only crew who promised your ass we'd take it
Mold it, shape it, living outside the matrix
Hold it, make it, more than miniature major labels
Hold it sacred, living it for the culture
Told ya plainly, protected it from the vultures
That's why I always get respect from true soldiers
That laugh at the critics claiming every year: "Hip hop's over."
FUCK YOU, hip hop just started
It's funny how the most nostalgic cats are the ones who were never part of it
But true veterans'll give dap to those who started it
Then humbly move the f**k on and come with that new retarded shit
New slang, new thought, new sound, new heart, you thought you hang
You clown, you don't, you drown
I won't dumb it down, I'm dumbing now for these rounds
I'm a live mothefucker plus I'm gunning for clowns
You're a mime motherfucker, don't be coming for pounds
Till you can break out of that invisible box, you're not down
My favorite ones are the ones who started out young rappin about
Comic books, spaceships, and Omnicron 1
And even though they were soft they had fun
But they couldn't break out the frame of the town they came from
Some of these faggots used to send me their demos
Keeping their puppy styles in the Company Flow kennels
But since they had no identity from the start
They started to resent the scene when they couldn't become a part

They've been failing for years and call themselves Vets, that's bold
Motherfucker, you're not a Vet you're just old
I'll slap the shit out you to continue my nerd rap
Making this money fist over fist, f**k what you heard
Rookie cats talk about boom bap and golden ages
Pat themselves on the back for making that new outdated shit
But i've been putting out vinyl since '93 and never looked back once
At ya'll trying to chase me
You don't innovate because you can't innovate
It's not a choice despite what you might tell your boys
Keep your identity crisis under the table
I always knew who I was and I'll always be more famous

Check it

For the best in the bendor biz

1-800-Lazerface

Leave the last CE-Off for crabs and bobbin hatorade

Dig it, daddy dug his own tunnel under the gutters where the numbers bleed

Hunters froze up and exposed Rapunzel weeds

Tugboat, tug a rut out brutal dirt first

The fuedals fuming oodles, it was right under your poodle skirt

Welcome to Bazooka Works, halogen halo eyesore

The revolution will not be apologized for

Warbucks exlex megaphone on the fashion piggy pageant

While my dick's raw-dogg in a style magnet

Fraggle rock your four figure watch

I clock ninety-nine cent wristbands

And still know the time when you record flops

And this is on a sick with it factor

Exhibit A, E, S, Genesis of the klepto reactor

Wanna burgle the buzz over definitive cast

After a life of labor camps starts paying innovaters back

Baby, you ain't felt the collect? (Cooooool)

Stuck running bases with little bears under the wing of punchdrunk butter makers

That engine sputters while the hound dogs wire cutter mechnical rabbit banto
mweight puppies ain't rabid enough to snatch him

Poplock dynamos, is approached with a golden focal point

Come soak in it, resume sturdy composer soldier bliss

Wrong name by a molar can often expose your phobias

Watch a cobra grow hands to hold his own tongue when he notices

All city legity critter, bark with me

All filthy documents, cats piss on their kittie litter moccasins

Welcome to mi casa, Monsters Inc, dropping bangers out the rocket ships

Your own private apocalypse

Honor it

For f**k's sake

Original

Wild fly

You wanna read the nile, I twitch easy reader

Father it

I will, dog

Original

Wide open with banged out cutlery from a slang mouth teacher

And money is an ugly god we all fall for
I got land mammal, cannibal, natural survival squackbox
That means when I wake up and decide to comprise the new shit
It's not some watered down version of what my favorite crews did
Puff the magic komodo bitch
Rappers stuffed komonos and shark fame at a perfect working unit
Look, I'm done
B-boy, feed that to the needy
Shut your liquor hole, f**k you in 3D
Easy