

Dead Pan

Aesop Rock

This be the dawning of the age of dead water
Stitchin every b-boy fragment
Somebody live enough to bust through the belly with a fist up
This is a right now generation murdered by the fan base
This is adored by the writers-Dead water
With a still force activated
No I'm not feelin alright

Formed by the village of badness and bad karma
Punched by the stagnant water gate threw the fickle back
But by the window's still three nickels in a piggy bank
Caught her with her head up funny stomach from the hunger pains
Flashed automatic b-boy with big visions
In a matchbox apartment adjacent a crooked starship
Who better nation a million's the only remedy
Nine dizzy planets with a bullet riding centerpiece
Take Me Through The Gates
I'm bout as sick of burning find the hottest slacker in a visionary costume
Con artist kamikaze conduct
Warm for a second to the minute he whored herself to disaster
I recognize the cankers by the mechanical stagger
As opposed to the skip of big brother bad slapper
Theologies who need to keep the cookies caffeinated
like a mad hatter that'll sleep now, ask after
Calibrate the happy scale when he's soakin
wet with a mouthful of dead ideas and see if it tipped zero
Stripped ego, tall stories of broad glory
I'll be god while you're still living life on a full 40
Or maybe I'll be gramacin, homes poor, broke and lonely
Hidden by my billygoat beard and cardboard monstrosity
I drink a bad glass of gumption
Not bad meaning bad, but bad meaning disgusting
Wildchild activater activate sludge enough to dungeon for a accolade and wil
d ones
I committed wild murder, went through the city
with a wild merger, woke up in a wildstyle burner
Space case, boom box, hate tapes, no lemonade breaks (sweat), no cheddar in
labor days
Right now, I'm here to break a point of big system plus my screen
I was never cursed in a russmeyer bixon
Spit sob stories to confront my dick addictions
Of the dirty basement at the graves of Salem witches
Driving my stake through the face of painstaking business (checkmate)
But I scream Misery (better breath take)
Out of sleep, lifted up lobotomy, little Jackie paper
and a magic dragon sack of dirty shrubbery
I'll be the ugliest version of paranoia
kingpin set in motion by the secondhand pressure
Some get excited when the sun folds under
Some get excited when the summer hits the pavement
Some get excited when the bullet hits bone and a board
I'll escape through the train yard and sleep till it's broken

This be the settling of debt of warm water
A mobile b-boy function
Somebody mad enough to cut apart the curtain with a fist up
This is the dagger in the 88 magnificent memorial

This is the heater to a movement-dead water
When I broke fifth and got sparks
No I'm not feelin' alright

This be the windshear dodgin' dead water
Solitary b-boy wonder
Somebody fresh enough to reinvent the court with a fist up
This is the funky outline around a classic breakbeat
This is an agitated moment-dead water
With a burnt future, beaten, ugly
No I'm not feelin' alright