

Wake Up Call

Aesop Rock

Wake up, wake up
Ayo Percee P, it's time to wake these kids up

Word up Aesop Rock, they'd better take their fingers off
pause and hit record

Is you fat cats or lab rats?
Trails to my steppin got em sweatin flashbacks
I played a part of minesweeper, plunking sneakers in my sunken city
Defunct, and apparently examin'in' famine, I'm a
Volatile strobe while your blind spot swallows the globe
Sing to the track and think back
When I was a boy I employed styles exhausted
By every lost child at present
Normally I drill pillars of normalcy
You're cordially invited to accompany me
In rotation of the tables to label the opposition
As I choose, refusing to evolve with the cold
Rapidly dissolved my involvement in a solvent of soul and roll back
Brain trip the Beta weights trap for the slaughter
Like livestock infected with anthrax
On my call a pack or clan snaps, collapsed was the mandatory maze
On the fluids ???? and glory days
Desire on the opposite circuit and glorious days
Is glorious hazes of gray spun through my array of operation
Slave to idiot box revaluations
And wrapped tightly in a practice with my colleagues and slackers
20,000 league nappers and the swelling increases
Once the mortar hit the pestal your whole vessel fell to pieces
And I laughed, I laughed for me and my Starving art family
I laughed tangibly, your failures ampin me to vamp fresh
My mic stabs white flags and drag trembling
Devil skin-wearers through the terrors of compliance
Once the day turns night, senoritas suck the woody like termites
And wonder how they got labeled dick-hungry damsels in distress
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Available in stores with my, highly suggested parental discretion
99 brilliant new dimentions

I'm not your average man bragging, toe or hand tagging
50 grand bagging, pants sagging, trigger nigga on the bandwagon
Huh, I know this nigga named Rickey his girl Nikki want to get with me
Says "Stick me just a quickie, lick me and leave a hickie"
I stick instead of tricking bread in this chickenheads
One look and said I ain't shit in bed, she must be licking lead
You'd better let your gods recognize the Rhyme Inspector hides
And never sweat them lies about me haters check your eyes
One verse, lung burst, as I done first
Guns, slums, hearse don't stun Perce, where I'm from's worse (sucker)
My new cuts are hot, bodies chewed up a lot
Then flew up the block to a cipher, blew up the spot
Stacks of rhymes, ain't a match for mines, tracks and shine
Leave you back in time in a ?beeler? still ain't at my prime
I'm a stab your face in, trial and shit is wild
I turn the dial, niggas stealing my style
I should file for reparations

"Aesop Rock" "Percee P" *scratched til fade*