

Pergamum

Billy Woods

I woke up thinkin' about this planet being wiped away
Well, not, maybe not the planet 'cause, 'cause the Earth takes care of itself
But, but us
And then, uh, I turn on the radio and heard-heard Russia was finna send rockets into space to blow up satellites, knock out power grids here
I suck my teeth and kiss [?]

Seven horrors of Babylon
Scratched in the palm of a vagabond
Matter and form
I'm at where I belong
Dedicated to babies who came feet first
James Byrd, drag along
Back 'em off, blasted arm
Shrapnel gloss glass and steel thunderclap
Run it back Gotham, necessary toxins
Block bent, jot what I feel as my heart's spent
Commonwealth, living wages, human income
Whichever way the wind front
Earth either in a pair of velvet creepers
Like body Dreamwork
Spirit weaver do your research
Every bar is a keyword, not ether
Kill up the rework
Loop back and reverse, until new unexpected patterns with the intention to destabilize language to really get at the core of what's happening
Tools of war plus sacrament
Take, eat this my body
Take, eat this my body

At the mercy of forces which can be explained, extrapolated and feared
No, we don't say that word around here
No, we don't say that word around here
Mark on the door is home spared
Poems, prayers
Was it a hoax or did they really disappear?
My folks been more than aware
Year, after year, after year, after year, after year, after year, after year

We all thrive out here, player
Player
Well said, here here
Well, I for one

A long and storied history of fake thuggin'
Wasn't around for boss mean muggin'
2Pac went to art school, but look at the grave they dug him
And then you shoot your cousin
Six feet deep fo you realize you dug it
Rats with the cat drug in, beloved
On the headstone, but she at home dug in
Stock bones piled in the pot, bubblin'
Effort'ly dance from swings of the truncheon
She said, "I'm not fittin' to have a drug dealer for a husband
End of discussion," and it was (it was...)
Regardless, the racket, Slazenger

Dark, it's the fifty-seven passenger
Dungeons walls was his calendar
Lucy in the sky was the Challenger
A balance in all things, yes
Still half surprised half impressed at who still cashin' cheques
Like who the fuck still smokin' shwag sess (who?)
Smilin' in hospital beds wearin' a vest, nigga sick
They really want it to be '96
Talk about trauma
And if that blew up, they come to your talk with the lamas