

Decadence

Listener

When my lines get punched it gives you cauliflower ear, sorry
I'm so glad you finally got the chance to blow up
Except for the fact that it was only in your face, you'll get over it
I think it's fantastic that you're out here rapping
It's like you're a really funny joke, but without all the laughing
I seem to be sprinkling chocolate gem-drop jewels over gold fronted fools
Carrying the heaviest of styles with the most handsome of pack mules
I'm talking about cement feathers, and tiny rhinoceros bull elephants
Like a non-matriculated student freaking rap robot factory starter kits
Pushing, iron butterflies through an obviously easy maze
And getting self conscious almost sick sitting through your kinds of praise
I'm chained and it's upsetting. You're brain dead and I'm regretting
That I've even chose to take this much artistic license by wetting
Your appetite and letting us get this far along without trying to teach you
something
Painting purple and blue circles around your itchy head thoughts snapping like, trees
I sit with a smile, you stand with a blank look
Lets all sing and dance and bake cookies for 3rd world countries
And then go & write a book about how we went and conquered all
And didn't even have a chance to try and fall
And then decided to tear down a bunch of walls, and blah-blah-blah
It's silly to me to have all the smoke and mirror puppet agendas
I really am free see I no longer have a need for your quasi-safe haven placenta
You've got something to say, that's great let's get up and say it
You've got something to listen to, that's right because I made it

We'll say raps, and then you'll listen to them
It's nothing new really, we're not trying to start trends
We'll speak what's on our mind, maybe gain a few friends
Running around your pool, swimming in decadence
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Let's print flyers about our dislikes and random outlooks
And canvas bookstores and coffee shops, all the cars in the parking lot
Rant about who's calling shots
The cops making bad decisions
Challenge fact and fiction
Basically mask it as activism
And on the backside of that full-color laminated cloud of smoke
We'll promote the malt-liquor-flavored cigarettes down your throat
The ground is broken, slip into the cracks and take a breather
Pull the toxins in
Then go buy a round of flavored oxygen
Fill your lips with collagen
See we've surveyed lots of me
And they prefer their women to look like the anorexics that are modeling
Their skin and bones
So alter your ego, don't end up alone
Perfection's just a call away, pick up your mobile phone
We've outgrown morality, as most traditions hold it
So it's okay to beat our women as long as we don't use a closed fist
You know this

America, you're 3 paces from hopeless
Haven't you indulged yourself enough?
I mean, you're looking a little bloated

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Most of the time I'm just content to sit around and rhyme
But then other times I feel I should do something more responsible with my most of the times
I really do need to get a new hobby and stop trying to waste your precious..
.blank

Mostly because of the sweat that stings my eyes when I work too hard
But I know it's the stress that leaves me breathless
Your a true statue and I'm not talking about a rock that doesn't move
Your like a rock that someone else made that tries to look like something that doesn't move

And I feel like I should be embarrassed, but then I know that others are for me

I know that there are others that are forming a carefrontational group for me

But let's just take this time to give a deepspace5 to all the people who ignore me

But then if they did that, then I would feel like they've turned their backs on me

And obviously they have

Most of the time I'm just content to sit around and rhyme
But then other times I feel like doing something more fun than just boring raps

Like I should be playing with the other kids swinging and being outside
But with these allergic reactions to people I have to be happy with living inside

I need to go and get that checked, have it looked at really soon
Because the infection I've got going is starting to hurt and fester

See I'm home schooled and gullible wearing my name on a brass belt buckle
My mom calls me Dan but my shiny buckle says my name's Lester

Most of the time I'm just content to sit around and rhyme
But then again I never really do just sit around and rhyme

That's a falsity on my part and I apologize

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