Socks On

MC Frontalot

Now the beach scene isn't what it used to be:
no constellation at the belly but they got the machine
to make 'em come off / come on. Come one, come all!
There's a transformation of your station involved.
Used to have to been born with it, now you take it to
go.
Meanwhile, the machinist keeps on raking the gold.
Got sold the power struggle, purchase the peace.
At the end y'all are too broke. You're spent but you're
free.

And here's a new trick, Mr. Knox
Socks on chicks and chicks on fox.

Put an egg to your grease hole if the color is green.
Don't even tell me you don't like it; you have yet to
see
the varietals of mount, conveyance, and steed.
Tell you, that bacon don't look rancid to me.
Now flee from the Flit cloud: I get loud and spray
spittle.
Private Snafu picked the clap up in the middle
of the Orient, brought it home to twist.
Came back to what street? To think, I witnessed.

I don't do book reports. I don't sort the wheat from
the chaff,
but I'll discuss the topic of your ignorance if I'm
asked,
in fast-moving chastisements: your stature is slight,
in years as in intellect, subjects you to plight
and hindrance should you want to walk among adults.
You protest vociferously: not your fault.
You're like, "Who? I didn't hear about the rhyme
sheet!"
But come on kid, it ain't that late yet, learn to read.

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