

Down The Road

Ugly Duckling

I got my lab coat on, lookin for an elixir
Gathering ingredients, put em in the mixture
The fixture in makin all the music we do
is lookin at the same thing from three points of view

Like the Leaning Tower of Piza or the pyramid in Giza
We stand grand and without comparison, seize the day
The same way that Humphrey Bogart did the "Maltese
Falcon," except it's our album that's the art piece

I scatter matter with the lyrics that come
Off the tip of my tongue
and by matter I mean visions

Words I woo like a Montague would do a Capulet
And you can bet that my rap Erector Set is arisen

Headin down the road is everyone's main task

Pick a direction at the intersection, step on the gas

+ (Andy Cooper)

Can I elaborate Andy? (Man, serve some English muffins)
Well, let me get the butter knife (Go head Dizzy Dustin)

+ (Andy Cooper)

In the land of the blind the man with one eye is king
You gotta have the bait to get the bite
Keep your ear to the ground to hear the train leavin town
Before you get me wrong, get me right
Set sail through the gale, I gotta keep it moving
Till it smoothens and rides just like a fahrvergnugen
Others try to beat you by bending the law
Talkin smoother than a man with (Gauze in his jaws)
But I can leave your racetracks full of thumbtacks
So on the final lap you have to hit the pit to fix the flat
And who can you really trust
Are you going my way on the information superhighway
I'm Jonny Quest at his best, obsessed
With the idea of knowing everything and nothing less
Which means Dizzy Dustin's gonna head due north
Down the road, but it eventually forks

Young Einstein scratches and cuts "Down the road"

It don't stop now, it don't stop
It can't stop now, it can't stop
It don't stop now, it don't stop
It can't stop now, it can't stop

I was weeping like a weeping willow
On my sleeping pillow one night
Looking for direction in the labyrinth called life
Cause I can't fight without a strategy
and comradery means a lot to me
But people don't wanna have to be
stressed and depressed on my account

And self preservation is what living's about
But when I'm down and out like a pass route
With no friend, I tend to feel assed out
Is it just me or am I the oddity?
Do I need a lobotomy to make it on this odyssey?
I mean, you try to be cool and let people come close
But they hurt me and desert me when I need them most
Out in the cold with no igloo, I play Yahoo
And get serious, which I hate to do
And it's true, if I would've stayed off the path of trouble
I wouldn't have to struggle, but now all I can do I pray
Now I have faith, but not in men in pulpits
Often the culprits who are shaping and manipulating
Parables and miracles into their mold
Take your own look down the road

Young Einstein scratches and cuts "Down the road"

We're gifted, and we're going far -- > Milk

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"Alright, are we ready for some hip hop, everybody?"