

Lemons

Wax

Let's assemble our lemonade, starting with some filtered water
The best part is you can do this to taste
You can make it more lemony, or sweet
Now you're ready for a picnic or a nice porch and a rocking chair
All those oils in the peel will give it an incredible burst of
Lemon squee-

Runnin' shit
That's my favorite errand and gerund
Mean-muggin' concert-goers get Bobby McFerrin'd
Muster up emotion of a dusty old theremin
Discerning listeners can pick up my voice in the Saharan wind
Y'all mid-level like Maryland latitudinally
And in a bad mood usually, not me
Shatter convention with a pebble
At an intervention with the devil I was level-headed
My tendency to drift such a gift
Cause your thumb to lift like a hitchhiker tryna bum a lift
From a passin' by motorist
Asinine vocalist fascinated by colloquialisms
I quiz bums like the beach patrol
Sleepin' on me in the sand sans reaching goals
I just conducted a secret poll
Turns out some were born to run, I simply seek to stroll
I speak in code through the speaker holes
A beacon that can be seen but she can't be controlled
Those in the know read between the folds
I put your wanderin' soul into a sleeper hold
This ain't a stranglehold, it's a newfangled hold
Whole new angle on holds, I'm breakin' some molds
A pimp in Anchorage, Alaska said my slang is cold
Turn you to a family dry cleaners, your whole gang'll fold

All your lemons, get 'em extra juicy
Six to eight lemons should be enough
Easy peezy
Squeeze and juice
Once that sugar's dissolved we're just gonna strain it and let it cool
Lemon squeezy

I rose to a new level in scientology
Didn't pay a cent, my ascent was mind-bogglin'
L. Ron looked up at me in astonishment
The laws of physics, I abolished 'em
You really ought to give me my proper acknowledgement
As if to the best college I went
Let's not forget this old body's not the only skin that I been in
When I toggle in to the god within
Of the past lives I've lived I'm more cognizant (Yeah)
I sang songs of both poverty and opulence (Ah-ah-ah)
I played the tablas in the band that Gandhi's mom was in
Ancient rhythms beatin' in the fabric of my collagen
Powerhouse, might've been a mitochondria
Already many mental images I might've conjured up
With what shall I follow this up?
A fat man walkin', I follow my gut (Yuh)