

## **Aesop Rock f/ Breeze Brewin, Cage**

### **"Getaway Car"**

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[Breeze Brewin] Hey yo, hey yo, I send this to all of my corporate corpses Tryna abort the thoughts of coming out wild'n Dumbin' out time to off the office, I was surely sorta twisted Worked at a TV studio, an audio assistant Easy, do my duty though at times was in a mean mood Hot I gotta be cool, on the brink of fiend's drool Glaring at the green room, made a brother the same color, but beyond neon (Huh) Pushin' me to peon, barkin' at dreams to be gone (Yeah) tending to the talent and many they haven't any Was especially a challenge when he be like God damn it Can he hear his vocal (Huh) As he cuffin it, "How my mic sound?" Thinkin' on the low it's perfect when he put the mic down clown stand steady grillin' wanting subservience Sound man buryin' thinkin' I'd fuckin' murder them and I'm steamin' as I'm watchin' duke leavin' on some hot pursuit, I gotta win, as these cats be modelin' what not to do ...Six in the morning and the walls close in, high noon calls and the walls own him Kings at the ready know the walls won't win (\*Echoes\*) - - > Aesop Rock [Aesop Rock] Huh, storms on the harbor like a harbinger of gore (Right) Gore is my harbinger, pardon The Art of War (Right) Get your doors darkened by the house of card carpenters who never thought a slave could be a sparticus and more Pencil sharpener with a resume for the carnivores who take important conference calls in corner office walls Still a buck is a buck and he punch numbers Five-punch! Just say no to company functions and he duck into the dungeons Nothing says "Kill it" like a day of fetching paperclips and staplers for the privileged Two lives, one is chores for whores, one is where I want to be when you begin regretting yours, and I poured in with a large coffee Tardy every morning, to a man who took authority beyond what it was for, how you gonna pay the rent day-job-free? Make rap records, matter of fact, thanks, peace ...Six in the morning and the walls close in, high noon calls and the walls own him Kings at the ready know the walls won't win (\*Echoes\*) - - > Aesop Rock [Cage] In a hospital gown day off from being tied down in recreation Swinging a paddle at mental patients

Raping the competition to smother the pain and sin, so  
he pound you out in table tennis like Wang Liqin Too  
strange within just to stop Demented interactions sleep  
and thoughts documented He's lingering insane paint  
thinner in his vein colors blown out around the doctors  
finger in his brain With a needle unable to beat him in a  
fetal position he crafted a path to escape his condition  
Would cling to the white walls the psych halls in his  
mind soon bled the words he would speak to the world  
in time, but not before more injections strapped to the  
bed until the psycho-tropics took hold of the rap in his  
head When his wrists released, he wrote tunes you  
could snoop through Day of release said, "Depart from  
me, I never knew you." ...Six in the morning and the  
walls close in, high noon calls and the walls own him  
Kings at the ready know the walls won't win (\*Echoes\*)  
- - > Aesop Rock "...I-I-I'm leavin'!"

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