

Deliverance

"Big Mouths"

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(Josh Martinez)

I'm a pretty big critic but I'm also a big fan
I love Josh Martinez, (That mothertruckas my man)
Agh-I plan to build a little boat and sail the friendly
seas
Cuz I'm so full of hot air, I can always catch a breeze
I talk a whole lotta yang about things I don't know
I use the newest slang and I've been to every show
I'm a cold gettin no-body's letting me speak
(Cuz we heard your bullshoot already twice this week)
Awww shit, theres nothing I can do I got a lots to say
Like how am I supposed to chill when noone else be this
way?
Those who blow up become despised by their peers
I'm still wet behind the ears but yet I'm wise beyond my
years
I got my eyes on the prize yet the crowds are filled with
tears
I wanna be a rap star but our bars outta beers
I'm a fear mongin' tear jerky jerky hoe in a gravy boat
I make up lies being fried and see if they can maybe
float
Change everything about my personailty depending on
what side of the story
I'm best at defending
I know this is a longshot but buck-buck-geese
From K to me to G-O, yo we all got the juice
And whose the dude to trust when you're face down in
the dust?
Me Josh, be washed, in the the liquid of my lust

(Kunga 219)

Lies, love, lust, in the limitations of liquor
As the lustin(?) of the lips makes the plot get thicker
You heard the word as it's said and then you give the
go ahead
Forgetting con-text and circumstances instead
Bend me down with a wedding gown and tempt me
with a betty crown
Nothing changes blingin in my pocket, I lost my wallet
Now I got a credit card and proof of citizenship

So I save up all my pennies for the spoof of a business trip
You should really know by now that I'm known to speak my mind
When you catch me on an off day and I got a million lines
(Did I say that? Huh, you caught me buggin)
Bound to piss you off with a beard like Jim Duggan's
Hug you with my arms, kick you with my legs
Run like a monkey until I get to megs(?)
I stand by like a little boy and act a little coy
I cook up stir fries without the use of bok-choy!
And ramblin and ramblin, it's the best time to mumble
I urinate on cookies just to see the way they crumble
Tumble, tangle, webs...I weave in sleep
Talkin' to the ghost of my, souls

(Josh Martinez)

I'm a big man, with a big mouth
I'll haul all around the world but no-body knows what
mm talkin 'bout
I'll shoot a little shit off the top of the head
But it can get out of hand so I gotta stop before it
spreads
I gotta let every lo-lita know that loose lips sink ships
And she needs to lose those hips
These lips swallow all the dirt like a Hoover
Gossip spread the word take Sodom then maneuver
Through a room of tight shirts, bucks, and flirts and fit
birds
(Word to bird!)
These fouts look so good, I need these towels
Should my sweat glands be overworked and everyone
around me
Sits silently gawking while I'm walking forth profoundly
It hurts to look this good, they make themselves
understood
Do dresses rich in moral fabric, though the oral sex is
good
The lip reading is fantastic, I can fit my whole head into
your gaping
lastic
Kiss catches sucking back class like milk and ritz
crackers
And not a great many late night spectators wanna fuck
with me
Well pretty for them I hem and heart in order to sword
the ship from
Chernola!(?)
(Bah bah black sheep, have you any wool?)
Aww yes man, yes man, three bags of bull

And if you want a piece chief you better pull clout
Fuck fallin' off cuz we're going, full out!

(Kunga 219)

There's a rumor being spread seeing dead coroners in
mournings

And our recount of the fact that theres no use in being
boring

I heard it said that words are dead once been spoken,
but the skeleton keys

are now broken big mouth, transform!

All the livelihoods that I speak from my lips

Stories gettin' tweaked like kids, gossip columns,
pothead problems,

assorted arses, tell me useless stories and I try
ignoring farces

(Someone told me first, then I went and told many)

And I wonder why I bother when there's always lips
a'plenty

Simply because it's some-somethin' to do

I heard four stories yesterday, today I lumped them
into two

One man, one female people peeping me, steeping tea

Exaggerating yawns exceedingly preceeding thee

Post-dramatic aftershocks pass the rock its of the
essence

Hold the fort down come fi-test crooked those

Don't get turkey, lovely lovely spring fever

Hinge lever door apparatus floor her mattress you
decide

Glide laid let me tell you, limiting factors

I'm the biggest of the mouse amongst diminishing
actors

The muse of the mundane, agent provocateur

I'll tell you all about her, but I'd rather talk to her

I heard it said that words are dead once been spoken,
but the skeleton keys

are now broken big mouth, transform!

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