

Aesma Daeva

"Face Melter"

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Blaze with a face melter, go fish,
Pigeon itchin for a pit to put the pig in,
Scalped bottom feeder, nose bleeder, cheap seats,
To the meat eater sweeps sweet weak freaks,
What up?
Grip clicker, smack the dummy box fix picture,
Stickle over shit, cinema flicker in the plasma,
The latch key degree was obtained in the savage
years,
Where he learned the binding of a wire hanger to
rabbit ears,
Every pixel that leaked dead over the carpet,
Had to be spit shinned and hidden before the ford
duster parketh,
When mommy marched in, wrapped the broccoli in the
napkin,
For your electric paradasio after the parent crashes,
And i'm high on ion jitters, call it a prime directive of the
damned,
Who grew to sleep easy to white noise,
The humming of the machinary running towards them
crawl,
Social retardation larvey plugged into the wall,
The little short circuit with the still born vibe,
Till the villagers circled and determand "it is alive",
Shipped to bell view eyes fuzzy talking funny,
Like "eagle one to grey squirrel what's your twenty
dunny?",
I piss clumsy with electrode head pan (sorry),
Pitty the pretty internet gotta empty the bed pan,
Left hand numb from the finger to the thumb (right!),
Right got tubes in it, irony is fun (yaaay!!),
At some point early when drunk on electric kisses,
I'd apparently notarized forms excusing scalp slippage
(sign this),
The pain came on a makeshift main stage,
And sentenced to in an inoperable eight bit frame rate,
For that i made a game play, reborn torn,
At the ministry of information trying to get informed,
They'll duck it out and i will cease all wars,
So if you babysit a caroline be fore warned,

I be the ultimate (ultimate), multi polar,
Mobile medicine cabinet stocked adequate,
Pockets like maraccas, that will shake when he
stepped,
Which explains the circle of rattlesnakes where he
slept,
Smarter then the average bear, barter parts and
gadget,
With battery op enthusiast pardon the barking badgers,
While you were parking daggers in kittens with snarling
children,
I was sharking classes with taggers for television
(Click!),
Gattaca days, attica paper scattered,
Diagonal mahogany boggled the train savage,
To boxed the botanically inclined child slave labor,
Blades clipped the perfect petal now play later,
Play never, if escaped raped treasure,
That's a jewel freebie out a old geezer, no teether,
Or even yesteryear scrapes fester, administer gauze,
But catourized wounds bleed if you ain't ethered the
cause,
King of applause (yay!) beats the garbage flood for
ten(?),
Porn king of newyork, alley punk perv scum,
Waddle on the voyage of the vouyer,
Six four sick king breezer sniff whores through brick,
I am so dangerous evil and mercy heaven,
Allergy to compassion he is the perfect weapon,
Un- earth it and ciphened from delorian doors swivel
up,
With aviator radar blip for most glorious tittie fuck,
Cool green over the frame under the clothes line,
Whos crew choose fuel most, mine,
Holy trinity, tripple six, tripple x, city barrack,
Glutton for punishment super size me while you at it,
He da:
Built hideous, silk of the milk litigant, silly wicked finick
he fidgit the middle digit ish,
Will he alter what he feel is illy to pick at every little
smidgen of integraty,
As your industry bitch? NO,
Final mentions, track the moniker,
To the freight hot reaking of butter beans and
harmonica,
Dirty old man no tea cup thirsty, peak up skirts,
For slaps from that d-cup nurse,
Cackle his old gums lewd (lewd), crass,
Show the girl a trick like how he opens can food with
the only tooth he has,
She like that's FUCKIN DISGUSTING,

They don't call him anabolic ace for nothing, OK,
Now current picture aside all anti-celebs remain aggro,
Half mast the flag pole,
Dead walk sturdy, but the day i greet the worms,
I pull the daisies down with me as a fuck you to the
norms,
Generic's so unappealing and in my humble opinion,
Defeats a rappers civic duty to the culture,
Granted every topic has been covered but cookie
cutter,
Delivery of simpleton wit is the real culprit,
So wether street, club, battle, conscious or other,
I find that interesting style can often out weigh the
subject,
So when the disc changer goes from guns to space,
It is not an attempt to fake credibility for the public,
But fuck it it's ace rock six records of gibberish right?,
He's trying to hard to be weird and different right?
(riiiiight),
Or could it possibly just maybe be, his lessons,
Can't be summed up in a linear set of pop culture
references?,
(WOW) yeah but why try, i'm so groggy,
The mach nine valentine aint for everybody,
But i will say this to yall that used your fifteen of fame,
To mention my name, that sixteenth minute regret is
fuckin insane,
And that's a longevity veteran pedelling free
medicine,(here)
Who the fouler howler (me) who the rabble rouser,
What the happy hour starved the peruvian aggy
powder,(tight)
Trade up at the digital jesus factory outlet (bout it, bout
it),
Bout it bout it, fuck a fork tongue cutlury, the fuckery is
famous,
Never wild shook but a slang that maybe alienated a
couple strangers,
Held a mongoloid fanbase that is alien by nature,
Robot wars, machines hit the floor,
And the semians syncopated a gigantic "encore",
Alright i'm bored, five minute bag of tricks,
If you hate me you can eat a bag of dicks, ONE

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