

Aesma Daeva

"Freeze"

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It goes welcome the pop off, some pop soft. We bang
b-bang b-bang bang out loud. Ready on the left with a
face full of death. We slanged out fang mouth bang
out now.

This is a never dug disco, Zoo York tycoon,
memorandum bonanza banter clamp crunk out the fish
bowl. Gorgeous how struggling gills wriggle out water,
ain't it? Same scape as the walls crawling with
paranoia's plaintiffs. The robo-komodo promo Zen
patience a-alike to this jittery drooling mess. Bitterly
unruly on mud hugger alert, he usher dirt to the kick
circus. Deflected labor ethic questions peeled at the
field workers. Is it raw? Please... does a priest need a
ten-foot pole to baptize little Linus minus the lap ride
and tease? Evolution is a leader depleter, seeker
needy sheep idol feeder beware, once complete you
might not want to be there. Dead straw to gold bar spin
fiber. Lost and fond in a smitten kitten's incisors. They
Aphrodite all over the burgle of a purple heart
compartment. Marched a burgundy carpet alarmed
and far to parched to bark it. Lil' Abner. A real
firecracker. Grows to throw 'bows with vehicular
hijackers. To eavesdrop plots cops hired a wire tapper.
That's a whipper snapper trapped beneath my grip on
the fire ladder. Took drums over to deril' to once over
the line tones. Punch toothy ticks 'til they find homes
like three ruby clicks. The roof is on fire where snoopy
sits right now. You should have shot yourself in the foot
when it was in your mouth.

CHORUS

Thieves in the strobe deep freeze your pose. For the
disease that grows underneath your toes holds up a
reason y'all's gold never seems to glow. Now we can all
breath slow once the fiend's exposed. It goes heave ho.
You never got the grit right. Bark fame but you never
put the grit down. Hawk styles but you never got the
grit right. Put the grit down. Grit right. Get down.

This is a never dug disco defamation of dog and pony

grappled out chincey, chipping Leo Da Vinci phonies
pushing kill of hill bloated. Nobody got you. While
biggest brother's watching bigger brother watching big
brother watch you. Nothing says circus fun quite like
nuclear holocaust over breakfast on the terrace. Hash
browns and peril. Old ironsides or good ship lollipopper,
Davy Jones still got a locker, ak, the opera's more than docs
and soccer moms. Now before you kick your feet up, I married
and divorced mother nature after sweet-talking that old hag
out of a pre-nup. This information's neither braggadocio nor
secret, just know as of now the world is technically not yours,
peanut. It's a day in the life of the carnie dog-faced boy
escapist. Living large, watching Springer, smoking beedies
wrapped in bacon. At night his get busy disease leakage
peaketh. Merk the he say/she say, BK Jesus turn peg legs to
Adidas on the down stroke. And they like 'what's up with the
name?' I tell'em y'all made Bazooka Tooth I's about to ask
the same. But before you curfew the city and shut down every
block, I'd like to say I still Aesop the fuck out of the Rock

CHORUS

This is a never dug disco. Spread feelers. Tonka zonk
Gepetto bred beezers. Jeepers, gee wilikers, goshes
galoshes, Christ, god almighty. They tore his limbs off
kilter, still the hostage moshes slightly. Hung off the
balcony by the skin off his doctor's psyche. He hopes it
holds but knows the locusts kamikaze nightly. He woke,
corroded buggy facial, insect chopper biting. He's only
bones by the time the ungodly body's sighted. He saw the
puddle, full color hideous monster Viking. He used to
survey if the vermin dined on others like him. He found
the fucks indigenous to him and awfully feisty. He grew
old awkward grinch and settled into bonkers nicely. I alert
vital spider works to cultivate grit, ship the bulk rate
shit. Herbie the love bug drugs pulsate whips. Tie in spite
for commoner idiocy and good old-fashioned biblical
plague. We move units off your pagan escapade. And it's
pits to the peg legged. Megas eclipse cripples so that
pimp limp's wheel chair basketball when 15 minutes
fizzles. Your flimsy frame marks hip-hop's second most
tragic event and will 'til Jam Master Jay's resurrection
and second death.

CHORUS

