

## 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

