

Aesma Daeva

"Save Yourself"

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(Chill with that I'll behavior) - KRS sample

Pull the pin out, sheep creep in wolf garb
Fronted by the Hail Mary parry lunge mixer
Kill the populace for stability, jeopardy's a stickler
It's bob and weave amalgam played the falcon to your
fixture
I branch out, arms flailing backwards
Wailin upon a tidy sound circuit
Slightly foul Gershwin
With a bed of nails and drumlust plus disgusted
service
Workin in shifts opposite the asbestos brain furnace
I be the now observatory eye ear antenna feeler
Spittin like a dragon with a similar demeanor
Stood innocent bystand witness the diehard fans turn
Rip Van
In the poppy fields of N.Y.'s orchestrated brick gauntlet
Now I'm thinkin who am I Jabberwocky Superfly bent left
Pushin war without the ten step cushion and what
(what)
I plan to hold this beat positive sacred in these golden
veins
Until the day I die from grimace overload
It's shock (it's shock)
Treatment offered by the weekend
This still be a getaway, let's display the sequence it
goes:
One for the heartless thievery turning my guardian
angel harpless
And the rest to sweep the mess under the carpet
(under the carpet)
I drag a yellow taxi meter behind every measure
And charge cats for labeling me shepherd
"That'll be Six Fifty plus tip darlin,
I take cash, credit, check, money-order, gold and
cigarette cartons"
Huh, got caught up in the universe tryin to zoom in on
stardom
Forgot the passion plus the hatred, both were based in
Carbon

Next time you wanna be a hero try saving somethin
other than hip-hop
And maybe hip-hop'll save you from the pit-stop
Kill em all, yield
(Naw man It wasn't me it was Holden Caulfield brother
I just read and pulled the trigger)
Oh God, well leave me to tiptoe past the pearly gates
Capture the halo, jet back to base, step past the chase
The bad taste of jet-lag and weight slackers
There aint nothin broken, where you at?
The pistons pump perfect, where you at?
The bass tone is Merlin, where you at?
This services of urgent workin surgeons
Purging formulas lookin for an improper cause is
whack

(Chorus 2x)

What are you saving, honestly? (honestly, honestly)
What are you saving, honestly? (honestly, no honestly)
What are you saving, honestly? (damn)
Promise me you gon shut the fuck up and recognize
What you holdin aint really broken?

I don't flick needles like my sick friend (friend)
I don't march like Beetle Bailey through a quick trend
(trend)
I don't frequent church's steeples on my weekend
(end)
And I don't comment if you formulate a weak Zen.
All I ever really wanted was a getaway
I'ma take a chance by letting a brook slide for what I
got in my hands
I can not agree to follow a leader while on the
borderline
A war without a reason for the Brady hates gore
Bring out your dead we can put em in a pile
And burn em with the novels for the kids then to admire
Kill the ones that speak from a different life
Brewin other killer noise makin the sentiment...
Okay, welcome to the Kamikaze bottle rocket cockpit
Live by the icy cold hand of bad intention youth blender
Oh yeah I'll let God warm the bench for now but
I'll ascend to spin y'all dizzy
(And for the record I'm bringin my t.v. with me)
Yo, let the commoners speak publicly
Then disperse eye jammies for cats that swear by third
pupil
But can't see past the loophole
Motherfucker, my word is born like Siamese triplets
With doctor, lawyer, rocket scientist promise
(Let em grow leisurely)

Hey Mom, I'ma fix without my probe along this path
Once my spiel's perfected I'ma save you a seat in the
front row
Of Aesop Rock's twelve steps to shut the fuck up
seminar
And when all these bickering crowds turn solid you gon
be proud
I tack hacks to the (backboard)
Honesty's a (latchcord)
Fury's far from (obsolete)
Serenity's a (crack war)*
Raw caricature of mayhem standard branded by the
labor
With a thousand reasons to end this for every one of
you saviors
Saw the brightest burst ironically wide from the vacant
stage
Gave it a pound for burning where bunk ratio's
engaged
Keep me posted as to when you grasp something
mature to
Sit and sulk about mister, and I'll consider pickin up
your record

(Chorus 2x)

The Authors, they aint got nothin to save
The Overground, man they aint got nothin to save
Def Jux, they aint got nothin to save
The Addams Family, they aint got nothin to save
Weightless, they aint got nothin to save
Stronghold man, they aint got nothin to save
Rhymesayers baby, they aint got nothin to save
Aesop Rock, I aint got nothin to save

It's llike that
***- crack whore

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