

## Aesma Daeva

### "Wake Up Call"

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[Aesop Rock]

Wake up, wake up

Ayo Percee P, it's time to wake these kids up

[Percee P]

Word up Aesop Rock, they'd better take their fingers  
off

Pause and hit record

[Aesop Rock]

Is you fat cats or lab rats?

Trails to my steppin got em sweatin flashbacks

I played a part of minesweeper, plunking sneakers in  
my sunken city

Defunct, and apparently examinin' famine, I'm a  
Volatile strobe while your blind spot swallows the globe  
Sing to the track and think back

When I was a boy I employed styles exhausted

By every lost child at present

Normally I drill pillars of normalcy

You're cordially invited to accompany me

In rotation of the tables to label the opposition

As I choose, refusing to evolve with the cold

Rapidly dissolved my involvement in a solvent of soul  
and roll back

Brain trip the Beta weights trap for the slaughter

Like livestock infected with anthrax

On my call a pack or clan snaps, collapsed was the  
mandatory maze

On the fluids ???? and glory days

Desire on the opposite circuit and glorious days

Is glorious hazes of gray spun through my array of  
operation

Slave to idiot box revelations

And wrapped tightly in a practice with my colleagues  
and slackers

20,000 league nappers and the swelling increases

Once the mortar hit the pestal your whole vessel fell to  
pieces

And I laughed, I laughed for me and my Starving art  
family

I laughed tangibly, your failures ampin me to vamp  
fresh  
My mic stabs white flags and drag trembling  
Devil skin-wearers through the terrors of compliance  
Once the day turns night, senioritas suck the woody like  
termites  
And wonder how they got labeled dick-hungry damsels  
in distress  
The all new and improved poetically portable Aesop  
Rock  
Available in stores with my, highly suggested parental  
discretion  
99 brilliant new dimentions

[Percee P]

I'm not your average man bragging, toe or hand  
tagging  
50 grand bagging, pants sagging, trigger nigga on the  
bandwagon  
Huh, I know this nigga named Rickey his girl Nikki want  
to get with me  
Says "Stick me just a quickie, lick me and leave a  
hickie"  
I stick instead of tricking bread in this chickenheads  
One look and said I ain't shit in bed, she must be licking  
lead  
You'd better let your gods recognize the Rhyme  
Inspector hides  
And never sweat them lies about me haters check your  
eyes  
One verse, lung burst, as I done first  
Guns, slums, hearse don't stun Perce, where I'm from's  
worse (sucker)  
My new cuts are hot, bodies chewed up a lot  
Then flew up the block to a cipher, blew up the spot  
Stacks of rhymes, ain't a match for mines, tracks and  
shine  
Leave you back in time in a ?beeler? still ain't at my  
prime  
I'm a stab your face in, trial and shit is wild  
I turn the dial, niggas stealing my style  
I should file for reparations

"Aesop Rock" "Percee P" \*scratched til fade\*

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