

Aesop Rock

"Orphanage Freestyle Part II"

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Slug:

...With sage francis, to aesop rock,
we're trying to save the spot, we'e trying to save the
spot,
we're trying to save the spot, we'e trying to save the
spot,
(cut)

Eyedeas:

We're tryin' to save the spot,
hey, yo I break your props,
you see me do a lot of shows,
I get paid a lot...
So when I hit the mike I make the instrumentals distort,
MC's are on my nuts just like a genital wart,
and they won't ever stop, they straight connected,
I break their record, their whole style's just fake-
infected,
so why don't they get some realness,
they act like they can't feel this,
they on the ground like an oil spill.
Musta been somebody that tied two sperms together
and made 'em
ditch the egg, before I switch the peg,
wait a minute, how did he just get in it
so cynical, this individual will flip it every [intracle?]
and - reaching with my tentacles...
I just grab the microphone from individuals
Lyrically advanced? huh-yeah, that's a maybe
MC's can never play me, I make grown cats look like
babies,
when I flow raps, I beak caps of knees
when I smack MC's, they are as whack to me, I attack
the beat
but they ain't understandin'
This man is just damagin'
every rapper on the planet where he's standing-
and even if he's sittin'
and even if he's not spittin'
this kid is just rippin' the microphone,
forever grippin' it
Tight! keepin' it tight! Holdin' the mike! Fend for my

life!

and then I'm grabbin' it, stabbin' it right into the
middle of your eyesight,
it's so easy for me to bend mikes,
I get in pen-fights,
and then I break pencils,
and take your stencils;
Out of my mind, I'm
Out of the frame, I'm
Under your skin, over your head, and
all in the game...
You know what I'm sayin' and it's just
all in my name,
while your girl is like- yeah, she's good at
callin' my name.
She's like, "Eyedea, how do you spell it?
With a capital E?
When you smackin' MC's,
And they as whacked at practicing beats?"
Freestylin', but they ain't understanding
this man is diminishing cats
like popeye without spinach,
and finishin' raps,
take em' to the end and replenish them cats
who think they're thinkin' when they're stinkin' with their
raps?
Hey! One time in my life I had spinal meningitis...
Yo, but after that I realized that on the mike I'm the
tightest!
And MC's wanna like this, but they can never invite this,
I recite (tihs) that'll make God wanna just...
recruit me for a team of angels,
see your dreams get strangled
MC's I mangle,
in the middle of their face, this individual's got bass
when I flip riddles on a ritual basis, taste this, hey kid,
Wait a minute, yo I'm about to stop -
Illogic, grab the microphone and let 'em know just how
you rock:

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