

Aesop Rock

"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 examin'in' 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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