

Qwel "Underachiever"

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* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1]

The space it takes to time travel ain't worth the effort
Mic saddle mastadons to find Babylon the network
As clear as it seems hi-fi makes it perfect
This pyramid scheme with the eye at the vertex
Serpents smell with your tongues and wait for
blackouts
Yo, for sure sex sells check wealth at the crack house
Appachis don't stop, but the candle burns
At both ends while most men just channel surf
It's gonna take more then folded hands to part the
skies
So lets drown from the ground up
Imperfection starts with I
Am god and god's not hard rock or worthy slaves
Surfer make the paper sleep late, pray for early graves
I hope we catch ebola, just what man deserves
Built god with satellites, but couldn't handle earth
It'll flood 'till the blood spills, but you still wouldn't
believe it
No control, alt, delete it
I'm on my way to be it
The time it takes to space travel ain't worth the
distance
If I could reach the remote from here then I convert the
mission
Worse then vision splitting headaches
What man's set on looking?
These books are too heavy, plus the antenna's crooked
The batteries are drained, I think I'll wait it out
But way the pounds of apathy, I think I hate this couch
We can slouch into a fetus, all we need is television
With long spoons to feed us sex and exorcism
Internet access to find our souls
E-mail me dogs, cynical smiles and barcodes
Homes are only shelters, only shelves of a man
Remote is where the heart is, the heart is gettin' bent
Yo, we can start right now, here in Chi-town
I'll die if you have to, you know I'm down
With an automatic bag of chips, the honeybun's out

What channels the revolution on? the motherfucking
couch

[Verse 2]

Cameras for the crips, like gifts for the thieves
When he's only fifteen and got a tip from his seeds
So what's kid gonna read, when clips is magazines?
When god drowns we;re surrounded by fags and
fiends
Rapping teen actors on the magic screen
Lies for halftime, why's he laughin' at me?
Let the smoke flow out through his platic speech
Patching dream jobs for slaves, saving half the fee
Hack the feet off, at the khaki cuff
Need batteries for windows, 'cause reality sucks
Half to give up something right?
The library's sold, meet us on the ones and twos in
binary code
Hypnotize my mind, is it time to explode?
Is my spine a remote, or am I in control?
As I portray this wisdom image actor see
But why's this plastic thing, pointed back at me
Pointed back at me (pointed back at me)

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