

## Sandy Stewart

### "Delorean"

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[Aesop]

I slash monikers backwards  
Haggle proof snaggletooth fabulous 5 freddy  
Krueger finger discount bliss lou retton dismount  
Spin out of control to doctor basics  
Bladed secada wings offer awkward facelift  
Leak laser to fade shit

[EI-P]

I splash commoner fragments, rattle crews, cattle lose  
Fabulous four finger ringer, backflip, discount  
mechanism  
Sex distortion, terror gorn from old favorite phasing  
Famous danger lacing agent, baby

[Aesop]

Aim high, when a flying monkey swoops down over  
Dorothy sound system  
To capture the bitches and toto too systems  
Y'all pimps front on some indestructible daytrip with  
the  
Lifespan of a box playing public enemy in Sal's famous  
Feel dystopia vs. Elysium, time ticks and the hand  
keeps feeding them  
A billion try to bark revolution when only knee deep in  
the medium  
Duck you lucked out, there's 1 out of every 99 fans on  
the same route  
Another colossal blunder  
Born as heir to thom inside of spirit, better scatter for  
your teepee  
For every American sleepy teen parked in TV, friendly  
apartments  
Carving this creepy nations of p.t. barnums  
Where you at? I'm right the fuck here right now  
Where you at? I'm getting the fuck down tonight  
Where you at? I'm a spread the fuck out something  
precious  
Gavels for the guilty rattlesnake bait for the snitches  
Cackles for the silky shallow lake wades for the  
midgets

Badges for the filthy that'll make hate seem less  
vicious  
Shackles for the filthy battle break plates for your  
interests  
I'm a strap your dignity down and see what that bitch  
could bench press  
Relentless, archon player, after dark parking lot cipher  
slayer, roll'em  
Catch snake eyes in 3 dimensions for the artificial  
martyr  
Freeze dried poltergeist just add water  
Excuse me sir do you know how fast you were going?  
fuck no  
What's that in the back seat? that's a stolen can of  
rusto  
Who's that riding shotgun? that's my homie El-Producto  
Peddle to the floorboard delorean be gone, peace

[EI-P]

These faggots hit like teddy bears thrown against  
wooden doors  
By a misunderstood teenage girl in a moment of self  
importance  
Call it off beat, jagged, ragged, form the pattern  
The mere thought of sounding like those who you  
revere fills me with sadness  
I'm a burner tone and outline bricks with shifty throw up  
Laminated for my friends who had to croak before I  
grew up  
Among the wildly uninhabitable traffic of bad bliss  
Where the tainted droids of dummy noise cancer gets  
unhinged  
See me, kabuki theatre leader, disease clips  
Tryna handle contraband of an applause meter tint, bad  
scrimmages  
Played with collectable bitch mc cooper mounted  
miniatures  
Retard flow bee holder business, the "you don't show  
me shit" list  
Megaplex is stress caress, all the time apacoloid, bite  
bleak void  
Small world big nose, since you're in the closet  
Anyway see if you can walk to Narnia skippy, save the  
earthy wisdom  
I'm immersed in millennial bad touch funk may day  
man with 808 trunk  
Ghostface tape bump, tooly clutched, Tony Robbins  
mantra mouth escape monk  
Mega-magnetic MRI fingers scanning woman for breast  
lumps, c'mon chunk  
Your not a fuckin' goonie, most of these advanced

rappers grew up in the forest  
I'm the walrus, sitting on my cornflake float out to the  
chorus  
Sarcasm isn't advanced, it's the inexperienced mans  
preference  
Criticism isn't smart, it's for the artfully dejected  
Hardly holds the fluid, partly 212 crew, 718 create  
burner movement  
Hybrid unfallable, funkadelic truancy smothered  
Fell into the meat grinder like classic Hustler cover  
The silky legged ecto-thugs run and hug each other  
For pilferers of sanctimony coldly pillow smother  
1st is the originator (me), 2nd is the influence (you)  
3rd is the innovator (me), 4th is the institution (my  
crew)  
5th is perpetuity it lives throught the Delusion  
Before I hop in the Delorean I shit on Mr.Fusion

Great Scott, Doc  
We need to go back in time to when motherfuckers  
could rock  
88 miles per hour, bring it back to the block and get (Mc  
Fly)  
Peel the fuck out before the lightning hit the clock

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