

Sole "Tourist Trapeze"

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Please remove my name from your rap popularity contest
Take this however you can. look at me, but don't look at me
I woke up on the wrong bed, a wrinkle in time
Remember the times we had? the human satire, yo I'm out for sacrifice
I could make a shirt for this occasion look at me
I'm an mp3 fully rendered absorbing my poor earthling brethren
I have two arms you have 2 thousand dollars
And 30 sentences but not a clue these are hints
I'm talking to be heard, being to get seen
So if you wouldn't mind looking for someone else
Normal people are learning trades and trading tapes and changing tastes
But strange people are making points
Connecting thoughts to make a point and we're laughing At 'em
Arrogant people are talking shit, well people like me got a lot to say
The post futuristic pre-modernism bottle of ragged tortured soles my wretched face
You're rich and out of place, I'm very serious today
[Chorus]
We're all in an aquarium feeding on negativity
Wanting to bury them but there's nowhere to put the bodies
Let 'em burn, the ashes make a wonderful gift
It's a tourist trap I hope they buy this shit
Choke, choke, the world don't stay in touch with my tempo
We thinking big but the status quo moves slow
Everybody's on an upward slope for cosmic slop
Stop them from choking on stage
Over the years perspectives have become idiotic and numb
So it seems like the only way to break ground is the trendy way of breaking ground
I suggest you remain aware then monotonous
Don't make me speak out of turn you're out of touch, so don't complain

There is no difference, digital bootlegs, dubbed tapes
or iron on chest plates
I'm almost starving and out of patience
Get your prescription to

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