

Deep Puddle Dynamics "Rain Men"

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(Slug):

I'll take seven emcees, put 'em in a line

Shoot 'em and sell their clothes to get my wisdom
teeth pulled

From here on out I'm grabbing these rappers by their
fates

And throwing their destinies out into that lake

And as the earth shakes, and as the snakes eat

I found my birth place on top of that break beat

The beat breaks while I drink a red stripe to get my
head right

Maybe put some life into this dead mic

You fuckers got nerve, you're lost between mold and
the mildew

If you spit that verse with bullets and tits I wouldn't feel
you

This plan can't grow without the nurturing and
nutrience

So on I carry between the aryans and nubians (come
together)

Holding a head full of that Minnesota pork

And if I ever blow up, I wanna fuck Bjork (you know my
stink)

Let it rain, let it rain, let the water run off of the brain

Let the drops hit my shoulders and leave permanent
stains

Let one solo drip touch my heart and symbolize what it contains

Restrain these thoughts that stay locked in my dark side

Let the bumper hit the pavement, pull away and let the sparks fly

Let the children have reason to laugh

Instead of needing to craft ways and passages to see their last days

(Sole):

As far as me and water animals are concerned are infantile

Past obliterating, great life on a scale, chorus boy

See if you died trying the diabetics

Bet if me and you had to breathe the same oxygen you'd choke

And foam comes out your headphones

And little men in black would scurry around and jump on dicks

Saying "Yo champ, keep the heads noddin'", I keep heads still

Steal moments from opponents lucky to find fabric in time

Between Nieche and Ice Cube

Fuck all of ya'll, never like any of ya'll in the first place

Punch face, dickhead, step on foot, burn bridge

Rape, pillage, take money

I saw your scribbles in the back of your last release, ha ha, funny

You bring your marbles, I'll bring mine

When our ego's and balls collide, you'll have some pre-written battle rhymes

But no, everything is cool, cold, icy, happy, glamorous

Let's all drink Zima and sing 'We Are The World'

I am the world, where I am a whirlpool where all these fools get killed

Kilogram to your ass, and you bitch made like a quilt

Yeah I can drop down and neander with neanderthals and jelly fish

The revolutionary evolutionist, let me be the tooth fairy

Cuz when it comes down to bitin', I make damn sure everyone gets royalties

And rock Parliament beats instead of Jel's tracks

Shit, if I ever gave a fuck, I gave it away a long time ago

Only time will tell, in due time until it's over

The pair of me see my parables, paragraphs and emcee favorite tongue

The world is my stage, and stage presence for everyone

Chorus:

Let it rain, let it rain

Let the gutter be the book you never wrote

Let the bottle be the drawbridge and moat

All this is soaked in the deep depths of Dynamics

All we ask is two ears and a planet

(Alias):

Developed materialist presented for your listening pleasure

Quadruple phynetic spitters in two by ten measures

Profess my confession

I longed for this profession presently here

This art form ain't accessible

For those who want to hear us

Interlock hands through a sound and tape device
through a filter

Constructing of percussion, rhythm sections,
painstakingly built are

Infectious, totally overwhelming to soul and body

It's the Holy Ghost, making you physical structure
appear quite shotty

Disassembling, slow pick apart your sound taste

Deconstructing, jotted the four across the wall your
forced to face

And conclude that your thirst is quenched by Deep
Puddles

"Ay this shit is dope!", but our conversation to you is
suttle

You gotta hit that R-E-W when the fading commences

Your index extensions of your hand constantly tenses

Approximately every five minutes you will repeat this
motion

Over and over until your mind's convinced of this
notion

"Dynamics, I understand, and I pledge allegiance

To your music for advanced listeners covering many
regions

And as far as I'm concerned, this group is number one

And who knew that using my brain could be so much
fun"

(Dose):

Four, count them, one, two, three, seven, four

Pleasantly demented stock riders a few volts short of a
paper airplane

Decided to sit ingrain, paint their faces and be leaves

Light green, turned upside down in the wind

Finally, someone to clap for, this toxic hermit grins

Especially men who look the globe over and back

Scratch, fizzlin' a balmy sky, it's time

If you live in the cosmos, milky way style

Say it like I mean it, to ease my hard head

And to where have you been my whole life, c'mon guys

Let's play the sap, shoot branch, off, shoot branch

But "hee hee hee" giggle the children

Who's shot? Hands folded, pencils sharpened

Waiting patiently for quality birdseed

And really cool camp counselors who know lots of big
words

Once in a while it's fun to be smart

And play with matches on the dark side of the—Whoa!

Cock bang, young drummer get wicked

Smaller rock, and the larger ones all but confused

So with the prostitutes or platypuses

And grandparents fond on me

I'm a hydrogen molecule and proud of it

Let it rain....

CHORUS

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