

## Der Plan

### "Big Mouths"

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(Josh Martinez)

I'm a pretty big critic but I'm also a big fan  
I love Josh Martinez, (That mothertruckas my man)  
Agh-I plan to build a little boat and sail the friendly  
seas  
Cuz I'm so full of hot air, I can always catch a breeze  
I talk a whole lotta yang about things I don't know  
I use the newest slang and I've been to every show  
I'm a cold gettin no-body's letting me speak  
(Cuz we heard your bullshoot already twice this week)  
Awww shit, theres nothing I can do I got a lots to say  
Like how am I supposed to chill when noone else be this  
way?  
Those who blow up become despised by their peers  
I'm still wet behind the ears but yet I'm wise beyond my  
years  
I got my eyes on the prize yet the crowds are filled with  
tears  
I wanna be a rap star but our bars outta beers  
I'm a fear mongin' tear jerky jerky hoe in a gravy boat  
I make up lies being fried and see if they can maybe  
float  
Change everything about my personailty depending on  
what side of the story  
I'm best at defending  
I know this is a longshot but buck-buck-geese  
From K to me to G-O, yo we all got the juice  
And whose the dude to trust when you're face down in  
the dust?  
Me Josh, be washed, in the the liquid of my lust

(Kunga 219)

Lies, love, lust, in the limitations of liquor  
As the lustin(?) of the lips makes the plot get thicker  
You heard the word as it's said and then you give the  
go ahead  
Forgetting con-text and circumstances instead  
Bend me down with a wedding gown and tempt me  
with a betty crown  
Nothing changes blingin in my pocket, I lost my wallet  
Now I got a credit card and proof of citizenship

So I save up all my pennies for the spoof of a business trip  
You should really know by now that I'm known to speak my mind  
When you catch me on an off day and I got a million lines  
(Did I say that? Huh, you caught me buggin)  
Bound to piss you off with a beard like Jim Duggan's  
Hug you with my arms, kick you with my legs  
Run like a monkey until I get to megs(?)  
I stand by like a little boy and act a little coy  
I cook up stir fries without the use of bok-choy!  
And ramblin and ramblin, it's the best time to mumble  
I urinate on cookies just to see the way they crumble  
Tumble, tangle, webs...I weave in sleep  
Talkin' to the ghost of my, souls

(Josh Martinez)

I'm a big man, with a big mouth  
I'll haul all around the world but no-body knows what  
mm talkin 'bout  
I'll shoot a little shit off the top of the head  
But it can get out of hand so I gotta stop before it  
spreads  
I gotta let every lo-lita know that loose lips sink ships  
And she needs to lose those hips  
These lips swallow all the dirt like a Hoover  
Gossip spread the word take Sodom then maneuver  
Through a room of tight shirts, bucks, and flirts and fit  
birds  
(Word to bird!)  
These fouts look so good, I need these towels  
Should my sweat glands be overworked and everyone  
around me  
Sits silently gawking while I'm walking forth profoundly  
It hurts to look this good, they make themselves  
understood  
Do dresses rich in moral fabric, though the oral sex is  
good  
The lip reading is fantastic, I can fit my whole head into  
your gaping  
lastic  
Kiss catches sucking back class like milk and ritz  
crackers  
And not a great many late night spectators wanna fuck  
with me  
Well pretty for them I hem and heart in order to sword  
the ship from  
Chernola!(?)  
(Bah bah black sheep, have you any wool?)  
Aww yes man, yes man, three bags of bull

And if you want a piece chief you better pull clout  
Fuck fallin' off cuz we're going, full out!

(Kunga 219)

There's a rumor being spread seeing dead coroners in  
mournings

And our recount of the fact that theres no use in being  
boring

I heard it said that words are dead once been spoken,  
but the skeleton keys

are now broken big mouth, transform!

All the livelihoods that I speak from my lips

Stories gettin' tweaked like kids, gossip columns,  
pothead problems,

assorted arses, tell me useless stories and I try  
ignoring farces

(Someone told me first, then I went and told many)

And I wonder why I bother when there's always lips  
a'plenty

Simply because it's some-somethin' to do

I heard four stories yesterday, today I lumped them  
into two

One man, one female people peeping me, steeping tea

Exaggerating yawns exceedingly preceeding thee

Post-dramatic aftershocks pass the rock its of the  
essence

Hold the fort down come fi-test crooked those

Don't get turkey, lovely lovely spring fever

Hinge lever door apparatus floor her mattress you  
decide

Glide laid let me tell you, limiting factors

I'm the biggest of the mouse amongst diminishing  
actors

The muse of the mundane, agent provocateur

I'll tell you all about her, but I'd rather talk to her

I heard it said that words are dead once been spoken,  
but the skeleton keys

are now broken big mouth, transform!

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