

Dionne Warwick & Friends

"Call of the Dung Beetle"

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[Chorus: Knowdaverbs]

Misery not exactly known consciously
Doesn't like being alone but loves company
La di dah di dah bahtah bahtah dweedle
Let your ears be deadend to the calling of the dung
beetle

[Verse 1: Knowdaverbs]

Your not the same dude I knew man, your not him!
'Cause you've been acting different since you've been
hanging with them
You were the coolest one I knew most distinguished of
the pact
But now you bug with beetles and invest in something
wack
Me, the third person, I like the first version
Then you switched style and compiled with dung
cohesion
I guess you're feeling the points of peer pressure
Never do what beetles do even if they sweat ya
Old principles it's like you never had a need for
You're the one on my list deeply interceed for
Heeey! Let your ears be deadend
to the screaming of beetles and all the mess that they
tread in

[Verse 2: Bonafide]

Ah man there she goes again blocking my vision
Her plan..
To see my death by any means the mission
one glance
Could speak the blaze I left extinguished back then
back when..
She had me trapped in the pleasures of sin..
I must refuse to give in and take the kingdom by force.
But of course oh so tempting her voice of silk blend.
Aroma that of Egyptian musk if you will
did a dance before my eyes to one of our favourite
tunes.
Reminding me of what we had and how it ended so
soon.

Grave digger steady lookin for my corps I assume.
Measmurized gaining conscience as the plot took the
fall.
She disappeared in thin air. Her name in smoke floated
there.
Dung Beetle

[Chorus: Knowdaverbs]

[Verse 3: Coffee]

Embark upon journey of gigantic magnitude proportion
and purpose
worthless as a porcelain purpose
if your vision's service. Division surface eat-
ing everything like acidic mass, a prolific cast and crew
I got a grasp on the realization of Christ, do you?
Glitch on the computer screen, catching wreck like a
burning train
Making commuters scream to make it through this
dream
A minor altercation from circumstances envelope
Dungbeetle at it again, formatted with pictures
developed
Though evil swarm, I will not be conformed at all
Exemptions my redemption from mating call

[Verse 4: Pigeon John]

Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait
Without a care, Vaseline in my hair
Debonair. Here snare, superclean and I'm bare
Unaware the 7 factors got more UHH! Than you
Why do you need to follow, why do you do what we do
We enter the room, boom, never too soon. Ready to
bloom
While the drones creatin' more clones that we consume
Alex the Great stayed young and beautiful without hate
We set trends while you bend to popular states
Wait - while they drink vodka I take my girl out to
lobster
Why should we even imitate an imposter
While I'd rather emulate and conform to God's Son
while I mash out in Nash in my EV1 like skiiirrt!

[Chorus: Knowdaverbs]

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