

Dr. Octagon f/ DJ Dexter**"Ants"**

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{*scratched: "Look down, I'm a giant"*}

[Kool Keith]
Ants... ants...
Los Angeles

Ants, cruisin up with airplanes
Lookin out, down at people like ants
Overcrowded streets
Two zillion pairs of shoes and sneakers walk the streets
Eight thousand million people swimmin on the beach
Ants, work in factory a lot
Walkin in back of me
You jam-packed, the place is agony
9 to 5 workin like ants
You don't have to be a chance
Under the circumstance, look at 'em crawl
Look at 'em move up the wall like roaches
That's right you see the coaches
Look through the microscope and glance
People are ants

Ants...
Ants...
Nothin but ANTS
Ants...

{*DJ Dexter scratches*}

Ants, from a very tall building, look down
I'm a giant, look down with the camera takin bigger
pictures
of Hummers, ants on the ground
Back up the concrete by the pound
Pitch words, that's right, with relief pitchers from the
mound
Ants work together, jerk together
Do concerts together, cry and get hurt together
Program to the weak and come back home
Like downtown ants, walk alone, meetin together
Cellular phone, they roam

Ants, look around as they dance
Ants

{*DJ Dexter scratches*}
Ants!

Ants! Look around as they dance
Ants! Ants...
Ants...
Ants...
Ants...

Ants, terrible lookin, walkin side to side like a work
farm
Some mean no harm
With the fire department, ring the alarm
Ants work for America, some work for Saddam
Some speak out talk loud, some chew on bread
Some move calm, ants move well
Church and collars with the lapel
Time's up, ants move with the bell
You can't tell, that's ants

{*DJ Dexter scratches to end*}

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