

Frishberg Dave

"Put Your Quarter Up"

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"Trapped in a deadly video game..." [GZA] 7x
"...with just one man" [GZA]

[Slug]

Put your quarter up

I got first (Sluggo)

And I'm the type of customer that orders the works

Not the same as any, I run the game of plenty

I buy my nickels from a dime who goes by the name of
Penny

The Last Starfighter searching for the Starfucker

The drunk parallel parker, thank God for car bumpers

Another day, shot in the head and buried

While your wifey tries to convince me that she shouldn't
have got married

From the Galagga bugs to the amateur thugs

To the punk rock chicks that can't handle my hugs

I'll be standin upon the web, born out of a thought

Where the spider makes her bed out of the carcasses
she caught

Aiyyo she's got that good hair, me I got dandruff

She wears a smile, and me I wear handcuffs

Yo wait a minute savior, how about a little truth

You couldn't save yourself if you had a cape and a
phonebooth

The roof is on fire, the floor is underwater

The fish ignored the bait and ate the bobber

And as God hovers up above the highway and the
chopper

I'm down here writing songs for her daughter (Is that
your quarter?)

"Trapped in a deadly video game..." [3x]

"...with just one man"

[Aesop Rock]

Put your quarter up, brother

My underhanded summerjam escape with a free game
in my back pocket

The ego and the muddy gear lept clear off the
concrete valley

To murder silhouettes with a budget that have me
bummin cigarettes
My soul stuck in a mudpit absorbing anchors
With a wash ink water stick and bop great venoms
Caught it at the dog door by a sideways phantom
With a swift attitude problem
Knuckling up with a carbon-based common guarding
goblin
I'm drowsy
Who drifted by the lousy Virgin Mary night light
luminants
That blew a kiss to sin
Witness that count me but just couldn't afford the
bounty
I'll do the deed myself before the second leaping
sheep
Even got counted
Multiple tasking, drastic unsocialable captain gasping
Jake asked me to grate bashing open the plastic
backspins
Strapped with a plague and a cocktail napkin
Wrapped in oragami dragon fashion
Flashed in a effort to smash your pattern
Better magnanimous
To sail a little on this ancient foundation
They found na-tions running bases for nickeltips
Coordinate the zoning and the speed is trickle drip
south
I'll skip town once these upright citizens sit down

"Trapped in a deadly video game"

[MF Doom]

Uh, yo I go next, put your quarter up
For bets, put your daughter up
MF is sure to corrupt
Not to be confused with the fake ?fly raw sound?
Still the one who used to take your high score down
With more rhymes and germs to spit, more carry
As I fly through the air like Pitfall Harry
Shit y'al fairies take a loss like Swolodon
This goes out to man, woman, and child from Robotron
Before the end, I save the world like the Fiddler
It's no for curling up to Hurl for my bender
Like back when you last five member went to ween
More likely on like twenty rounds of Centipede
If it go fast or slow, no mattering
The flow down pat like the whole Acro pattern
Those need to learn the technique, take heed note
And switch like Spy Hunter when he *psst* to the
speedboat

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