

## Phatty-Gurl

### "Aware"

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I shoot my fix in with a metronome needle and now it's  
kicked in  
It's not an addiction, I got a legitimate prescription  
Only time I touch the ground is when I slip and fall  
down  
Which isn't often  
So if you see me walking help me up  
'Cause those broadband subscribers get pissed at low  
bandwidth wires  
My ocean's full of pirates  
Abusing my kindness  
All I want's a good life with no regrets but God damn it  
I'm bored and there's nothing ever new on this planet  
And my psychic killed herself  
She never saw it coming  
Is there music in my head or is it this guitar I'm  
strumming?  
Like an actual factual dictionary ritual  
This fictional fantasy's falling faster than Mach3 cuts  
vocals chords with no shaving cream  
Everything I've said makes no sense  
Until you change the tense  
Future first person past participle existence  
I always wondered why these wires wound round me  
I'm the Internet mainframe brain stem  
And I know shit about your family  
I'm here to make a donation to the Salvation Army  
Here's my cares and my worries  
It was all I had on me  
And take the shirt off my back  
The brand name was branding me like a branding iron  
Was given a brand new attitude but took it back  
Exchanged it for a multitude of antidotes for heart  
attacks  
Now my irregular beats are off my chest and on my  
tracks  
Everything we've ever done communicated over phone  
jacks  
And wire taps dance into your home so watch your back  
  
Computer

Why don't you get back in line?  
Hey junior  
What's up with those crazy rhymes?

I shoot my fix in with a metronome needle and now it's  
kicked in  
It's not an addiction, I only do it when I start twitching  
Add "ashes" to the vocab  
When I extinguish four-inch cigarette in your mouth  
and  
Scorch the deepest wind flap  
Give me the dynamite  
I'm going down in the dark  
To light a spark and blow this fucking cave of secrets  
apart  
Part-time deep thought spelunker  
Weekend warriors fight battles to see who gets drunker  
Perennial class-flunker probably got shitty parents  
Cure bruised egos with Honorable Mention ice packs  
And wooden plaques giving merit to otherwise  
meaningless stats  
No wonder all these kids wanna rap  
I sell them beats and they pay in cash  
How clutch is that?  
Give myself a paper cut in an uncomfortable location  
To distract me from all of these damn frustrations  
In the end I'll have scars that represent my patience  
Decomposing my photo album of memories and faces  
Travel the new consciousness at the speed of  
magnetics  
Electric tourniquets stop bleeding encryption  
syndicates from believing in it  
I'm nobody's protégé  
Brick oven clay dried out in my favorite position  
Painted and put on display  
How many billion cells in the human body, how many  
humans?  
How many brain stems suffer from internal toxic  
pollutants?  
Creating cloudy forecasts and follow up on these  
delusions  
I'll see you when it all hits you in your confusion

Computer  
Why don't you get back in line?  
Hey junior  
What's up with those crazy rhymes?

In the distant future, a billion years from now  
Humanity will be one large entity with a consciousness  
and a purpose

Not a random collection of individuals  
This consciousness is already evolving  
Everything man has ever learned is stored in one place  
that we all can access  
You are the first to become aware  
Who will join you?

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