

# Aesop Rock, Dead Pan

This be the dawning of the age of dead water  
Stitchin every b-boy fragment  
Somebody live enough to bust through the belly with a fist up  
This is a right now generation murdered by the fan base  
This is adored by the writers-Dead water  
With a still force activated  
No I'm not feelin alright

Formed by the village of badness and bad karma  
Punched by the stagnant water gate threw the fickle back  
But by the window's still three nickels in a piggy bank  
Caught her with her head up funny stomach from the hunger pains  
Flashed automatic b-boy with big visions  
In a matchbox apartment adjacent a crooked starship  
Who better nation a million's the only remedy  
Nine dizzy planets with a bullet riding centerpiece  
Take Me Through The Gates  
I'm bout as sick of burning find the hottest slacker in a visionary costume  
Con artist kamikaze conduct  
Warm for a second to the minute he whored herself to disaster  
I recognize the cankers by the mechanical stagger  
As opposed to the skip of big brother bad slapper  
Theologies who need to keep the cookies caffeinated  
like a mad hatter that'll sleep now, ask after  
Calibrate the happy scale when he's soakin  
wet with a mouthful of dead ideas and see if it tipped zero  
Stripped ego, tall stories of broad glory  
I'll be god while you're still living life on a full 40  
Or maybe I'll be gramacin, homes poor, broke and lonely  
Hidden by my billygoat beard and cardboard monstrosity  
I drink a bad glass of gumption  
Not bad meaning bad, but bad meaning disgusting  
Wildchild activater activate sludge enough to dungeon for a accolade and wild ones  
I committed wild murder, went through the city  
with a wild merger, woke up in a wildstyle burner  
Space case, boom box, hate tapes, no lemonade breaks (sweat), no cheddar in labor days  
Right now, im here to break a point of big system plus my screen  
I was never cursed in a russmeyer bixon  
Spit sob stories to confront my dick addictions  
Of the dirty basement at the graves of Salem witches  
Driving my stake through the face of painstaking business (checkmate)  
But I scream Misery (better breath take)  
Out of sleep, lifted up lobotomy, little Jackie paper  
and a magic dragon sack of dirty shrubbery  
I'll be the ugliest version of paranoia  
kingpin set in motion by the secondhand pressure  
Some get excited when the sun folds under  
Some get excited when the summer hits the pavement  
Some get excited when the bullet hits bone and a board  
I'll escape through the train yard and sleep till it's broken

[same old]

This be the settling of debt of warm water  
A mobile b-boy function  
Somebody mad enough to cut apart the curtain with a fist up  
This is the dagger in the 88 magnificent memorial  
This is the heater to a movement-dead water  
When I broke fifth and got sparks  
No I'm not feelin alright

This be the windshear dodgin dead water  
Solitary b-boy wonder  
Somebody fresh enough to reinvent the court with a fist up

This is the funky outline around a classic breakbeat  
This is an agitated moment-dead water  
With a burnt future, beaten, ugly  
No I'm not feelin' alright