

# Murs, Happy Pills

(feat. Aesop Rock)

(Aesop Rock)

MURS, you should go get us some food

(MURS)

Alright, this is the best I can do. . . what do you want?

(Aesop Rock)

Aesop's getting hungry

(MURS)

Well what do you want?

(Aesop Rock)

What's on your mind, Big MURS?

(MURS)

Shit, the end of the world with a wife at home I pretend is my girl

(Aesop Rock)

Did you take your meds today?

(MURS)

20 milligrams worth, but I'm still so amped I can kill a damn verse

What's on your mind Aes Rock?

(Aesop Rock)

Shit, the roaches in the kitchen that I scream on  
everyday but for some reason they don't listen

(MURS)

Did you take your meds today?

(Aesop Rock)

Yeah, 20 milligrams worth, but I'm feeling so amped I can kill a damn verse

(Verse 1)

(Aesop Rock)

I was cooling at the park with a couple of other Jukies  
An animated glitch suspended like milk money bullies  
I calculate my comfort zone by how baggy the hoodie  
I calibrate pyrotechnics on how crappy the jewelry  
(I keep it Dirty) Like What? My vibes on that old "Ha ha ha Stick 'Em"  
Like a 1950-something wire hanger abortion victim  
99 bottles of happy pills on the wall  
Take 'em down, pass 'em around before me and MURS eat 'em all

(MURS)

I was cooling at the park with a couple of other Jukies  
We were paused taking on all comers like some bookies  
Rookies running up with their run-of-the-mill raps  
Crashed, hit 'em all up with hundreds of ill slaps  
The Harlem Backslap just happens to be my favorite  
You take it from your shoulder then you take 'em to the pavement  
We don't take shit but we take our medication  
And we bust them raps back to Prozac Nation

(Chorus)

I wanna go home, I need to take my happy pills again  
I wanna go home, I need to take my happy pills again  
I gotta go home, I need to take my happy pills again  
I wanna go home, I need to take my happy pills again

(Verse 2)

(Aesop Rock)

Blockhead, this beat sounds like the theme song to the  
Huston 500 Marathon Fuck-Fest  
Get laughed at like dude last in line tryin' to fuck that's suspect  
Who's ante's up next? Duck I'm buckin' with bonsai column big pimpin'  
With less money and women, money that's slippin'  
Now it's Golden Eye with sniper rifles in the temple  
Holding my bludgeoned-to-deranged cups, my triple doors tucked  
Flip a little wrong tough, it's the right stuff or the wrong stuff  
Wrong lyrically I'm not stuff clutch upon the mic because you suck

(MURS)

This does sound like the beat from a porno flick  
Before we get up off the stage go and warn those chicks  
That we're comin' with that oven-fresh DiGiorno Dick  
I wanna fill you up, then fill you up  
Bang this dick into your stomach until you reveal your lunch  
Shove my 8 into your face and make you taste your cunt  
Nah, not really, 'cause my girl would surely kill me  
I only rest my cock when my XBOX enthrills me

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

(Aesop Rock)

MURS is my pharmacist cupboards full of Clonopin (sp?)  
I'm a serotonin reuptake enhibitor bronze U.S. monument  
See me in hell cashing in on that See You in Hell thing  
Decompose like Dorothy water bucket plus witch equals melting  
And I seldom seen these weeks without the medicated crust  
Settle uncivil circuits that make the cut  
I'll tell you what, I'ma freak the fuck out if someone  
doesn't let me use their phone  
Yo, MURS I gotta go home

(MURS)

Aes Rock is my pharmacist, he doesn't own a farm  
But he owns a gang of pills that'll help and keep me calm  
If you're taking this too serious I'm just gonna bomb  
I'm just screwing with your head like to do em out with brain  
Surgery inside a shed, I take the same meds  
As Iron Mike Tyson, my life is rollin' out of control  
Don't need a license to drive myself crazy  
Catch me on his next album as long as Aesop pays me

(Chorus)

Go to sleep, go to bed  
Go to sleep, go to bed  
Go to sleep, take yo ass to bed  
Moherfucker better go to sleep

Def Jux!

Motherfucker, what?