Aesop Rock, The Greatest Pac-Man Victory In Hi

(Chorus)
Get up to get down now
Get up to get down now (like this)
Get up to get down now (like this)
Get up to get down now (alright)
I don't wanna do it anymore
Couldn't do it if I tried, wouldn't do it if I wanted it

Hey
I don't wanna do it anymore
Couldn't do it if I tried...

(Verse 1)
Okay
The moments were subtle but unstolen and guess who owns them
No friendly, non-threatening corporate lacky mucks in the totem
Lucy was in the sky with diamonds
Five dollars to hold them
The summer beneath these Pac-Man's with acid behind his molars
Little white tab hollering, little white flag waggling
Inorganic pat on back, trim the panic flat on backer
Back to back like Mad Hatter magic
Rabid mastif collaborative
Splatter bachelor fabric fatter with Cabbage Patch lit
(Dark days)
Banded Louie-Louie
(Park blades)
Chemically bent-up but eager to crash for that one, two, three repeater
Good morning Vietnam
Whose couch is this, whose house is this, who are you down with bitch?
I'm sorry, dog, I dreamt the foulest shit
There was this rabid foot talismen drowning out of my armspan
What's fouler was the other farmhands growing gills and shark fangs
What's fouler was my torso stripped to ribbons in the marshlands
But I'm up now
Let's get this window pane and shut the fuck down
Down by the river where the litter sits
And lionheart critters smoke dope and act like illiterates
I ran with a brat pack of loose bolts and high social maladjusties
Sacred, numb, and boundless went to same proto called cookie
Well, I was dummy to some when my tongue was cradled and my skin looks crazy
Pocketbook mirror, courtesy Amy
Spiders in the mattress, paisley sunglasses, dialing eyes green
Ice grill that could burn through your picture-in-picture widescreen
Poison late late show starring Aes and his jigsaw face
Twelve hour solid gold entertainment
Other shit to sell from other ships that sell they DD paper
(Space Invader)
This one's for the labor days worked for rent and rolling papers
Only the illest beats leak asbsurdly out the boombox
The daytripper anthem goes: "Wake. Drop. Walk to Aquarium."
Whistle while you work like a canary lung
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy to carry drugs
I sorta see it as my last flash summer
Skateboards and sloppy psychedelics and big numbers
Good times, good people
All airbrushed on a collapsible easel
Peace man, easy

(Bridge)
And I knew the permanancy would drift
And I knew the ph balance wasn't right
And I knew the crash and burn, how to caress it
L.S.D. flashed the message

And I knew the gash wasn't gonna stop bleeding
And I knew the ph balance wasn't right
And I knew how September would then affect it
L.S.D.

(Verse 2)
Lazy summer days
Like some decrepit landshark dumbluck squad dog lurks sicker, deluded
Last sturdy domino leans secluded
Don't let stupid delusions lesson super-duty labor students
Dragnet lifer solutions
Daddy loves sloppy dimensions like son-daughter links
Such determinated leopards, successfully disshelved
Little soliders developed like serpents despite life sentence ducking lemmings
Some don't like sobriety's dirty lenses
Some do let sleeping dogs lie still
Don't look so damn lackluster
Suck defeat
Love some damage, load sample delete
Late Show, Dave Letterman, shitty diner lip-slide dutch
Low self-discipline leader seek that lung self-destruct
Life sucks dickhead
Lost summer's display laminate showcasing divinity
Live system definitive
Liturgy soaked the pig lowly, spectactular delight
Why, what kind of L.S.D. you like?
Your lizard king has spoken (all hail)
You in the back, get them up, those trails are necessarily bumped
(Summertime)
Some'll try and recapture the same flag
But I played it smart and recognized the summertime passed

(Chorus)