

Aesop Rock, Wake Up Call

(feat. Percee-P)

[Aesop Rock]

Wake up, wake up

Ayo Percee P, it's time to wake these kids up

[Percee P]

Word up Aesop Rock, they'd better take their fingers off
pause and hit record

[Aesop Rock]

Is you fat cats or lab rats?

Trails to my steppin got em sweatin flashbacks

I played a part of minesweeper, plunking sneakers in my sunken city

Defunct, and apparently examin'in' famine, I'm a

Volatile strobe while your blind spot swallows the globe

Sing to the track and think back

When I was a boy I employed styles exhausted

By every lost child at present

Normally I drill pillars of normalcy

You're cordially invited to accompany me

In rotation of the tables to label the opposition

As I choose, refusing to evolve with the cold

Rapidly dissolved my involvement in a solvent of soul and roll back

Brain trip the Beta weights trap for the slaughter

Like livestock infected with anthrax

On my call a pack or clan snaps, collapsed was the mandatory maze

On the fluids ???? and glory days

Desire on the opposite circuit and glorious days

Is glorious hazes of gray spun through my array of operation

Slave to idiot box revelations

And wrapped tightly in a practice with my colleagues and slackers

20,000 league nappers and the swelling increases

Once the mortar hit the pestal your whole vessel fell to pieces

And I laughed, I laughed for me and my Starving art family

I laughed tangibly, your failures ampin me to vamp fresh

My mic stabs white flags and drag trembling

Devil skin-wearers through the terrors of compliance

Once the day turns night, senioritas suck the woody like termites

And wonder how they got labeled dick-hungry damsels in distress

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[Percee P]

I'm not your average man bragging, toe or hand tagging

50 grand bagging, pants sagging, trigger nigga on the bandwagon

Huh, I know this nigga named Rickey his girl Nikki want to get with me

Says "Stick me just a quickie, lick me and leave a hickie"

I stick instead of tricking bread in this chickenheads

One look and said I ain't shit in bed, she must be licking lead

You'd better let your gods recognize the Rhyme Inspector hides

And never sweat them lies about me haters check your eyes

One verse, lung burst, as I done first

Guns, slums, hearse don't stun Perce, where I'm from's worse (sucker)

My new cuts are hot, bodies chewed up a lot

Then flew up the block to a ciphers, blew up the spot

Stacks of rhymes, ain't a match for mines, tracks and shine

Leave you back in time in a "beeler" still ain't at my prime

I'm a stab your face in, trial and shit is wild

I turn the dial, niggas stealing my style

I should file for reparations

□"Aesop Rock" "Percee P" *scratched til fade*

