

The first step is a doozy, it's roulette with a mood ring  
The birth of an old slang, the death of a new speak  
A permanent post-game, a spitter with bridge trolls  
Skirting the copay, divvy the death toll  
Maneuverable codenames, alerted and mobile  
Familiar rising, and furnacing cold piles  
Resilient style kings, impossibly tantrum  
Wandering wild things, obelisk phantoms  
On linoleum or lava, leaders of a leadfoot fauna  
His left source blunt force trauma  
Not pillar of the commune, a splinter off the pagan  
Who vote off the elusiveness of truth and exultation  
From the point of view of students labeled putrid little aphids  
By the beautiful and cryogenic stasis  
Sadists, meanwhile makers of a hideous whatnot  
Committed to a lowdown Sisyphus up-rock  
Are shaving at a truck stop, aging exponentially  
Homie, no myth flowers grow where he piss  
And I still row boats outta bottles without abandon  
To shrink into the sunset bumping Pachelbel's Canon  
In D motherfucker, the author of the artistry  
May or may not be weeping to an automated pharmacy

Hello. Hello? Shit

Too geeked up to even keep it down  
Too peaced out to even be around  
Too beat up to even breathe it out  
(Too freaked out to even leave your house)  
You wish you could dance more, I wish you would talk less  
My gentleman transformed, to bringers of offed heads  
Moments of land war, my Lazarus species  
Tattered and bruised up, from back in the cheap seats  
Hackers on crew cuts, foam at the mush mouth  
Gag at the news truck, notably unsound  
Dragging his clown shoes, food on his moustache  
Raggedy hounds tooth, zilch on a bus pass  
I'm good, house at the beach of expelled hubcaps  
Black lawn, backyard melting into Lovecraft  
Bad yarn spun by the hum of the bug zapper  
Of kings becoming runners, and runts becoming alphas  
And underdogs with posters of a front-side Tony Alva  
On the sticker laden walls above their uncle's Bowie albums  
Graduate to flyers of an execrated sigil  
And live to see another sexy generation fizzle  
Out, keep rap homely  
Bear claw slippers, over-sized Billy Joel tee  
Fat-faced, potbelly, neckbeard, crow's feet  
Rat nest, gross teeth, pock marks, goatee  
I walk with Hawaii on the greenscreen behind me  
So even the awkward pauses feel inviting  
Standing at a landmark sleep drought keep out  
Can't talk now too freaked out

[Hook]