

"We now present to you...music" \*cut up\*  
"Music to make you stutter"

I've been a biplane dog fighter Henson invention  
Trooper burst result of Dragon Ball Z/Speed Racer gene splicing  
Mach force, blind the extorted style from the common dirty  
Destiny dream sighting, important as split the prints  
God shit the planet screaming "What on Earth is that?"  
I sit back five dimensions  
Only to muscle the overcooked specimen  
Fending tragic fatality successful dodging violets  
All hail Mary and hello dollies!  
I flow ridiculous, indigenous to now  
Who holds the fifth golden ticket?  
Saw the wicked war phantom mansion beyond the pickets  
The house next door to when the stickball clears the fence  
Y'all hesitate to fetch it!  
I was walking through a pinball tilt built landscape  
Terradactile circling turtle  
I bite the bullet in a wingspan shadow  
Suck and rust the oxygen gulps  
And spit the metal directly back up the barrel  
We icegrill the silhouettes (right)  
The common decency factors a lowball estimate of zero  
My testament is striking b-boy stances  
Dancing past the foggy mirror  
With wipes clean the billy goat beard, camoflague the spirit  
I'm at six degrees of sexy sarcasm  
Yeah never swam up inside summerjam classic  
Under the bed backwards bastard  
Scaverning the carnival grounds for an outlet  
WHO THE FUCK IS AES ROCK?  
I'm not a name to keep at arms length  
Adjacent to little Linus quilt makeshift  
Sick security mechanism, check your mission  
I am not a vision, check your mission  
Just a simple sourpatch delinquent  
No it will not help you shove your Lincoln

2x  
I alone settle  
I alone peddle in the mud  
I alone, I condone rebel zone planting  
I alone stand in a social coma  
All up to your dome, follow I alone

"Now you see me, now you don't"  
\*Scratches\*

Well he was maverick enough but still scraped up  
Taki 183 innovation for the kids  
Brick foot ironlung honor  
Escape through the night like a disgruntled teen Krylon bomber  
Without a care inside from posting the roster  
Mal-adjusted blank faced civilian dispersed feelings  
Reeling in several separate defunct fame-booster modules  
This nervous twitch mark the most delectable ingredient

See Aesop starving troops in cell blocks with strap-on feeding bins  
(More like) Like I'd auction off a fuck for that blind cause you ride in  
I'd rather find the floors and watch you hide them  
Feel the haggared look penetrate brain castle  
Blasting clear out the back of this batches sour wind collection  
(FLASH FLOODER!)  
You're a fuckin wind-up toy  
A goddamn four string criminal trading card  
The reason they decorate the fonts of closing credits  
To boost on-looker amusement after fading hard  
Catch more Z's than Rip Van Winkle's 12 Step Narcolepsy Seminar  
The action, we all compete the masked illusion  
The commonfolk, I provoke em all  
Challenge thirty balance  
I alone pour talent while they fidget  
If the revolution ain't gon' be televised  
Then fuck, I'll probably miss it

Chorus 2x