

# The Greatest Pac-Man Victory in History

Aesop Rock

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...

Okay  
The moments were subtle but unstolen and guess who owns them  
No friendly, non-threatening corporate lucky 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 wagging  
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 absurdly 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

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.

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 lemmin  
gs  
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, spectacular 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]