

# Wake Up Call

Aesop Rock

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

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

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' 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, senoritas suck the woody like termites  
And wonder how they got labeled dick-hungry damsels in distress  
The all new and improved poetically portable Aesop Rock  
Available in stores with my, highly suggested parental discretion  
99 brilliant new dimentions

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 cipher, 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\*