

# We're Famous

Aesop Rock

I brought that genuine shit in '96  
Before you knew the underground or independent existed  
I watched the whole scene straight jump on the dick  
After stepping to KCR lit and flexing my shit  
No gun talk, no gimmicks, just rounds of raw-dogging  
Dirty dusty intelligent wit and word murdering  
A hardcore poetic informed without burglary  
Potent and shook the shit out of rappers who just learned of me  
Everytime I prescribe a new pill, revolution  
Quickly defined the standard for indie rap distribution  
Arrogant unafraid shit developed riding a train thinking of brain fucks  
"Bad Touch Example" that soon became bucks  
Had everybody sprung wondering where I came from  
Screaming out "Independent as f\*\*k" with an insane tongue  
With an indelible squad of design monsters  
Innovating the styles that made biters look like imposters  
So we scripted an album and signed to Rawkus  
Selling a hundred thousand without a radio chart hit  
Imposterous son is taking the world hostage  
Classic hip-hop bombage dirty with style progress  
Now I've come from the '80s juvenile Brooklyn  
Where cats was like: "Gimme that subway pass, kid. Good lookin."  
Now someone else is taking a ride with what's mine  
So I had to develop styles with a death device cooked in  
So when I battled in basements I had eight sentences  
Waiting ready for the four you had laced in  
And I was taught to wait patient (Why?)  
Only faggots make shit up just to get famous  
So when I finally blew up I remained sick  
Earning respect in ghettos and 'burbs for word placement  
Back when the independent scene remained faceless  
We were the only crew who promised your ass we'd take it  
Mold it, shape it, living outside the matrix  
Hold it, make it, more than miniature major labels  
Hold it sacred, living it for the culture  
Told ya plainly, protected it from the vultures  
That's why I always get respect from true soldiers  
That laugh at the critics claiming every year: "Hip hop's over."  
FUCK YOU, hip hop just started  
It's funny how the most nostalgic cats are the ones who were never part of it  
But true veterans'll give dap to those who started it  
Then humbly move the f\*\*k on and come with that new retarded shit  
New slang, new thought, new sound, new heart, you thought you hang  
You clown, you don't, you drown  
I won't dumb it down, I'm dumbing now for these rounds  
I'm a live mothefucker plus I'm gunning for clowns  
You're a mime motherfucker, don't be coming for pounds  
Till you can break out of that invisible box, you're not down  
My favorite ones are the ones who started out young rappin about  
Comic books, spaceships, and Omnicron 1  
And even though they were soft they had fun  
But they couldn't break out the frame of the town they came from  
Some of these faggots used to send me their demos  
Keeping their puppy styles in the Company Flow kennels  
But since they had no identity from the start  
They started to resent the scene when they couldn't become a part

They've been failing for years and call themselves Vets, that's bold  
Motherfucker, you're not a Vet you're just old  
I'll slap the shit out you to continue my nerd rap  
Making this money fist over fist, f\*\*k what you heard  
Rookie cats talk about boom bap and golden ages  
Pat themselves on the back for making that new outdated shit  
But i've been putting out vinyl since '93 and never looked back once  
At ya'll trying to chase me  
You don't innovate because you can't innovate  
It's not a choice despite what you might tell your boys  
Keep your identity crisis under the table  
I always knew who I was and I'll always be more famous

Check it

For the best in the bendor biz

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Leave the last CE-Off for crabs and bobbin hatorade

Dig it, daddy dug his own tunnel under the gutters where the numbers bleed

Hunters froze up and exposed Rapunzel weeds

Tugboat, tug a rut out brutal dirt first

The fuedals fuming oodles, it was right under your poodle skirt

Welcome to Bazooka Works, halogen halo eyesore

The revolution will not be apologized for

Warbucks exlex megaphone on the fashion piggy pageant

While my dick's raw-dogg in a style magnet

Fraggle rock your four figure watch

I clock ninety-nine cent wristbands

And still know the time when you record flops

And this is on a sick with it factor

Exhibit A, E, S, Genesis of the klepto reactor

Wanna burgle the buzz over definitive cast

After a life of labor camps starts paying innovaters back

Baby, you ain't felt the collect? (Cooooool)

Stuck running bases with little bears under the wing of punchdrunk butter makers

That engine sputters while the hound dogs wire cutter mechnical rabbit banto  
mweight puppies ain't rabid enough to snatch him

Poplock dynamos, is approached with a golden focal point

Come soak in it, resume sturdy composer soldier bliss

Wrong name by a molar can often expose your phobias

Watch a cobra grow hands to hold his own tongue when he notices

All city legity critter, bark with me

All filthy documents, cats piss on their kittie litter moccasins

Welcome to mi casa, Monsters Inc, dropping bangers out the rocket ships

Your own private apocalypse

Honor it

For f\*\*k's sake

Original

Wild fly

You wanna read the nile, I twitch easy reader

Father it

I will, dog

Original

Wide open with banged out cutlery from a slang mouth teacher

And money is an ugly god we all fall for  
I got land mammal, cannibal, natural survival squackbox  
That means when I wake up and decide to comprise the new shit  
It's not some watered down version of what my favorite crews did  
Puff the magic komodo bitch  
Rappers stuffed komonos and shark fame at a perfect working unit  
Look, I'm done  
B-boy, feed that to the needy  
Shut your liquor hole, f\*\*k you in 3D  
Easy