Happy Pillz (feat. Aesop Rock)

Murs

[Aesop Rock]
MURS, you should go get us some food[MURS]
Alright, this is the best I can do. . . what do you want?[Aesop Rock]
Aesop's getting hungry[MURS]
Well what do you want?[Aesop Rock]
What's on your mind, Big MURS?[MURS]
Shit, the end of the world with a wife at home I pretend is my girl[Aesop Rock]
Did you take your meds today?[MURS]
20 milligrams worth, but I'm still so amped I can kill a damn verse
What's on your mind Aes Rock?[Aesop Rock]
Shit, the roaches in the kitchen that I scream on
everyday but for some reason they don't listen[MURS]
Did you take your meds today?[Aesop Rock]
Yeah, 20 milligrams worth, but I'm feeling so amped I can kill a damn verse[Verse 1][Aesop Rock]
I was cooling at the park with a couple of other Jukies
An animated glitch suspended like milk money bullies
I calculate my comfort zone by how baggy the hoodie
I calibrate pyrotechnics on how crappy the jewelry
(I keep it Dirty) Like What? My vibes on that old "Ha ha ha Stick 'Em"
Like a 1950-something wire hanger abortion victim
99 bottles of happy pills on the wall
Take 'em down, pass 'em around before me and MURS eat 'em all[MURS]
I was cooling at the park with a couple of other Jukies
We were paused taking on all comers like some bookies
Rookies running up with their run-of-the-mill raps
Crashed, hit 'em all up with hundreds of ill slaps
The Harlem Backslap just happens to be my favorite
You take it from your shoulder then you take 'em to the pavement
We don't take shit but we take our medication
And we bust them raps back to Prozac Nation[Chorus]
I wanna go home, I need to take my happy pills again
I wanna go home, I need to take my happy pills again
I gotta go home, I need to take my happy pills again
I wanna go home, I need to take my happy pills again[Verse 2][Aesop Rock]
Blockhead, this beat sounds like the theme song to the
Huston 500 Marathon Fuck-Fest
Get laughed at like dude last in line tryin' to fuck that's suspect
Who's ante's up next? Duck I'm buckin' with bonsai column big pimpin'
With less money and women, money that's slippin'

Now it's Golden Eye with sniper rifles in the temple
Holding my bludgeoned-to-deranged cups, my triple doors tucked
Flip a little wrong tough, it's the right stuff or the wrong stuff
Wrong lyrically I'm not stuff clutch upon the mic because you suck[MURS]
This does sound like the beat from a porno flick
Before we get up off the stage go and warn those chicks
That we're comin' with that oven-fresh DiGiorno Dick
I wanna fill you up, then fill you up
Bang this dick into your stomach until you reveal your lunch
Shove my 8 into your face and make you taste your cunt
Nah, not really, 'cause my girl would surely kill me
I only rest my cock when my XBOX enthrills me[Chorus][Verse 3][Aesop Rock]
MURS is my pharmacist cupboards full of Klonopin
I'm a serotonin re-uptake inhibitor, bronze US monument
See me in hell cashing in on that See You in Hell thing
Decompose like Dorothy water bucket clutch which people smelting
And I seldom seen these weeks without the medicated crust
Settle uncivil circuits that make the cut
I'll tell you what, I'ma freak the fuck out if someone
doesn't let me use their phone
Yo, MURS I gotta go home[MURS]
Aes Rock is my pharmacist, he doesn't own a farm
But he owns a gang of pills that'll help and keep me calm
If you're taking this too serious I'm just gonna bomb
I'm just screwing with your head like to do em out with brain
Surgery inside a shed, I take the same meds
As Iron Mike Tyson, my life is rollin' out of control
Don't need a license to drive myself crazy
Catch me on his next album as long as Aesop pays me[Chorus]Go to sleep, go to bed
Go to sleep, go to bed
Go to sleep, take yo ass to bed
Moherfucker better go to sleepDef Jux!
Motherfucker, what?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/