

Getaway Car

Aesop Rock

Cage

Yo, I'll send this to alla my corporate corpses
Trying to abort the thoughts, coming out wilin?

Time to off the office,

I was surely sort of twisted

Worked at a tv studio, an audio assistant

Easy, do my duty, though at times was in a ?me? mood

Hot I gotta be cool

I was on the brink of fiends truth

Livin in the green room

Made a brother the same color but beyond neon

Pushing me to peon

Barking at dreams to be gone

???talent and many they haven?t any

Was especially a challenge

When you be like goddamnit

Can he lift his vocal

As he?s cuffing it, how my mic sound?

Thinking on the low, it?s perfect when he put the mic down

Clown stand steady, willing wanting subservient

Sound man blurting in thinking I?d fucking murder them

Steaming when I?m watching duke

Scheming on some hot pursuit

Gotta win as these cats be modelin? what not to doIn a getaway car

In a getaway car

In a getaway car, car, car, carIn a getaway car

In a getaway car

In a getaway car, car, car, carSix in the morning

And the walls close in

High noon calls

And the walls on him

Kings at the ready

Now the walls won?t winAesop Rock

Storms on the harbor, like a harbinger of bore

Gore?s my harbinger, pardon the art of war

Get your door?s darkened by the house of card carpenters

Who never thought a slave could be a Spartacus or

Pencil sharpener with a resume for the carnivores

Take important conference calls

In corner office walls
Stealin buckets
A bunch of these punch numbers
Five punch just say no to company functions
And I duck into the dungeons
Nothing says kill it
Like a day of pinching paperclips and staplers for the privilege
Two lives, one is chores for whores
One is where I wanna be when you begin regretting yours
And I?m boredom with a large coffee
Tardy every morning
To a man who authority beyond what it was for
How you gonna pay the rent?
Day job great
Make rap records matter fact thanks!
Peace!In a getaway car
In a getaway car
In a getaway car, car, car, carIn a getaway car
In a getaway car
In a getaway car, car, car, carSix in the morning
And the walls close in
High noon calls
And the walls on him
Kings at the ready
Now the walls won?t winI?m leaving?

Songwriters

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