Getaway Car

Aesop Rock

Breeze Brewin
Yo, I'll send this to all of 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
Tending to the talent and many they haven't any
Was especially a challenge
When you be like God damnit
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 do
In a getaway car
In a getaway car
In a getaway car, car, car, car
In a getaway car
In a getaway car
In a getaway car, car, car, car
Six in the morning and the walls close in
High noon calls and the walls own him
Kings at the ready now the walls won't win
Aesop 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, car
In a getaway car
In a getaway car
In a getaway car, car, car, car
Six in the morning and the walls close in
High noon calls and the walls own him
Kings at the ready now the walls won't win
Cage
In a hospital gown day off from being tied down in recreation
Swinging a paddle at mental patients
Raping the competition to smother the pain and sin,
So he pound you out in table tennis like Wang Liqin
Too strange within just to stop
Demented interaction sleep and thoughts documented
He's lingering insane paint thinner in his vein
Colors blown out around the doctors finger in his brain
With a needle unable to beat him in a fetal position
He crafted a path to escape his condition
Would cling to the white walls the psych halls
In his mind soon bled the words he would speak to the world in time,
But not before more injections strapped to the bed
Until the psycho-tropics took hold of the rap in his head
When his wrists released, he wrote tunes you could snoop through
Day of release said, "Depart from me, I never knew you."
I'm leaving?

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