

The Greatest Pacman Victory In History

Aesop Rock

[Chorus]

Get up to get down now

Get up to get down now (like this)

Get up to get down now (like this)

Get up to get down now (alright)

I don't wanna do it anymore

Couldn't do it if I tried, wouldn't do it if I wanted itHey

I don't wanna do it anymore

Couldn't do it if I tried...[Verse 1]

Okay

The moments were subtle but unstolen and guess who owns them

No friendly, non-threatening corporate lacky mucks in the totem

Lucy was in the sky with diamonds

Five dollars to hold them

The summer beneath these Pac-Man's with acid behind his molars

Little white tab hollering, little white flag wagging

Inorganic pat on back, trim the panic flat on backer

Back to back like Mad Hatter magic

Rabid mastif collaborative

Splatter bachelor fabric fatter with Cabbage Patch lit

(Dark days)

Banded Louie-Louie

(Park blades)

Chemically bent-up but eager to crash for that one, two, three repeater

Good morning Vietnam

Whose couch is this, whose house is this, who are you down with bitch?

I'm sorry, dog, I dreamt the foulest shit

There was this rabid foot talismen drowning out of my armspan

What's fouler was the other farmhands growing gills and shark fangs

What's fouler was my torso stripped to ribbons in the marshlands

But I'm up now

Let's get this window pane and shut the fuck down

Down by the river where the litter sits

And lionheart critters smoke dope and act like illiterates

I ran with a brat pack of loose bolts and high social maladjusties

Sacred, numb, and boundless went to same proto called cookie

Well, I was dummy to some when my tongue was cradled and my skin looks crazy

Pocketbook mirror, courtesy Amy

Spiders in the mattress, paisley sunglasses, dialated eyes green

Ice grill that could burn through your picture-in-picture widescreen
Poison late late show starring Aes and his jigsaw face
Twelve hour solid gold entertainment
Other shit to sell from other ships that sell they DD paper
(Space Invader)
This one's for the labor days worked for rent and rolling papers
Only the illest beats leak asbsurdly out the boombox
The daytripper anthem goes: "Wake. Drop. Walk to Aquarium."
Whistle while you work like a canary lung
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy to carry drugs
I sorta see it as my last flash summer
Skateboards and sloppy psychedelics and big numbers
Good times, good people
All airbrushed on a collapsible easel
Peace man, easy[Bridge]
And I knew the permanancy would drift
And I knew the ph balance wasn't right
And I knew the crash and burn, how to caress it
L.S.D. flashed the message
And I knew the gash wasn't gonna stop bleeding
And I knew the ph balance wasn't right
And I knew how September would then affect it
L.S.D.[Verse 2]
Lazy summer days
Like some decrepit land shark dumbluck squad dog lurks sicker, deluded
Last sturdy domino leans secluded
Don't let stupid delusions lesson super-duty labor students
Dragnet lifer solutions
Daddy loves sloppy dimensions like son-daughter links
Such determinated leopards, successfully disshelved
Little soliders developed like serpents despite life sentence ducking
lemmings
Some don't like sobriety's dirty lenses
Some do let sleeping dogs lie still
Don't look so damn lackluster
Suck defeat
Love some damage, load sample delete
Late Show, Dave Letterman, shitty diner lip-slide dutch
Low self-discipline leader seek dead lung self-destruct
Life sucks dickhead
Lost summer's display laminate showcasing divinity
Live system definitive
Liturgy soaked the pig lowly, spectacular delight
Why, what kind of L.S.D. you like?
Your lizard king has spoken (all hail)

You in the back, get them up, those trails are necessarily bumped

(Summertime)

Some'll try and recapture the same flag

But I played it smart and recognized the summertime passed[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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