

Getaway Car (feat. Cage and Br

Aesop Rock

Cage

Yo, I'll send this to all 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 do
In a getaway car
In a getaway car, car, car, 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 on 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, 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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