

Labor

Centz

Who put the monkey wrench in well oiled perfectionist emblem
Just to watch these monitors spit white noise
through your office space?
Automate.
I infect jolly gene pool descendent cloud clusters
starving art revolution sound jugglers.
Delinquent fan for brick habitat.
Bob, weave, stick, move, fence
and pause somewhere in the middle for slick invention.
This years brain crops spread spectacular.
I ain't mad at cha, don't stay mad at the caliber.
I twist characters like twist characters.
Tally up the alley cat aggression
in this Doug E. Fresh infested mess up bass line lust.
An automatic B-boy krylon can combust circuits
Working these war picked cyphers
with Ted Stryker stability and kamakazi chivalry.
I alone noble in a warm food feud
Walking dead generation.
Ain't nobody asking for your patience.
The grand opening holding me to the fact
that I knew myself and didn't have to ask nobody else.

(Talk about labor)

Fantastic planet urchin putting work in.
Searching for pertinent verse minus the murderous diversion.
Apologies won't lure me to the communal sob story
nor would I sacrifice lifestyle to benefit jury temperament.
This whole Green Goblin web cutter butts up against
crayola daydream landscapes spittin bedlam, dead 'em.
Charge the villagers nickles and nicotine
to watch him fed to one disgruntled kraken at high noon.
We'll sell popcorn, beer and balloons
I got an inkling this gon be the one children bicker over.
Its that warriors vs. baseball fury element
to glitch his motor sensory development
I am a star, really.
The big bang bastard's back

with a one way ticket to Beat Street.
This all is like relevant to human kind supply/demand ratios
man, learn it.
I work past the surface
I work on what I love, I work to service all my burdens
And I'll work until this here little flat line closes the curtains

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>