We're Famous

Aesop Rock

I brought that genuine shit in '96
Before you knew the underground or independent existed
I watched the whole scene straight jump on the dick
After stepping to KCR lit and flexing my shit
No gun talk, no gimmicks, just rounds of raw dogging
Dirty dusty intelligent wit and word murdering
A hardcore poetic informed without burglary
Potent and shook the shit out of rappers who just learned of me
Everytime I prescribe a new pill, revolution
Quickly defined the standard for indie rap distribution
Arrogant unafraid shit developed riding a train thinking of brain fucks
Bad Touch Example, that soon became bucks
Had everybody sprung wondering where I came from
Screaming out, Independent as fuck, with an insane tongue
With an indelible squad of design monsters
Innovating the styles that made biters look like imposters
So we scripted an album and signed to Rawkus
Selling a hundred thousand without a radio chart hit
Imposterous son is taking the world hostage
Classic hip hop bombage dirty with style progress
Now I've come from the '80s juvenile Brooklyn
Where cats was like Gimme that subway pass, kid. Good lookin
Now someone else is taking a ride with what's mine
So I had to develop styles with a death device cooked in
So when I battled in basements I had eight sentences
Waiting ready for the four you had laced in
And I was taught to wait patient, Why?
Only faggots make shit up just to get famous
So when I finally blew up I remained sick
Earning respect in ghettos and 'burbs for word placement
Back when the independent scene remained faceless
We were the only crew who promised your ass we'd take it
Mold it, shape it, living outside the matrix
Hold it, make it, more than miniature major labels
Hold it sacred, living it for the culture
Told ya plainly, protected it from the vultures
That's why I always get respect from true soldiers
That laugh at the critics claiming every year Hip hop's over
FUCK YOU, hip hop just started

It's funny how the most nostalgic cats are the ones who were never part of it
But true veterans'll give dap to those who started it
Then humbly move the fuck on and come with that new retarded shit
New slang, new thought, new sound, new heart, you thought you hang
You clown, you don't, you drown
I won't dumb it down, I'm dumbing now for these rounds
I'm a live mothefucker plus I'm gunning for clowns
You're a mime motherfucker, don't be coming for pounds
Till you can break out of that invisible box, you're not down
My favorite ones are the ones who started out young rappin about
Comic books, spaceships, and Omnicron 1
And even though they were soft they had fun
But they couldn't break out the frame of the town they came from
Some of these faggots used to send me their demos
Keeping their puppy styles in the Company Flow kennels
But since they had no identity from the start
They started to resent the scene when they couldn't become a part
They've been failing for years and call themselves Vets, that's bold
Motherfucker, you're not a Vet you're just old
I'll slap the shit out you to continue my nerd rap
Making this money fist over fist, fuck what you heard
Rookie cats talk about boom bap and golden ages
Pat themselves on the back for making that new outdated shit
But i've been putting out vinyl since '93 and never looked back once
At ya'll trying to chase me
You don't innovate because you can't innovate
It's not a choice despite what you might tell your boys
Keep your identity crisis under the table
I always knew who I was and I'll always be more famous
Check it
For the best in the bendor biz
1 800 Lazerface
Leave the last CE, Off for crabs and bobbin hatorade
Dig it, daddy dug his own tunnel under the gutters where the numbers bleed
Hunters froze up and exposed Rapunzel weeds
Tugboat, tug a rut out brutal dirt first
The fuedals fuming oodles, it was right under your poodle skirt
Welcome to Bazooka Works, halogen halo eyesore
The revolution will not be apologized for
Warbucks exlex megaphone on the fashion piggy pageant
While my dick's raw dogg in a style magnet
Fraggle rock your four figure watch
I clock ninety nine cent wristbands
And still know the time when you record flops
And this is on a sick with it factor

Exhibit A, E, S, Genesis of the klepto reactor
Wanna burgle the buzz over definitive cast
After a life of labor camps starts paying innovaters back
Baby, you ain't felt the collect?, Coooool
Stuck running bases with little bears under the wing of punchdrunk butter makers
That engine sputters while the hound dogs wire cutter mechnical
Rabbit bantomweight puppies ain't rabid enough to snatch him
Poplock dynamos, is approached with a golden focal point
Come soak in it, resume sturdy composer soldier bliss
Wrong name by a molar can often expose your phobias
Watch a cobra grow hands to hold his own tongue when he notices
All city legity critter, bark with me
All filthy documents, cats piss on their kittie litter moccasins
Welcome to mi casa, Monsters Inc, dropping bangers out the rocket ships
Your own private apocalypse
Honor it
For fuck's sake
Original
Wild fly
You wanna read the nile, I twitch easy reader
Father it
I will, dog
Original
Wide open with banged out cutlery from a slang mouth teacher
And money is an ugly god we all fall for
I got land mammal, cannibal, natural survival squackbox
That means when I wake up and decide to comprise the new shit
It's not some watered down version of what my favorite crews did
Puff the magic komodo bitch
Rappers stuffed komonos and shark fame at a perfect working unit
Look, I'm done
B boy, feed that to the needy
Shut your liquor hole, fuck you in 3D
Easy

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