

# 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?, Cooooool  
Stuck running bases with little bears under the wing of punchdrunk butter makers  
That engine sputters while the hound dogs wire cutter mechanical  
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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