

We're Famous (feat. EL-P)

Aesop Rock & EL-P

[EL-P]

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 is fucked" 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 sonics 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 way before 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
While half of the critics claim it 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
Who's heart you thought you had?
You clown, you don't, you drown
I won't dumb it down, I'm dumbing now for these rounds
I'm a live motherfucker plus I'm gunning for clowns
You're mine motherfucker, don't be coming for pounds
So you can break out of that invisible box, you're not down
My favorite ones are the ones who started that young rap about
Comic books, spaceships, and Obi-Quan one
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
I'm 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 of you to continue my nerve racket
Making this money fist over fist, fuck what you heard
Jukie cats talk about boom bap and golden ages
Patting themselves on the back for making that new outdated shit
I've been putting out vinyl since '93 and never looked back once
And 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
[Aesop Rock]
Check it
For the best in the vendor biz
1-800-Lazerface
Leave the last CE-Offer crabs and buy them Hatorade
Dig it, daddy dug his own tunnel under the gutters where the numbers bleed
Hunters froze up and exposed Rapunzel weeds
Tugboat, tug up through that 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-dogging a style magnet
Fraggle rock your four figure watch
I clock ninety-nine cent wristbands
And still know the time when you record flops
Now this is on a sick with it factor
Exhibit A, E, F, Genesis of the klepto reactor
Wanna burgle the buzz over definitive cash
After a life of labor camps starts paying innovators back
Baby, you ain't felt the collective? (Cooooool)

Stop running bases with little bears under the wing of punchdrunk butter makers
That engine sputters while the hound dogs wire cutter mechanical rabbit
Bantam weight puppies ain't rabid enough to snatch him
Pockmark ninety Moses approach 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
[E1-P]
Honor it[Aesop Rock]
For fuck's sake[E1-P]
Original[Aesop Rock]
Wild fly
You wanna read the Nile?
I twitch easy reader[E1-P]
Father it[Aesop Rock]
I will, dog[E1-P]
Original[Aesop Rock]
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 evolving squawk box
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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