

# HOMERMAN



## POT-C



鹿屋市  
串良町細山田

**Cover Illustration by** Dr.funzukeleshtine

# 1 GARBAGE <sup>2:22</sup>

**Beats, Rhymes & Cuts:** Pot-C

**Bass Guitar:** Thomas Lyons aka C-Man

OK - what tha fuck - Pot-C with a solo - take it to the streets with the littlest hobo  
Or brothers doobie and snack with Scooby - at the drive-in movie on Tuesday, Ruby  
Dee I do right - things I just might - ignite this here mic like it's dyno - mite  
Fight for some lights - I want lime and not twi - signal some bats or the past centur - I  
Know you want meaning and issues addressed - stamped envelopes to return you my best  
Yes and no guess - this is science gone mad - thinks double jarred and hit you bomb bad  
Palm to the noggin' - I'm hoggin J.D. - boss and the booze and toss the gravy  
Got to save the underwata baybee - cheetahs that feed us these beats on cee dees

I don't care what you want anymore - here's some garbage - eat this garbage - lala - lala - la  
You don't know what you want anyways - fuck this garbage - on your carpet - bana - nana - peels  
We don't even really know what's important - here's a donut -yummy

So I load it with a shovel and pop all your bubbles - yabba dabba don't piled up to your throat  
And the goats are all gotten like pokemons - while this thanks for nothing float we's on  
Parades the main drags - the ash grows longer - rolled up this life into a big chonger  
On your way to a miracle whipped - and all the best foods better come equipped  
To resist the fist that paws it to jaws - a laugh-in last then blast a hee-haw  
Puff of smoke no joke and we are - passed for the prize set max to retard  
Just relax - cuz the fact we need cars - to set prepositions up around bars  
To from at - behind in front back - th- th- that's all folks when under takes naps

## 2 SUGGESTION ROCKS 1:48

**Beats, Rhymes & Cuts:** Pot-C

**Clean Running Time:** 1:49

I keep cat juggalin - struggle in my bubble and - rock track suits with rubber boots in the summer then  
Shorts for winter - collect my splinters - crang and shredder any chronic bed wetter  
I'm a getter from the go so you're gonna get got - I narrate my raps - the next day Pot  
C had a tuna fish sandwich for lunch - I haven't cursed yet - so go and get fucked

Don't tell me what you think of this - don't tell me what is wrong-with-it  
I'm just doing what I think's the shit - and I'm doin' it for the fuck of it  
It's two minutes of your life you've missed - where you probably woulda been tuggin' it  
I'd rather crack brews and get snaked and pissed - this is the best hook and you're lovin' it

Another rap I offer that keeps ya wanting to eat crack - wearing polyester slacks in a purple Cadillac  
This cat in a hat is burning through bags of litter - at a rate astronomical - this diabolical  
Scheme has teams dream they could get it together - but they're bringing it spandex and I'm tougher than leather  
And whether they ever get shit reassembled - I'm flippin' it ten fold and doomin' their temples

Don't tell me what you think's legit - I won't be havin' none-of-it  
Step by step - these starter kits - must be from mills - the run-of-it  
Go try the square peg in a round hole - and let this engine run a bit  
I don't really mean to name or blame - but you're a bitch or the son of it

## 3 MONKEY 2:59

**Beats, Rhymes & Cuts:** Pot-C

**Bass Guitar:** Thomas Lyons aka C-Man

It's like a jungle sometimes - but not really - or at least not the one fulla people and streets pull





Lives into gutters like bowling blind - I'm talking bout the ones fulla critters and vines  
The kind that you find at the end of my street - where the monkeys run wild and crap and screech  
And steal your persimmons - or chase the old women - get hit by cars and try to make a livin'  
From diggin' in poorly protected trash bins - makin' a mess without even askin'  
They like harassin' and passin' on rabies - so don't try to pet 'em or pick up their babies  
Maybe they'll leave but they probably won't - you can try sign language, but I'm sure that they don't  
Give two shifts cuz three's the minimum - they'll leave on the wall of your condominium  
They're not cute - it's more pet cemetery - they look the same alive as they do dead and buried  
And then zombified with a look in their eyes - like everything's crack and they need to be supplied  
With whatever they see is suddenly the fix - to send you to the roof and fend em off with sticks  
Bricks and stones, whopper scented cologne - still won't keep them away from your home

Don't let your kids play outside alone - don't leave your windows open - ever  
Never listen to ba - na - na phone - unless you really want to risk it  
This is the life of fear you now own - move out or hide it's serious business  
Wild monkeys forever will roam - until you hit them at night with kei trucks

Welcome to the jungle - minus fun and games it's awful and  
The critters are supersized from - all the radiation and they  
Want to live with you and - lay their eggs in your ear at night and  
Crawl down your throat when - you're suffering from - sleep apnea

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# 4 BAR WHERE YOU ARE 3:00

**Beats, Rhymes & Cuts:** Pot-C

**Additional Cuts:** Cheese

**Guest Rhymes (on OG only):** King Ring

**Clean Running Time:** 2:42

To the sev - buy a brew - drink on the way to - the Tiny Town main drag on the right leg of Kag  
oshima - been a - few - since we do - this pinball bounce to the bars that count  
With all you can handle booze to dismantle - brain cells and livers - organs down rivers  
Kimotsuki floats the remnants of pizza - chicken nuggets and late night Joyfull  
Family rest where we scam and we pest - the patrons and staff to invoke their wrath  
Laugh in faces - totally tasteless - soon to be subjects of multiple cases  
Places littered from our arrival - wasted Guinness cuz vomits liable  
To show up and blow up the spot like nitro - we're the main event, intermission and side show

Let's go out on the town - on this Tiny Town  
Show 'em just how we clown - clown  
Shit-faced in puke on the ground - cuz drinkin's allowed  
Outside so right here's a bar now

To the Kinko - the Maxie - Hemmings and Urb - it wasn't that order - the river's the border  
Crossed like a boss while Christmas kei cars - cruise down the strip we're pissed and they are  
Distracting the locals from us in their focals - trip politics and gettin' vocal  
With the opinions and no one's winning - have another brew and back to the beginning  
Snaked and ladders just break and scatter - minds are absent it's matter on matter  
After a ring from the autobot taxi - Demio's driven while I'm in the backset  
Twenty bones then home and avoid disaster - pressure wash chiclets and scrub the Casters  
Stench from the paws - the shirt and the drawers - it'll be a Bufferin sufferin' tomorrow

Let's go out on the town - on this Tiny Town  
Show 'em just how we clown - clown



Shit-faced in puke on the ground - cuz drinkin's allowed  
Outside so right here's a bar now

## 5 WHATEVER 2:15

**Beats, Rhymes & Cuts:** Pot-C

**Additional Cuts:** Cheese

**Clean Running Time:** 2:14

A house and two cars, twenty bucks to leave bars - I'm penning part two of Life on Mars  
In the stix - no shit - I've got my own bubble - givin' cabin fever a ludicrous lever  
Dangerous setting like amusement park rides - on teevee and movies - with handles supplied  
In balsa wood to notch up the factor - of impending doom and disaster

Who wants to take a ride with me - I've been drinking tonight - let's fly  
It's up and down - left - right and if we're lucky then a fight - no need to  
Continue this life - why don't we fix this fucking bike and leave  
Before it hits midnight now my Gizmo has turned to Stripe - watch out now

You can fill in the blanks while they're spillin the tanks - even graduate with Philip D Tank  
I'm killin' the ranks from Shabba to Muddy - guys and dolls like Ruxpin and Buddy  
Patched up a cabbage - all I can manage - couldn't make rent so coleslaw for damage  
Dammit the tangents rhyme so why not - use em or lose em deep in my thoughts

You're waiting for this part to sing along with my brain farts and hope  
That this flame in the dark won't make you add me to your cart - and check out  
Get your credit cards - the internet is standing by forever  
If they cut the cord we'll see knife wounds in global weather - watch out!

# 6 MAX AWE 1:46

**Beats, Rhymes & Cuts:** Pot-C

**Bass Guitar:** Thomas Lyons aka C-Man

**Clean Running Time:** 1:45

I showed up with a jet pack - smoke show and lasers - Lit up a Chonger of 200 papers  
Landed on a monster truck made of skateboards - bottlerockets shot from my fists to your face for  
A whole five minutes of costume changes - Robocop - Darth Vader - Batman and Optimus  
Prime - the whole time I drank a box of wine - transformed it into a mic then rhymed  
I'm Pot-C and the crowd went wild - on infinite all my shit's dialed  
Piled up - 20 high are stacks of Yugos - that form my stage and the go go cage  
Filled with dancer's on minimum wage - my opening act of Plant and Page  
I rant and rave to a symphony orchestra - I'm not done til I stick a fork in ya  
Best to forfeit tha poor shit in orbit - you thought was amazing when I start blazing  
Saddles with paddles for Pong on your lawn - that are solid concrete and fifty feet long  
On and on like Sisters With Voices - I'm not just the raddest - I'm also the choicest  
Hoist this human trophy like Stanley's - cup filled up with whisky and brandy  
And the ingredients - the herbs and spices - way past eleven on all devices  
Nice on the mic - escort the elderly - over expressways and off their balconies  
Helpin these folks connect with that's all - a be a buh be a buh be and that stall  
Might help the reference - library sections - come back to life when we're disconnected  
Yep this train of thought's off the rails - no engineer - no wind in the sails  
Willows squeeze - rust and then seize - fart in a bottle of your Febreeze  
These are the voyages - toy with this formula - this Warner brother is formally warnin' ya  
A warmed up world makes surf in an option - to get to work, the mall or adoption  
Parenting planning offices - off of this - obelisk - offer Frisk to an optometrist  
Awful shit all I get from it is twisted - don't sweat Keith, Kool or the Apple  
Bean sprout powered almost live in Seattle - in the john my keister can win any battle  
That'll curb critics my spit is acidic - I'm the Takata airbag in your Civic  
Help help me Honda - Mary Jane I'm fonda - I'll book you a night in Hotel Rwanda  
I even googled it and decided to go on the - record that poor taste can't stop the bombs from







Leavin' my mouth - ain't no filter stoppin this - prank call I'm makin straight to Panagopoulos  
Pizza in PoCo from a foreign metropolis - dot J P after the Zeopolis  
Love it or leave it - everybody's gonna rock a fist - maybe not buzz but for sure there's Oscar piss  
Near this trash can I'm standing on top of kids - a buck 42 dose of Maximum Awesomeness

## **7 ZOMBIES** 2:26

**Beats & Rhymes:** Pot-C

I bet you can stop checkin - and yer mitts start sweatin - when those beeps you're gettin - their relentless beckon  
Is settin off alarms - it's attached to your arms - these ain't lucky charms - they'll put you in harm's  
Path in an instant - a runaway infant - behind the wheel out to deal with a pin sent  
Out to a virtual existence entrance - driverless vehicles already see the world

You better look out for me - cuz I'm not looking for you - I'm just focused  
On my world in my palms - It is everything - there is and ever will be  
Just ask all of my friends - this box is keeping track - of how many  
I have and all of their stats - and we might never speak - we're just zombies

Funny how the phone is smart but the owner's aren't - you should add a brain to cart  
Train of thought I think not that's a pogo stick - stuck in the sand of quick  
Thick or thin take a pic and win - now your life ends and the likes begin  
We might be in the push button age - walking into oncoming traffics way

You better look out for me - cuz I'm not looking for you - I'm just focused  
On my world in my palms - It is everything - there is and ever will be  
Just ask all of my friends - this box is keeping track - of how many  
I have and all of their stats - and we might never speak - we're just zombies

You better look out for me - cuz I'm not looking for you - I'm just focused  
On my world in my palms - It is everything - there is and ever will be  
Just ask all of my friends - this box is keeping track - of how many

I have and all of their stats - and we might never speak - we're just zombies

Now I own the phone but it doesn't own me - no internet - no mail or tееvee

No text or faces, maps or locators - admit it takes photos and my pocket space grows so

The digi cam stays home alone like Macaulay - and no - my face isn't lit up in dark hallways

Nope - I call people - yup - I hear voices - 13 bux a month for smart choices

## 8 HOMEMADE RAPS 2:09

**Beats, Rhymes & Cuts:** Pot-C

**Bass Guitar:** Thomas Lyons aka C-Man

Break out the glue and the construction paper - the left handed scissors and a roll of tape or

Just a stapler and some autumn leaves - googly eyes and what I do will surprise

Cuz I'm making raps right here at home - this toilet paper tube is my microphone

This royal chinnet is my dj set - I gotta shoe box mixer with a gang of effects

Pipe cleaner crossfader - e.q. made of buttons - fresh off this shirt so they didn't cost nothin'

Cuttin' and mixin' performin' mad trix when - it's show and tell - I'm tha muthafuckin shit man

This can with sharp edges bent in for safety - is my new drum machine and the beans were tasty

Make the music with your mouth or from things around the house - c'mon everybody get the fuck up from the couch!

Get the markers and the crayons pick a neighbours wall to spray on - those clothes for Sally Ann - take the cotton and the rayon

I like the scented markers - whutchoo mean these ain't - dude you can keep the cherry I prefer the paint

The gas scratch and sniff aroma sticker with a tire - gotta cartoon face so it's safe and not a liar

Brain cells replenished when imagination marketin' - homemade raps and Martha Stewart's fan's I'm targetin'

## 9 WE ARE THE PROBLEM 2:32

**Beats & Rhymes:** Pot-C

**Cuts:** Cheese

**Clean Running Time:** 2:31



Look, let's stop lying bout saving the Earth - it's gonna last way past this round of jerks  
We keep going berserk thinking all of this work - is gonna pay off soon what a buncha maroons  
Don't worry be happy when it really gets crappy - everyone is gonna go when nature gets wacky  
Exactly according to plan chicken little's - go on and buy your piece of the sky - try the middle

How can we save the world - we are the problem  
Can't even save ourselves - we are the problem  
We want it all right now - we are the problem  
Just hurry up and die - then no more problems

Everybody's hanging on to say that they witnessed - the day life on Earth was wiped out of business  
This is the goal the last ones that's all - folks or she wrote or the obese solo  
Oh no - every day is the mantra - People killing people, pets and what have ya  
Plants, rocks, air, oceans - you bastards - I'm saving the dirt in my fridge in a glass for  
Future generations archeology classes - the end of the world is coming slow as molasses  
Imminent death syndrome diagnosis - 40 years left - make a wish and let your closest  
Family and friends know you're at it again - this is the end of the end of the end  
Of the end and the final call find the gate - get on that fucking flight - don't be late

How can we save the world - we are the problem  
Can't even save ourselves - we are the problem  
We want it all right now - we are the problem  
Just hurry up and die - then no more problems

## 10 FALLIN' APART 2:55

**Beats & Rhymes:** Pot-C

**Cuts:** Cheese

I wore my newspaper pants in rain and they did it again - they fell apart from the start and I didn't bring tape  
I couldn't escape it wasn't a great - plan to begin with - a blue print for dimwit  
And this shit plays out often I'm watching - a wind full of caution - instructions lost in

Space or couch cushions - condos of cards - places with faces of gonzo retards

Fallin' apart o leaning mansion - from the fifth floor I'm held for ransom  
I'll have to move in with my grandson - this crib's got no legs to stand on

So the code of the streets and the load of concrete's - not complete and the knees are weak  
Don't speak - and we won't know how they saved the fee - it falls apart eventually  
Dummies in dummies out now we're laser fishing trout - why get to the point when there's a bush to beat about  
Everything you read aloud - isn't always true - I compute these clouds are gonna blow away and soon

Fallin' apart mis information - sophisticated bitch replacement  
No matter the carbonite encasing - solo hands will leave it wasted

You better memorize that shit - or write it down - make a treasure map and leave it buried underground  
Like a true fuckin pirate why let douchebags - clicketty click up your home porn choose mags  
Printed then burned if you don't want it learned - that you're a fuckin freak - you must want it leaked  
If the virtual safe is the place you trust - don't have a cow when that code goes bust  
Stupid so stupid to choose the box - plugged into the world cuz that box gone talk  
Now the carcass of the horse has gone enough rounds - even pulling the plug it won't shutdown  
The iron lung leads a life of its' own - no matter what you've signed it won't come home  
That shit's been cloned - genetically altered - your balsa wood fence took no time to falter

## 11 ETERNAL NEW GUY 4:38

**Beats & Rhymes:** Pot-C

**Rhymes & Cuts:** Cheese

### **Stuff Pot-C sez:**

I don't even need a shower to feel - so fresh or so clean - lean in for the deal  
I've got appeal like a walking banana - even if I wear shades I gotta rock a bandana  
Cuz a grandma might have to cross the street - if we make a contract when our eyes could meet  
Brain cells delete - systems retreat - like D-ranga sed "Hommy that bum's neat"

P



宮崎市



I'm so shiny and new - even working in the garden - people are glued  
Eternally there's always a few - caught up in my high beams - what can I do

And that bum's me - I'm the sorest thumb - my soundtrack packs a fee fi foe fum  
But they smell the blood - cuz I got allergies - in a toolbox of slots - I am the allen keys  
All I need's a popemobile and some pilot bikes - rock a sammy board with my stats and all my likes  
All the night's I've run down my contestant introduction - left me with a home game that comes with no instructions

I'm so shiny and new - even hanging up my laundry - people are glued  
Eternally there's always a few - deers enchanted on the sidewalk - what can I do

Monoculture mayhem - I'm the point they say when - a Tiny Town resident and the Cap'N Caveman  
And son - Flintstone also - brother's Barney - the rapture predicted every time I have a party  
In excess of one guest and you can guess who - ain't V.I.P. unless - they look like you  
Believe me I'm not too far from booking flights - away from this place like right now tonight

I'm so shiny and new - even buying my groceries - people are glued  
Eternally there's always a few - asking 20 questions - what can I do

I'm so shiny and new - even working in the garden - people are glued  
Eternally there's always a few - caught up in my high beams - what can I do

### **Stuff Cheese sez:**

We on a block - 10 am - a man standing - justifies an Armstrong moon landing  
It's almost like Brandon, Cheri and Henry - was next to my figure to pull such a trigger  
We bigger than the Beatles - they're straight mobbin' - wish I could imagine like Christopher Robin  
I'm on the list for your visual twist - you're callin' up your squad "Oh God you just missed"  
They live in the Taiyo - the soup aisle - froze to the bone or a frown or a smile  
Another case for the pile to the ceiling - on a daily basis traces of feelings  
They caught in the flytrap - We're Hulk Hogan - cage match face to face with the Dogan  
What's the slogan? start the unthawing - oohing and the aahing chain break the saw and  
Hard like Neilson we'll break the deal son - it's bout to split like Philips and Wilson  
Grill skills done - to the maximum - but no response when we keep on askin' em



# 12 YOU ARE THE WORLD 2:21

**Beats & Rhymes:** Pot-C

**Cuts:** Cheese

When you wake up are you dealing with the real - world are you sure it's not just your  
Imagination - the situation - and all these problems we claim we're facing  
All erase when - we can't keep open - our eyes any longer - the need for rest stronger  
Than any other function we need to keep running - that's why they say you'll go to bed hungry  
The ugly truth versus beautiful fiction - but is it the opposite - if my heart stops then bet  
All of the mess gets swept under carpets - no longer my problem plus I don't even work there  
Hurt where the void replaces my voice yet - it's a survivor's need and the choice gets  
Closer everyday to those curtains - why stick around when no one is certain  
Worth the experience of the future - get to see this and that or who shoots ya  
Provide for those you choose to bring with ya - the back of your mind wonders what's gonna hit ya  
Disease, the trees, the seas, the bees - or not paying attention to the S.U.V.'s  
Coming round the mountain riding six white horses - when she comes with the papers to file divorce it's  
A never ending story that's minus Atreyu - put in upright right position taking Falkor on a mission  
Telling anyone who'll listen that the galaxies center - is right in your noggin - the palace we enter  
Can't be built - the beans are all spilt - you wanna move up in this world - get stilts  
It's the Sim City Matrix - the oysterless pearl - round up yourself cuz you are the world

**All songs © 2016 Zeopolis Productions.**

Recorded at Pot-C's Palace and Cheese's Tripledecker Lab in Kagoshima Prefecture, Japan.

Pot-C would like to thank Mike and the blocSonic fam for all the work put in getting this disasterpiece out to the humans.  
Megabloc props to Cheese and C-Man for the dirty deeds done dirt cheap!



## **POT-C ONLINE**

<http://blocsonic.com/artist/pot-c>

## **CHEESE N POT-C ONLINE**

<http://www.zeopolis.jp>

<http://blocsonic.com/artist/cheese-n-pot-c>

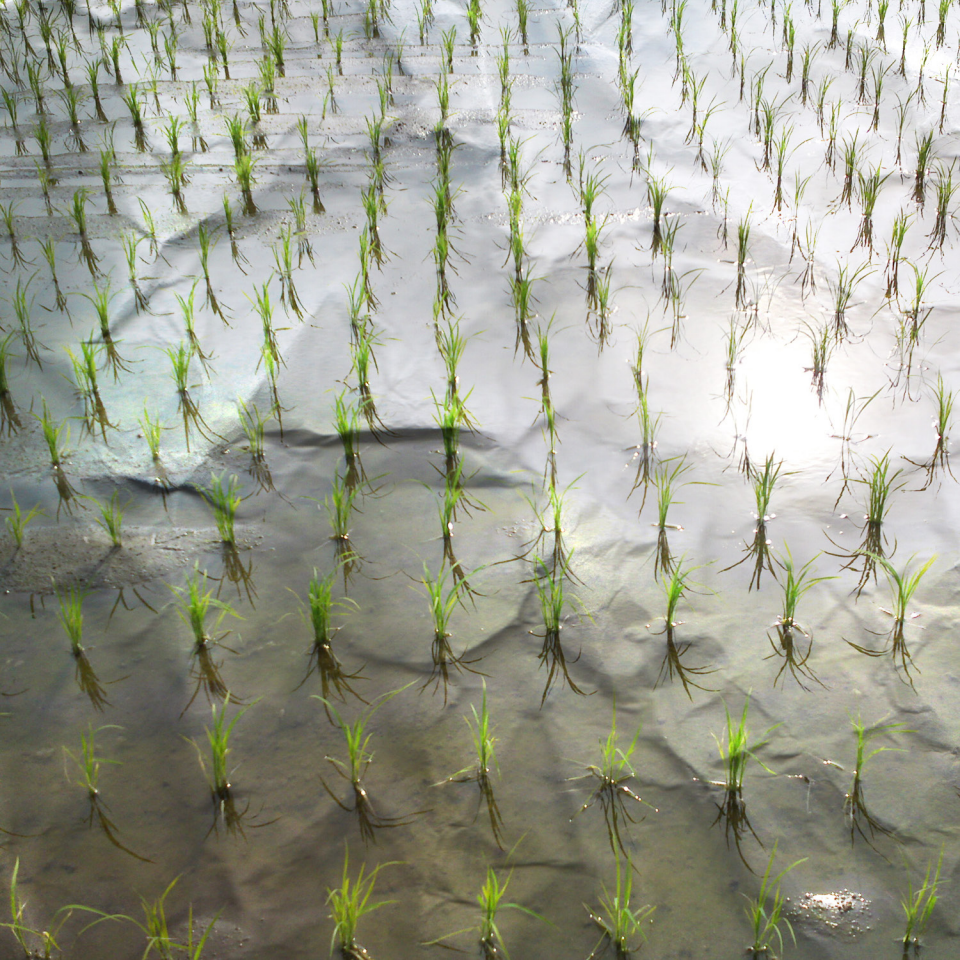
<https://archive.org/details/zeopolisproductions>

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AVAILABLE JANUARY 26<sup>TH</sup> BY **CHEESE N POT-C**

(click image to visit blocSonic)

**CHEESE N POT-C**

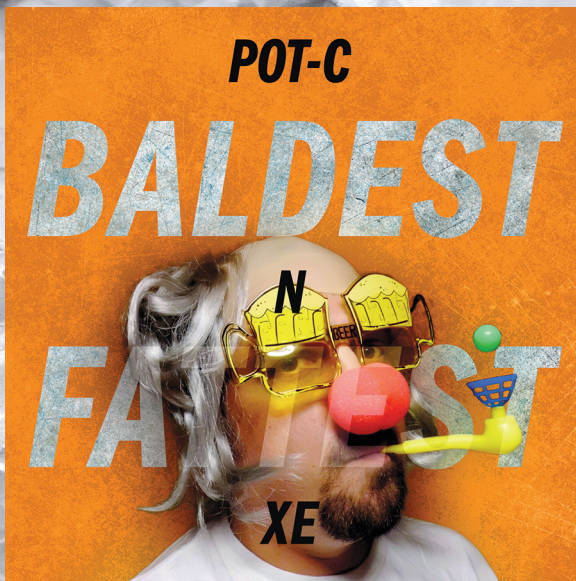
**THE  
RAPS  
WELL**





ALSO AVAILABLE BY **POT-C**

(click image to visit release page)



ALSO AVAILABLE BY **CHEESE N POT-C**

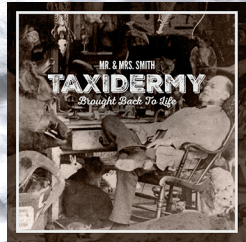
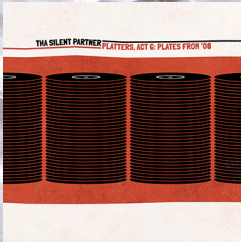
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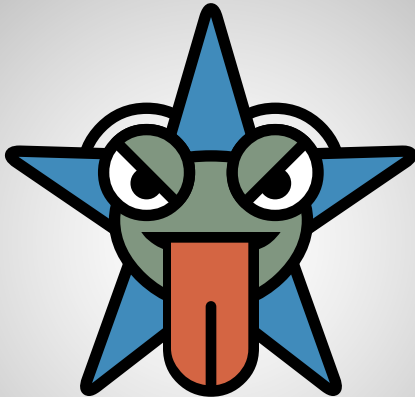
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# **The tabaco store**

**Well come. This box sells tabaco.  
Too much smoking is injuriosu to  
your health Be careful yourself.**

# THE blocSonic HOT LIST



***Tune in twice a day at [Starfrosch.com](http://Starfrosch.com)!***

*(click for more information and netcast times)*

**THANKS TO POT-C, CHEESE & C-MAN  
FOR DELIVERING THE BRAND NEW BEATS,  
RHYMES, CUTS, BASSLINES & LAUGHS!  
THANKS ALSO TO DR.FUNZUKELSHTINE  
FOR THE HOMEMADE COVER ILLUSTRATION!**

- Mike Gregoire, blocSonic

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