

# Aesop Rock, Nickel Plated Pockets

[INTRO: Vast Aire & Aesop conversing]

Yo, (Alright Ok)

Can I get a quarter or something?

Little hungry, you know what I'm saying? (Alright Ok)

Homeless...

I need a Lucy yo...

(Yo...)

[VERSE ONE]

Walk into the store with a pocket full of nickels

And a city full of horns, jackhammers, and rape whistles

The alley cats manipulate the blocks with gutter magic

Today my heart beats only out of habit

Check it, it's like..

My man Jus used to keep an ox between his teeth

Said he could spit it with pinpoint accuracy if there was beef

We chuckled out loud

Still the thought of it intrigued me, (right)

So now I keep a jackal under my tongue to spit with related reasoning

The earthworm turbulent murder burnout Gerber baby no brain or memoir stardom

Alarmed, pardon the old buzz deader

Robert Crumb ugly dumb image

Barely sprung barely no grimace

Nearly cut cherry blood's picket wrist back in high school (now it's like)

Spy with a millipede pentagon pirate

navigates cities' sump systemsUrbanite turbines

Twisted Pistons

Termites that infect sturdy grillage

There's roaches in the pillars (Spillover)

And crawl across commuter-clean wingtips and loafers

It's the theme park I built

Pocket full of nickels for cigarettes, gum

and milk, bitterness, love, and violence

I'm writing a petition to have smoking as a sport

in the 2002 Summer Olympic Games (wanna sign it?)

Now look, I jux germs draggin a gavel knee deep in a maggot hatchery

Operation capture flag by any means

If this means anything at all, anyway it's a riddle

Walk into the store with a pocket full of nickels

[SEGUE 1: Vast Aire & Aesop Conversing]

Ay uh, yo excuse me (Ay Yo) yo

Can I borrow a dollar or something? (Ah sorry man) nickel?

(Sorry man, I can't help you out dog) Quarter?

Something man? (Yeah I only got enough for like cigarettes and shit man)

Alright man, I see how it is (I'm straight)

[VERSE TWO]

Walk into the store with a pocket full of nickels

And a city full of World Trade Center victim candle vigils

There's anthrax in our mailboxes and (X)anax in my tummy

There's a single Spanish female out west traveling the country

Freak of ?? league lazer major running bases

Neighborhood watch weasels pacing ugly acres more than often

If I ever make it big, I'm gonna build a skyscraper tall enough to piss on

cloud 9 egos from my corner office

You can't pull the plug on a catapult (nope)

I toss a nickel to a bum's cup from twenty paces thumbs up

Got twenty ways to tell you shut the fuck up

Nineteen of 'em are 24 bars long, the other one goes (SHUT THE FUCK UP!)

And an electronic daddy long legs stay grimy up in your zoning wall

Groveling villagers, trying to hide behind the windmill

I just got in pig-back through subway tunnels with a third rail nearest

While most still try to penetrate the alligator plants (It goes)

Back in the class, throwing pencils at professors  
And making barbarelles giggle  
That's when life's pleasures were simple  
Now it takes a dancing bear jumping through flaming hoops  
to even make em buy the god-forsaken single!  
Though shall not desecrate the soothing spiral  
Altered by a classic cut to vinyl  
Find that in the Bible!  
My insult Militia'll fix you up  
I'll light the pyramid shaped torso  
with your hollow numbskull balancing on top  
Now if you got a lock and gas mask outside of your own apartment  
You could pretty safely quote Shamar  
Life's Ill, sometimes Life might kill, sometimes prayers dwindle  
Walk into the store with a pocket full of nickels

[SEGUE 2: Vast Aire & Aesop Conversing]

Yo (ay what's up man?) Yo can I ohh...  
No..Never mind man (I can't help you out man)  
Asshole! (Yo man, I'm trying to help myself out right now)  
Fucking asked you for a Lucy and you turned me down (Dog, I'm sorry dog!)

[VERSE THREE]

Walk into the store, same pocket, same nickels  
In a city where every crack in the sidewalk's a symbol  
Where there's crack in the basement, where there's crack in the slave ships  
Where there's crack whores and corrupt pigs killing cats trying to crack cases  
My boombox runs on a baboon heart transplant (This is hell!)  
I got a poltergeist on a leash trained by Caroline herself  
Two Thousand something...  
Technology aid itself glutton  
Every move I make's from a robot gepetto pressing a red button  
It's Vietnam in the fumes  
Yes I run with cannibals that bite the hand  
that feeds cuz it tastes better than the food  
The prickly outer shell's genetic, it helps defense mode  
But it also helps to fuck up a couple of sacred friendships  
Watch a six legged insect crawl out of the billy goat beard  
Watch a sick makeshift bitch threat fall out when the filthy smoke clears  
Watch the insect's stinger sting threat till it has sweat a bullet  
Sweat a full clip, sweat a river, dead the bullshit, sail away and wither  
You're the kind of cat that rolls a pimped out Caddy  
dropped with rims and limousine tints bucking Enya  
Insert laughter here  
I wanna rap a lot and stack cheddar by the fistful  
But for now, I walk into the store with a pocket full of huhh...

[OUTRO: Vast Aire & Aesop conversing]

Excuse me man (alright ok)  
Can I..Can I borrow a dollar or something to eat?...  
(alright ok) I'm..I'm hungry  
I'm saying yo...(alright ok) (Look at that..)  
I'm homeless man (Look at that bum) (alright ok)  
I fought for this country man (yeah)  
Sleep on park benches....starvin'  
All I need is like a lucy and like a sandwich or somethin' man..  
Wiping my ass with the Daily News man...c'mon man..  
Sleepin' with squirrels (Oh my god, What are you doing with that squirrel?)