

None Shall Pass, Aesop Rock

Flash that buttery gold, jittery zeitgeist
Wither by the watering hole, border patrol
What are we to heart huckabee art fuckery suddenly?
Not enough young in his lung for the waterwing
Colorfully vulgar poacher outta mulch
Like "I'm 'a pull the pulse out a soldier and bolt"
Fine
Sign of the time we elapse
When a primate climb up a spine and attach
Eye for an eye by the bog like swamps and vines
They get a rise out of frogs and flies
So when a dog-fight's hog-tied prize sorta costs a life
Their mouths water on a fork and knife
And the allure isn't right, no score on a war torn beach
Where the cash cow's actually beef
Blood turns wine when it leak for police
Like "that's not a riot it's a feast, let's eat!"

CHORUS:

And I will remember your name and face
On the day you are judged by the funhouse cast
And I will rejoice in your fall from grace
With a cane through the sky like "none shall pass"

Aah, let me in! x2
None shall pass
Aah, let me in! x2
None shall pass

If you never had a day a snow cone couldn't fix
You wouldn't relate to the rogue vocoder blitz
How he spoke through a no-doz motor on the fritz
Cause he wouldn't play roll over fetch like a bitch
And express no regrets, though he isn't worth a homeowner's piss
To the jokers who pose by the glitz
Fine
Sign of the swine in the swarm
When a king is a whore who comply and conform
Miles outside of the eye of the storm
With a siphon to lure out a prize and award
While avoiding the vile and bazaar that is violence and war
True blue triumph is more
Like wait, let it snake up outta the centerfold
Let it break the walls of jericho
Ready? go! sat where the old cardboard city folk
Swap tales with heads like every other penny throw

Chorus

"You tried to trick me
You've gotta lot of nerve"
"I'm not trying to trick you
I'm -trust me- I'm -trust me- I'm trying to help"

Okay, woke to a grocery list
Goes like this: duty and death
Honey, when a jet comes stand in the way
You could be my little snake river canyon today
And I ran with a chain of commands
And a jet pack strap where the back-stab lands if it can
Fine
Sign of the vibe in the crowd
When I cut her belly open to find what climb out
What a bit of gusto he muster up

To make a dark horse rush like enough is enough
It musta struck a nerve so they huff and puff
'Til all the king's men fluster and clusterfuck
And it's a beautiful thing
To my people who keep an impressive wingspan
Even when the cubicle shrink
You gotta pull up the intruder by the root of the weed
NY chew thru the machine

Chorus

"I'm trying to help"