

# Aesop Rock, 9-5ers Anthem

Shit... Vanessa, what time is it? aw, fuck ... Labor.

Zoom in to the fuming of an aggravated breed  
Via the study of post-adolescent agitated seeds  
Half the patients waste themselves prior to Commencement  
So I focus on the urban Oxygen samples, the hot that made it breathe  
It's so Pompeii impression, waste infections  
And twelve steps to lesson  
Credence swiftly tippy toe and hard to swallow, borrow concepts  
The give-it get-it, never let it self pass the word, eying stubbornness  
Murder talks money causes in a harvesting Spartacus  
And someone, I've thrown long Hail Mary bombs  
Toward cookie-cutter Mother Natures bedazzled synthetic fabrics  
Life treats the peasants like  
They tried to fuck his woman while he slept inside  
Well they're merely chasing perfectionist emblems  
When the clock strikes nine  
I'll be waking with the best of routine caffeine team players  
For the cycle of it  
Under a dusted angel heart but strain Big Brother is watching  
My odometer like buzzard to fallen elk, talking stealth  
We got babies, rubber stamps, and briefcase parts  
We on some door-to-door now  
Order ten dollars or more, we'll shove it down your throat for free  
I'll sacrifice my inborn tendencies  
For copper pennies for one commanding 'Gimme that'  
So we can re-take baby fat  
Make the biter snake bedlam  
Holocaust freak, heckle shiesty brain headroom shaped planet  
Make a move taurus, make a move break cannon  
Bent barrel one date zero, you'll turn, squeeze, end it  
It's on like it's never been  
It's bleeding well  
It's bigger than a breadbox  
It can roast my leaky finance  
I'll take my senior top of the Brooklyn Bridge  
With a Coke and a bag of chips  
To watch a thousand lemmings plummet just because  
The first one slipped  
Sometimes I laugh at victory, kissing these little question  
marks  
I tend to underestimate my average  
Just another bastard savage  
Someday you'll all eat out of my cold hand  
Cuz every dog has its day  
At which point, I'll pull it away

Now we the American working population  
Hate the fact that eight hours a day  
Is wasted on chasing the dream of someone that isn't us  
And we may not hate our jobs  
But we hate jobs in general  
That don't have to do with fighting our own causes  
We the American working population  
Hate the nine-to-five day-in day-out  
When we'd rather be supporting ourselves  
By being paid to perfect the pastimes  
That we have harbored based solely on the fact  
That it makes us smile if it sounds dope

It's the year of the silkworm  
Everything I built burn yesterday  
Let's display the purpose that these stilts serve  
Elevate the spreading of the silk germ

Trying to weave a web but all that I believe in is dead  
Nah brother, it's the year of the jackal  
Saddle up on high horse  
My torch forced Polaris embarrassed  
Shackle up the hassle by the dooming legend marriage  
I bought some new sneakers  
I just hope my legacy matches  
It's the year of the landshark  
Try a sand tarp damn get these men some water  
They're out there being slaughtered  
In meaningless wars so you don't have to bother  
It can sit and soak the idiotbox trying to fuck their daughters  
Man it's the year of the Orphan  
Seated adjacent to the firefly circling the torches on your porches  
Trying to guard the fortress of a king they've never seen or met  
But all are trained to murder at the first sign of a threat  
Maybe it's the year of the waterbug  
Cockroach utter thug specimen  
Your response, dreaming of your next of kin  
I'm still dealing with this mess I'm in  
I've been the object of your ridicule  
You've been a bitch lieutenant  
God it's the year of the underpaid employee  
Spitting forty plus a week  
And trying to rape earth on my off time  
You bought dizzy, I can't keep myself busy enough  
So you can't run run run  
And I'ma let you think you won  
EVERYBODY!

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Fumble outta bed and stumble to the kitchen  
Pour myself a cup of ambition and  
Yawn and stretch and my life is a mess and  
If I never make it home today, God bless  
Fumble outta bed and stumble to the kitchen  
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Yawn and stretch and my life is a mess and  
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