

Aesop Rock, Bent Life

Yo...I take ten steps with a bent left vision,
Study the disorders we've absorbed inside the village,
I understand the plagues and while they shake hands with my grimace
that remains up in my face like top to bottom train car feelings
Let's question the ascension of a broken social icon in various domino affects
Imma blow this hex over the mission
Just to administer the end-all sucker punch for what its pitiful condition.

(C-Ray Walz)

With no alibi love is used as a guide by the civilized
Some see it as the body heat you feel when you close your eyes
That's so much of a lie, you can leave you hair dyed and scored you roots
As the truth hits your ears begin to cry
"Why is it like this?!" Why the fuck do I care?
I don't have the answers, or at least the ones you want to hear
City lights look bright groups of fireflies
Many see the truth (the proof) only when the liar dies
Tires screech to a halt, the ground cries
Spit sparks speak to the streets
The skid marks are replies
Read discussions of what we rode through entrenched in the vocals
The hopeless stay hopeful (the toxic fumes choke you)
As I walk out my door, step into the pollution
I breathe in the problems, exhale solutions
Physically the situation's hard to stop
I had a wicked jump shot and sold crack rock on back blocks
Casualties in this apocalypse (street chronicle)
abnormal abdominals (push-up phenomenal)
Relaxin' drinkin my 6-pack maxing
faxing my thoughts on the satellite, via Donahue (push it)
Table talk, salt and pepper conversation
Integrated sectors, metropolis and mecca
It's a conspiracy (you know), I can't lie dukes
Sometimes I feel the rats got a better deal than I do.

(Aesop Rock) (Chorus)

It goes thieves, bandits, lowlives, scum
Punks that buckle under the rumble of my drum
Steadily searching for something new under the sun
But its stagnant, act of developing first of madness

It goes thieves, bandits, lowlives, scum
Punks that buckle under the rumble of my drum
Steadily searching for something new under the sun
But it's hurtin', act of developing first of madness

(C-Rayz Walz)

A new universe is ancient, so I stay patient
In a gravel pit, travelin' thoughts and ravelin', pacing
Embracing light of America, and found a shade of darkness (underground)
The train car used to be my apartment
Sick of people rushin' in the doors before I get out
Conductors closing the doors before I get in, I shout
"The Biz is coming, The Biz is coming!"
Don't get worried now (We've been in a cold world!)
We just getting flurries now?

(Aesop Rock)

Yeah, it's like slooow downn,
You're movin' much too fast to bust through the finale fashioned glass
It's delicate demeanor and I teach you how to hang
But we like 19 7-something 20 clicks outside Da Nang
(Dear obedience) I apologize for the faulty academics
but they placed us in a miserable stasis

I let bygones be bygones
But tryin' to see eye to eye with the faceless
Just ain't working the way the manual paints it
See I soak in a blue note factory
While most cats hassle bandits lamping solo
And when the last red brick topples over the earth
to intercept your crooked little mess
I can be found in a social coma directly to your left
Engaged in a conversation, a marvel with my breath
Regarding how to document the shady baby steps
I bounce checks like a modern man
Sleep with one eye open while the other two drift
together specimens from the promised land
This' for the thinkers
This' for the urchins allergic to they own stingers
This' for the absurd verdict linkers
This for that cat at my shows that's always got prophetic opinions
But can't remember where his drink is.
I'm wallowing, shrugging I'm plugging your corporation
Cause we alley cats addicted to the sickly warped sensation
Answer this: when all is said and done
are you a memorable troop or just a lab rat on the run
Choose one

(Chorus)