

Aesop Rock, Big Bang

Well, so we meet again
(He said he's grown spiritually since the last time)

Ok, this is the dawning of the book of bitter aspects
Where the jackals sit and watch the pedigods last flesh
Poison functions accompanied by six armorclad
Black horse and buggy mechanism
Tucked the portion of my severed vision
The gathering of loose ends in a bucket
Wit a shoestring budget
Every man's got a field to plow (I know that now)
But it's like, man I really can't afford the oxen
Fee fie etcetera
I smell the warm blood of the bill collector knockin
I get awkwardly sturdy with a frigid liquid backbone
I get swept in the pressure cooker tryin to paddle back home
I get sprung with a vibrant alliance of clean intention
By eclipsing doom midigons hatched to bash these picket fences
Now I'll attend the wedding of the open sore and festering
Now when the groom presents the ring
The bride commence to blistering
This textbook magnificently prude
Prototype king beserker module
Inserted vertical thirst, burst horizontal
Treasure (treasure), loose cannons span the starboard bow of
The clippership dipped in truth famine pressure
Cabin fever meter pegging ludicrous
Beautiful cartoon trooper swallow Buddha futility with a teaspoon full of sugar
I rock ready aim fire, when ya'll rock ready fire aim
Then blame the stationary target while the prey escapes the frame
Merit badge marksman, or poacher, it's all the same
So I lay across the wood perpendicular to the grain

[Chorus]

I wanna be a big bang, gotta be
Never bottle me up in a probably, I wanna see or hear a 'Yes sir,
sir'

YES SIR!

Thorn with a torn core, sore to the bone
Warn the other brothers I was born forlorn
Big bang, shoveling a big dig
Huddle in a tunnel of big dreams, I think big things
I'm a burn with this little light of mine
And a prime concern to earn thanks, I'm a be a big bang
repeat except 1st line is 'I wanna be a big bang, gotta be'

I'm just a survivor of the wooly mammoth population
Bottle neck effect, sorta born deaf
Alien of shallow alchemy
If you gon' metamorph the basemetal to precious
Might as well steal from the rich, bewitch the pesants
I'm floating the homing pigeon out hell's kitchen window
Left an SOS infested bottle nested in his grip so
With a prayer circle release party and hardy wild bellow

I observed him fly ten feet then drop the bottles to the
devils
Fertile circle turn fertile crescent via bad investment
Despised every second, but I GUESS I LEARNED MY LESSON!
If I made an angel in the snow for every rotting victim
There'd be wings to float this mothership up out the goblin
system
Sticky panoramic contaminant planet
In conjunction with phantom assumption

Gutterbug alumnus candidates
Well, I promise you I'll man the lighthouse
Just to help guide in your ship
If you promise to help pull this hook out my lip (bitch)
Godspeed, straitjacket and ragged approach
To circle suns via folklore pollutants to rhyme strictly
From a BC generation disgust
Community movement alluding to a
'No blood given, no recognition'
Life matter, I was us up all night with a rusty hammer
Trying to build a fence around these magic beans my dreams have
gathered
But uh, that certain lack of avail
I sail a choppy lot with bouancy like a bucket of rocks (a
bucket of rocks)

Chorus 2x

Big bang, bi-big bang
It's gettin bigger by the second
Check it

Ok, I'm here to rock the tugboat and bid the others farewell
I shook the buddy system wisdom till the similars repel
I sell a barrel of spirit to dummy dimwit syndicate jackals
I'm broken arrow to the f**kin bone (broken poem)
I don't really believe in God
But God, I'm scared to death of God
I swear to God, I never meant to spill the beans
Nor tear the Pod
It's like I hike an acre unimpressed
And slept on the sabre's edge
Enough times to splice anti-Christ's favorite pledge
I wanna know myself
Sorta solo sheep amidst wolves
And still my shepherd can't administer the proper push and pulls

I push the ghouls to man overboard
Pull the bulls onto my sword
And buckle down in a corner chair with a round table floor
Got an angel on my left shoulder, a devil on the polar
Got a mug of frigid, got a mug of solar, sliiidde over
The recipe's design unplug the appetite for continuity
By stitching together an esteemed congruence (beautifully)
I peel back hearts and lodge Greek physics in the chambers
Cauterized the wounded heads like 'Gimme gimme something
major'
Road side prophetic, ascend well
Enveloped in a mummy ribbon system
Blistering in a wishing well
BIG BANG!