

Aesop Rock, Bracket Basher

Hey yo must not sleep
I bash the bracket open and breach
The priority's bleached since that '76 umbilical severed
Majority's cordially aboard the pinnacle benders
I got west nile virus on my TV in the Bronx
I got two hollow pockets and a sleepy hollow mosh pit
Tryin to blow the spot with wet matches and bottle rockets
While cop walkie talkies walk outside my apartment obnoxious
Tonight's special consists of stale fiber from shitty diners
Look mom! I learned to tie my shoes! Hey can I borrow twenty bucks?
Peel back the prickly cocoon a Polaroid turbulent land unit birth
Student first pedagogue only from brazen action
Wind blown mariner east river shark carry lunge carry funk ends on caliber
Watch war face painted junkies dance blissfully around a bon fire and
sacrifice life's sanity Pay a nickel for nose-bleed seats in a peanut gallery
Gallop with a Pegasus, malice with no benefits, balance with some sense of bliss in the foulest deg
I'm just 'gon bend 'em toward the couple cats that's worth the visits
Um, it's like that, and that's the way Aes stinks, and um
Plans are like clipper ships, if they got holes they sink
And if the skipper slips the crew shits bricks, wither, and hits the brink
That's why I take the poison spitter sips and smile big when I drink
You never knew mayhem walked with Nikes talked like a trucker hawk the filibuster Gerber baby lu
No time to hold my breath, I'm only here to rap, eat, sleep, grow old, and smoke stoges through the
New millenium, mad cows and Pentium, process the hostage, lock him in the petting bin
Showing pictures of his wife and kids, then wash the brain
Probably the same motherfuckers that buffed the train

[x2]

Must not sleep
Must bash the bracket
Pay The Rent, Pay The Debt
Must slash the fabric
Catch the jackrabbit
Pay The Rent, Pay The Debt
Sleep

Rolling through the city with one half of the cannibals.
New joint bumpin out the whip speakers
Maybe escape for a night of makin tapes now it's back to the cockroaches and preachers
Somewhere a prom queen's givin birth in a bathroom stall
Holding a prime directive not to get blood on her mother's ballgown
I'm son of a stubborn old one track jackal prince
Holding a prime directive just to get the goods and never fall down
Ate the city spit the bricks ate the boxcar spit the burners
Ate the planet spit the murder
Funny farm rampage from writing rap for milk money built ugly
but a couple side effects to make'em love me

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Bonus Round

This is the hot tin roof stepper
Hold it down with centipede foundation
Mr. Greed who burns rugged obstruction in bunches
like little Jackie paper puffs the magic dragon and dutches
We don't need another hero hommie gallop off on your my little one trick pony
Holly Hobbie Polly Pocket pretty future destiny
If the slipper fits fire up Cinderella propeller and curtsie for the munchkins right before
Aesop-Rock smashed the pumpkin
Iron on gusto rustolio bloodstream what's better?
When the wrist slit it leaks out only the bloodiest bubble letters
Complete with outlines fill ins dates shading and shout out columns
for vagrant colonies to follow in redeeming bottles

You're a little tea pot tryin to eavesdrop on the mammoth route
peekin' out from around the rose bush like...here is my handle...here is my spout
Godzilla junkie used to be in love, now out for gigapussy
Sorry to offend but sometimes life bends in the middle
So now you have a fulcrum where there used to be a pillar
and now I got a pulse that bumps less than a cocaine binger
and now I got no 9 to 5 and still labor days flicker
and now I got a 9mm Q-tip with an itchy trigger finger
See, I really don't feel your persona distortion ordered by martyrs who martyr-self for martyr's sake
Wow fame...If notoriety grew adjacent a jealous dick-riding sentiments I'd give you a pound like &q
Now go do your homework