

# Aesop Rock, Catacomb Kids

I was a dark, dumb student  
No hooky rookie day trippin' on visions of chickens that look like R. Crumb drew 'em  
They grew 'em in a royal dirt of Suffolk county's flooring with the blood of an alcoholic clergyman in  
Long Island was porn stars and puppies pushin' sniffles  
Fit into the aforementioned or slipped through the pinholes  
'Zook slipped through the pinholes  
Crispy the godsender who thunk over a quarter plunk to local Mortal Kom vender  
Both the formal squad censor  
Look down  
Either side across the marsh before it was "Awesome cars!"  
My calling card Calvary cooking an '85 Dodge Ares  
Gas for Huntington and back, barely  
Equipped with Super-Soakers full of piss and an uncanny knack for constantly upsetting pigs by do  
The kid ...where he hollered "Fuck the world" from a parking lot in the suburbs  
(What's this?)  
A couple spray cans and a little litter but they'd look at us like swindlers with them Ricky Kasso jitte  
So fuck 'em, a glutton sunk into the alley for props  
But things will still go bump when them halogens pop  
Believe  
I'll be there when it happens  
The shakin' of the plates off the mantle  
The snakin' of the flames off the candle  
The lady of the lake off the answers  
Admitting the mistakes to their deplaning cadavers  
Now it's "Rest in Peace" Will Peterson whose heater sung disturbingly to further re-eval  
Damn, doggy  
Good times, thanks  
I wrote your name in wet cement by the corporate banks.

(What's this?)

I'm an activator  
Made a fire, made a wheel, made a snack for later  
Catacomb kids cuddle up fantastic labor  
When the towns be freak sleep  
Trap the traitor  
He will ask for papers  
(What's this?)  
Say I'm an activator  
Made a roof, made a weapon, made a flag per acre  
By the snotty little nuzzle of a latch-key neighbor  
When the folk push aggie over some dap with gators  
He will catch the vapors

Couple Playboy mudflaps and hell on his heels  
Beautifully echoed in the pace at which he shoveled his meals  
Like not a farmer among us had a harvest survive the winter  
So dinner split a lima bean and triplets, pick a winner  
Took a couple summers pukin' pills behind the dumpster  
As the largest pez dispenser on record recouped his numbers  
One shoe in the soupy gutter  
One shoe in the velvet heaven?  
When the mermaids told him shake 'em by the lake of melted weapons  
(What's this?)  
You could dance purty with the hooligan nation  
Who will be patiently awaiting zoo-keeper facelift?  
Extra  
The days of yore painted similar uber-ape shit  
We've merely updated the ancient 8-bit  
Yeah  
I'm dumber than a cow on a roof in a flood  
Who's not as dumb as the watered-down beef from the burgers that jumped  
I'm dumber than a Taz with a beach chair with a martini  
Who's not as dumb as the tat wit the same scenery  
Sparky nails pig stigmata for all good sport

Garbage pail kids unite at the mall food court  
They chase cheese fries with Binaca  
They had shut the school down early  
There were bombs inside the lockers  
No concept of the problem  
We responded like a snow day  
It was clobber shit to flotsam  
'Till the cops said it was okay  
Okay  
So the squadrons back into their boxes like this Breakfast Club of hotheads show no progress to the  
And I walk into the office, coughin' awful ether often  
Flood a parking meter fever like a love for Love and Rockets  
It was rain of the razor laser  
Day of the cloudy howdy  
Flight of the shelter melter  
You can bow without me

Knock 'em out the box, Ace