

# Aesop Rock, Food, Clothes, Medicine

Two shoes chewed up, colluded with the feuds, rogue, veterans,  
Food, clothes, medicine.  
Wheeled it out the smoke stack factory trained to capture in the zoo's ghost predators,  
Food, clothes, medicine.  
I think I think a bunk colony could possibly amuse grown delegates,  
Food, clothes, medicine.  
Peace, the whipper-snapper generation greet 'em with a full blown pistol pull,  
Food, clothes, medicinal.  
Variety, for every plastic orange bottle,  
The tarnished pharmacy labels chafed in abrasive pockets,  
Suit the hell hounds with blades and chain lengths  
For the dead walk a little less clumsy than you think.  
Hunger pain, chump change tell it to how his belly get  
When bourgie hopes hellions,  
Food, clothes, medicine, alumni,  
Bum, I got the skin on the teeth between my fingertips and stellar,  
Let's bet it melts together.  
Let's get these men some shelter  
Three hots and a cot with Quaaludes  
On a pillowcase left on an ultimately cordial gesture by the staff,  
It's a bath house for brave soldiers  
When they coordinate to fornicating whores in maid's clothing.  
Sip a hot mocha, kick-up-chug up to the apple box,  
Frankie says "relax", 20 says he snaps, SAFE WAGER,  
Hell, 90 percent sensitive jubilee,  
Never returned to brag about that fish bigger than you and me.  
Walk on glass, cruise cloaked residents.  
Bang on doors, food, clothes, medicine.  
United we stand to all our parties click,  
I divide and conquer cuz frankly I'd rather sit.  
We saw them rat races, machine or man, sprocket or fat laces,  
Hatchback of flashbacks from a heyday full of bad blazers,  
Now Major Aes route the following orders  
To all his crew's chromed generals,  
Food, clothes, medicine.

Walk on glass, bang on doors,  
Talk all trash, hang on whores.  
Walk on cash, bank on wars,  
like food, clothes, medicine, it's yours  
it's yours  
it's yours  
it's yours

We role tape protocol on a ring finger neighbor to peruse gross negligence,  
Food, clothes, medicine.  
Martyrs leak faster if the carver tweaks the dagger, 90 moves choked citizens,  
Food, clothes, medicine.  
Well y'at's a quick example accept as commitment's castle, cool, dope, excellent,  
Food, clothes, medicine.  
It's tough to legislate when scum tongue down a dinner plate of booze, coke, heroin,

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I'll bite the hand that feeds,  
Chew the steak and spit the knuckles back,  
Stitch 'em up and give em dap, before his brother's rubberneck,  
Iron chef Lithuania christen kitchen stadium,  
With chicken and mass serotonin drifting into gravy-dom,  
Save me some, scallywags hold your breath,  
The curmudgeon's gun dusty like the road to death.  
Bag a pin stripe my lizard kisser no kill switch,  
Just a guilty gizzard wanna recommend a pill slip.  
I wipe placenta off my face in the height of the disco era,  
Cruise through liquid bubble gum, fever, death, and christmas sweaters,  
Through juice saccharin fast food studied holdin' cliff's notes vendors,

Now holds a bachelors in training ninjas to tip toe better.  
These are them sham city kidney kicks to the loose bolts  
Belly ache-killins for claim who stand iffy on food, clothes, medicate.  
Pollywog, hug a spot lit with bigger lizards  
In the land of hot milk and honey with stingers in it. ZINGER.  
Jimmy to jist up, check ya tip cup,  
Mother's watching babies near to preachers keen on fist fucks,  
Keep your schnoz clean, ears open, chopper zipped up.  
Food, clothes, medicine, cuz hungry, naked, sick, sucks.  
Collide with worker ants, with autobahn inertia dance,  
And curb them harp love bugs by the cursive final curtain clamp.  
Another savior with his foot, cold, stuck in his mouth,  
I played that who knows, food, clothes, fuck it, I'm out.

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