

Aesop Rock, Junkyard

same hand that snuggled the barbed wire
tug an orphan assortment of bell and three-alarm fire
beautiful loser maneuver the goofy cubicle future alert
big brother super-community burn
OK shoppers, tickets won't last
for the straight-to-video Dog-Boy eats glass
to be a mess match rotate a role a Babylon (?)
Darwin on a peg taking his innervate to tag along
ape escape gravitron, surly with two caps
one over the mask with (?)
and it was home depot for the five finger lazy lift
ironically the same five measure the spray radius
spray gradient, baiting for city tetris
double-breasted hecklers barking picket fences
now mobile roads develop a special network
which further upsets the rich to rubberneckers double-check us
tonight the scum dance and I got all my money on the one with the lung cramps
little rat in the maze, they score another's (?) escape
sorta likes the attention so he says check-in and stays
answer: how do we record a documentary and suffering while ushering the public hands in
or transfer greedy bruisers to user-friendly stanzas?
I guess it's like a junkwad full of dondy's candice
product, now, I tamper with a contaminated shrink-wrapped baryon of the process, wow
it's written by a messenger pigeon to hell's kitchen
thank you for the dollar, hope you dig it

clap once for the junkyard punks
good, clap twice for the junkyard nights
good, now pay attention 'cause (?) bringin' the lesson
can fit in with your direction, clap at every sentence
heroes are never forgotten, legends never die
this is what I sound like alive

two milligrams later, hits the stage
with Big Whiz on the fader, gravy aviators tipped low on the nose
and we ogle over the frame with a pine-box channel pioneer eye aim
we azaki makeover the bk sky
so when the jungle hits the city every insect is alive
poison for the town square and by the stinger needle
and if I sound scared, it's 'cause I pay rent with the little people
dumb it down for none but none dumber
the dumb-out posse is off broadway for the summer, bummer
and stiller's in her loch ness clock fresh and official the missiles
rock bells, no bells or whistles
shell-shocked with a flock of hell's wolves or minstrels
shell-tone ghosts or nostalgia signals
grassroots schools always kept it simple
pour the water in the dirt then observe the impulse
Dixie cup telephoner animate part door and port wars (?)
swarms formula: please hit snooze, keep a civil tongue in your teeth
you will need it to lick wounds
and he wrote his own laws, claws and cougars
on a fire in the sky sorta steers the stupider luke drums, dummy
never off-base, with a resume of b-boyisms and pause tapes