

# Aesop Rock, Mayor And The Crook

no more pencils no more books  
I built the city out one brick  
It had a mayor and a crook  
I made the crook stab the mayor then slay himself in the gills  
I stole the brick back and migrated east, now let's build

Every tenderfoot cadet better they be slit-throat percentages  
chicken penmanship tied the thirteenth knot (Hangman)  
I arrange panoramic of a plastic catalogue  
and where wild dogs sing tailor-made lullabies tried by my offspring  
I'll bring the butterflies and he can bring the centipedes  
and she'll bring the cadavers set em' free and let em' feed  
the devil tree penciled me in but I slept thick through my alarm sock  
Slick Willy hid in the barn while farmer charmed the crops  
and I'm a warden  
my tongue is full of glass  
because I promised my friend I'd chew up the bottle  
if he truly drank the poison.  
I'm alienating the mating man to the high ride, base tied,  
face mine's and make God clones  
We can manufacture medicine  
cut into 5-digit slide clock the essentials in (I'll be a bill collector)  
My destinies resting with red worms chewin' off the carcass anyway  
Let me slay artists for tips in the penny tray  
by the way if that diamond ring don't shine  
That's cause I bought it at the five-and-dime but don't neglect the sentiment  
I'll pedal my tricycle through the f-5 logistics of a twister  
Soaked in the religions of a nit-picker

## Chorus

If I botched the operation I apologize (sorry)  
The air's rooted in carbon  
I'm but a mortal archer parked in amber waves of starlets  
I'm fresh out of Geppeddo's woodwork asylum  
cedar frame, wire-bound knuckles  
let a tug of the puppeteer steer my hustle  
well when a page becomes a squire, re-engage, clap your wings  
When a noble's demoted  
hope it don't sucker-punch the colonies  
but when the catapult releases lease your claims behind the bunker  
and fasten stinger pageant results to the public eye (glory hunter)  
is it genuine enough to feel baby felon  
Negotiate comradery of wills  
hows this my little loom  
perv surgeon with dirty dominion monitor boxes  
hovering inches 'bove pertinent urchin toxins  
Now y'all ain't excused from table side  
till the dinner plates fly  
slurping' liquid happy citizen enhancer  
I got this slicky sycamore head shaker  
mimic stitch and splinter entry  
thereby filtering citizens hit-man prior to acts descending (tight)  
cats know the ambiance calm beyond comparison  
captive, passive spring loaded serenity  
I'm trying to give this city acupuncture  
shovin one-way pins in subway systems  
stand up where I'm layin, now that a runway vic (push)  
made you go batty, spreading spawn legitimate  
spice the bishop, sever the ties, splinter the kinship  
see every now and again I love life but hate to admit it  
cause it spreads the jinx on a sleeping cynic

chorus

I'm quadruple six plus scruples category mayhem stems  
so one overlooked the scene including loopholes  
when Christ studies the return ramifications  
I'll burn the campus to impress him  
then rock like medusa glances  
You ran the final mile before the blanks blow  
home alone sippin beetle juice  
just to numb and then shimmy the needles loose  
I built a castle out of fifty-two cards  
plus jokers with an image  
modern theory jars us while remaining harnessed to the vintage  
I'm mad at how far this is dishonoring Akham's Razor  
but it seemed so being fatigued knuckle work (labor)  
I've patched the little leakage in the shell around my greed  
In case Tommy Turbulence located the matrix then impedes(ooh)  
whistle b in dirge bout the boogie burst classic  
helen fell in haunted machines screened by similars  
that pagan act of suicide came to the daggers surface  
due to one queen who lodged the faith inside a broken circus  
me and my stargazer from woodwork serve the furnace (right)  
pittin and discoloring up the lung that stung the serpent  
I cherish the ferris wheel revolutions  
its not because the ride enthralls  
more simply to the fact that it still revolves  
nursed in a bracket televis plastics and sacchirine (well)  
I oppose mass panic  
the repressed fantasy cadetts pose with a latch key demenor  
returning to find a home vacant with no similars to compare days with  
so lets build