

Aesop Rock, Sick Friend

(Intro - Unknown man)

Thou mayest indeed
Tune onto the forbidden channel
And see it like it is baby

Record Scratch in
You should be a champion
Never fall on me
Deceit, deceit, deceit
Record Scratch out

"Getting dusty in the cellar";

(Verse 1 - Aesop Rock)

Yo
I was thinking about my sick friend
Stringing a ring around my whit's end
13 loops later his feet hung inches out the pig pen
Motley day goblins brought up pillage to pass the stillness
With bad javelin tip dipped inside barrel black magic brilliance
Who rose at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier?
To capture the fashion fragment choreographed in traffic dancing for nickels
Hooked like sickle cells with the principles of comradesy
One hope distortion odyssey sputters itself to my how not example sample
Give me the bread crust while considering the littering
I don't pity the head rush or the whimpering, spill
Anchor to rock bottom, rocks bottom packs a ravenous catalyst
Sprung alacrativ, leashed by the carnal tyrant
I choked when the cage bird sings and stings
Springs me up delirium to stitch the clipped wings
I say instinctively break through while clinging the shrieking souls
Mourning the death of full and high to loss of quality control
Quality control, stand still string up the banner
From the beehive to the anthill; rag dummy
Incorporate the unison of Vikings ship rowers plus the perfection
Of the twice to burn with half the stone throwers, speak your assessment
My communicative, hinderance bleeds the needs
Of a billion hungry victims gripped by the hell that's left to splinters
Shiving up the mass of natives and it's league marvels
One component's sure to shock a mass burial, breeze
Broken penny bank fragments float up at stagnant seas
Dirty work plus applicants with chatter box disease
Iron bandit, give them the stars, the head balloons and rubies
Asked for many moons and I can't stand it any more

(Unknown man)

This is how I feel that I sling
And the regulars were so amazed

Record Scratch in
I'm the mightiest slinger of them all!
There is a time for war and a time for peace
And a time to run and a time to split
Record Scratch out

"Getting dusty in the cellar";

(Verse 2 - Aesop Rock)

I don't run a funny race, malnourished monarchs and loopy astrals

Where 99.9% swivel the broken axels
I built boats of a pack rat bats of bully club swung
Post utility inhalants nail it to stability and sail it
Lopsided Star bird bow crooked mass makeshift
Patching holes with chewing gum and stitching sail to thirty phases
Observe me sitting with my eyes tied to the clock, Cause
I know that once that wind kicks up you and your motors left rope to the dock
And it's the, art of clarity married to slender extension
Of blue sky of a happy neighborhood
String on my ring has left me dancing like wooden dummies in a paper nature
Marry had a case of door nails, Francis little brittle dolls of paper
In assembly, I tremble with a crocodile smile
Hiding a fish out of water complex provided upon entry
Now if I, were to, hold the speed
To levigate the game plan, would you wanna still impede
I mean I guess, I can just divorce me from the rest
And blame my chemical imbalance for the fact I've made a mess
But my loyalty supply hints ???
And I'm thinking that damn town prior's about to fill this here bucket
It's that, grand precious that precious that part of you wants to touch
And part of you just wants to sit and be impressed with
Tainted agony induct in barnacle attachments
Mood swinging upon the barnstorm to perpendicular traffic
Spread, circle 4,000 circuits you burn to cater wings
Above alkadiene Townsman spoon-fed the shadow
I'm tired of being wired into the thief ratio
It's gnawing a hole through my scheme so I leave (know what I mean?)

(Outro - Unknown man)

It is the molotov cocktail hour
Have I not brought you blessings without number?

Record Scratch in

They have plenty of nothing and nothing is plenty for them

Yea

I've never had it so good

Record Scratch out

"Getting dusty in the cellar" x3