

# Aesop Rock, Sinister

(Sample from "Snatch")  
"Do you know what 'nemesis' means?  
A righteous infliction of retribution  
Manifested by an appropriate agent....  
Personified in this case by me"

(Aesop Rock)

We're all in the same gang, bread and butter  
Just a couple subdivisions who naturally hate each other  
Influences shark biting the fuck outta your brother  
Friendship is Professor Plum ratting on Colonel Mustard  
You are now witnessing the world's most craft version  
Of a barnstormer, reveal time with a jagged edge  
Arm mortars and field mines for a bastard sledge  
On the style diamond cutter  
Swung before that magnificent havok sketch  
You fidget like a nervous culprit gulping  
Sweat a bullet, dead a bullshit sequence reactor  
Speaking disaster  
Who leaped off the canvas to provoke a ?style miner?  
Fake as the grass with a sturdy belly and his work to sell me  
I got my word to tell you  
I got absurd magic  
For the forks like pistons pumping through the realm my family habits  
(?Madder or Rabbit Hat? combination)  
Nah, more like I'm spitting pixleak dust  
Till the mixed vapor community combusts

(Yeshua Da Poed)

I hold words for ransom  
Demand some attention pays  
Not to mention praise for their release on a page  
It might amaze the light of day  
I never said I, gave, them all, the fight to be brave  
More insight to behave  
Raw like them others  
Whose ads have been paid for by some brothers  
While some of us lie in the eyes of others  
I discovered another way to stay undercover  
Kill everyone involved, Unsolve  
Mysteries, this to me is how to leave matters resolved  
Out of this all, you should take a break, ask the fake  
Get snatched out your habitat and left on the side of alake  
I try to debate  
Whether a clean getaway is harder to make  
Than a call to the cleaners  
Dropped off a seamless bag  
Zipped it up with enough cash to pay the cat  
With the aqua demeanor

(Vast Aire)

God is a name I call myself  
I don't like Ugly, Original, Synthetic  
I breathe rusty air logic  
It becomes the lung, the mind is a closet  
That is if it's a walk-in, cuz I'm open  
You fell from the clips of weakness, I scoped it  
I'll ball your rhyme up and stuff it inside my mouth  
As if this was the first grade...(C'mon man)  
And you'll just stand there  
Your eyes'll water up  
And your teeth'll grind cuz you rhyme first grade  
Seeing me is like time, I'm a caged poet  
But I think life is more than a jail sentence

That's why I, took my time  
Doing calisthenics which euphemisms to hand out a life sentence  
When I rhyme, I put my ass crack in it  
And you in a glass bottom boat with a crack in it  
So fuck your attitude  
My poetry's position is the sole definition of latitude

&quot;Sinister&quot; \*repeated\*

&quot;You tell the angels in heaven you've never seen  
An evil so singular personified as you being hit  
In the face by the man who killed you&quot;