

# Aesop Rock, Take Me To The Basement

Take me to the basement  
let me count the holes in your foundation  
ancient ridicule system alert, kissing my lurk  
the perch of rare grimace on iron mask  
i remember science class  
if chemistry could silence the lions laugh I'd be fine  
(i fail tah) molindone up  
adrenaline trades the leaves that walk the plank  
before the crimson struck a match this season  
meridian carpal will jolt your logic  
when the burn earned its self normalcy for 20 plus  
run amok or sink, swims not an option  
she applied the lipstick slow  
slow enough for me to bask in  
fast enough for me to wish it lasted  
past my alarms cackling  
the front line of its mystique's geek  
doubled my proposals, bargains  
for the ogers who prefer the roller coasters  
(i prefer the roller coasters)  
well that'll sip the blood of merry men  
that'll grace holiday carols when the merry ends  
barrel past the auto craft, exhale into final raft  
and pirate your local rain puddle torturous  
try to shake pilot fish off your dorsal fin  
lets dive through the archives, syntax on frantic ?  
stamp it with a noteable brand to reek the profit  
see i don't know hell but I've read about it often  
sounds like a dope concept gone wrong  
(note to caution)

Take Me to the basement  
lets zoom into that war paint sensation  
Take Me to the basement  
lets dis-sable the cause rotation  
sayin, if you choose to build or you'll die by the tools you build with  
so make some noise for all your predecessors reppin dirty grill-age  
Take Me to the basement  
lets deny the nervous rooms of pacin  
Take Me to the basement  
lets review the hearts ramifications  
sayin, if you choose to build or you'll die by the tools you build with  
so make some noise for all your predecessors reppin sturdy grill-age

Take me to the basement  
lets remove the costume you escaped in  
hold up your legacies, I'll tell you which ones my favorite  
hold up your elacerative innocence  
I'll teach you about the perks of patience in seminar format  
I've worn that hat for seven years  
that's why its discolored, ragged and shitty  
i ain't about to toss when its been through all these dream wars with me  
ima undercover profit, thrift shop god  
i rather starve then sit inside this gridlock till it parts  
this tailor made rutiny ain't suitin me  
it's tied around my neck like 13 loops rafter an apple box  
heartless harvest of mine, I'm tired of pissin benediction  
maybe it ain't healthy, but sometimes i rather burn then let you help me  
it's getting brisk, brisk as f\*\*k  
my skin ain't thick enough , these icicles ain't civil  
how many freezer burn victims can one society on tilt manufacture  
prior to hire, being intervening just to release last laughter  
and every tree trunks made of third rails with tourniquet branches  
and i learned to walk with an anchor in my back pocket

and man i read palms during even the most brief handshakes  
and man i ain't alive to pull the weeds around the spotlight  
well I'm wallowin, followin my little lost princess to the promise land  
hollerin my potent slogan, hell if Nostradamus can  
conquering these open roads with throttle pin to floor  
cause Ima win right after i finish these chores

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