

# Aesop Rock, Troubled Waters

(Verse One)

You replicas overlooking the guidelines of acoustics  
Miserable attempts result in miserable conclusions  
Paragon pen dragon tactician on freeform  
Then a comfortable silence try to combat cliques  
That unexpected Sephotus cyclone shifts  
Worked up you're shook, jettied to the side  
I stagger this vagabond wondering menstrual forms of phobia  
Worst fear the terrace stricken muted  
The roots of all evil I've rooted pinnacle  
Poised with pride pouncing to break your stride, forsaken  
Agony rides inside the headache wretched condition  
My intuition felt you slip up  
You tripped alone what are you aiming for?  
Or do you sus tries to classify your genus, distorted fetus  
Evolve, type unsolved, you lack the malediction  
Malleable martyrs get molded, then folded under pressure  
Thou perceives a slaughter suspension  
Bridge over troubled water drown, sound study intensive  
My square drops two erasing lines like tetris  
Relentless agent hush horrendous circles on my pavement  
Two sticks to burn basics the lie adjacent to my placement  
On the game board, lunge forward and wind-up impaled by the same sword  
Choose your weapon, stains splattered upon your flag  
Taturag shielding the exterior inferior  
Stall face to face with a forms that force your downfall  
Admittedly suspicious, a decadence, your network's on hiatus  
Permanent, provoked and choked upon the potency  
The parrow be the penetrating agent pierce the insides  
Why the cold sweats at midnight? Why the dim light?  
Why are we staring at a true from the inside?  
Why the pen slide with vigor on a put down?  
Like while I put my foot down stomp your city  
A-E-S-O-P scoping through the bur, opening minds behind the smirks

(Verse Two)

I've seen misery, I've seen disgust dust ridden ruins  
Iron clad oracle test three COM unit disperse silently  
Over confidence leads to irony  
Plot twist full hardy Icarus shifted in facets of my form  
Forbidden aspects of the swarm a thorn upon your side  
A storm upon the rise, Adam, I or crush come brush upon the red zone  
Crook you're shook you started poorly  
Your powers parted pace uncharted territory  
Disoriented malicious god you'll burn your bridges  
This craft requires first drafts  
Graphs, gritted blueprints of nemesis perimeter  
Hunting by night compute, twenty one mic salute  
One life polluted, concerned muffle moans  
From the nine rings of Donnie's hell burn you in your slumber  
Sleepwalk then pulled under now  
Whipping through the willows is the warden of this garden  
Slipping through the silhouetted skylines Aesop sidewinds jaded  
Don't wind up war painted into the jungle the solution's not intrusion  
The starving institution broke your main frame  
I pose the question, are these waiting games worth it or worthless?  
While I comb the crowd for clues your nyebony hands be my purpose  
Our planet is the pivotal point  
In which this network slowly turns to filter kicks  
We out-box the berserk bewildered by the wilderness  
My clench is frantic clutch manners falling through underbrush  
Touch fools that duel with a dominant  
The evil-minded tried to triple six me but he missed me  
Intervene; emcees appear as red blips on my color radar screen

