

Aesop Rock, Zodiaccupuncture

March.

The more the merrier.

Get a couple or more to carry you to the burial.

F-R-E-S-H.

Fresh to death and keep it def to the left.

Well it was Capricorn, Virgo, Aquarius, Cancer, Leo, Sagittarius, Pisces, Libra, Scorpio, Aries, Gem

Delicate freak show alert the frame.

Bash all flags where the mag spin park.

Corroded by the volts that jolt the cold vein.

Boogie down kits to slip past the guard.

Def with a mascot of radical mass.

Megaphone fuzz and a woofer on fritz.

We are not trained to divert the crash.

But march face first with a prayer for the blitz.

Stand up for the cinema fire, simian ire,

cold shimmy for the cinnamon sky;

intimate eyes loop all known alleys.

Scoop the bounty like daddy hires Bazooka to murder Ralphie.

I curdle with burnt milk, pariah sigh, honor piranha money.

Count it with the knuckle that hustle bread out a copper's tummy.

One of these rebels could level the marked city

but the N.Y. uber alles governor's picky.

I'll be the jenky Jesus for the species you bleed with.

Ultra. Soldier poach the folklore.

Jump guns through the 9th gate.

Jump guns like a noon 6 burner lit up on the 9th pace.

Even set among a portion conformed to the blind stage,
never lured by the formal watching imported wines age.

We bow to the gusto mustered by the mecha-bot.

Plowed by the public, ushered out the letterbox.

Wowed by the subject punctured by the helicop.

Boy meets vermin: the widescreen version.

Headaches, nausea, vomiting, facial paralysis.

These area a few of my favorite venomous side effects.

Mamba, Water Moc, Pit Viper, Diamond Back,

Anaconda, Boomslang, Cobra, bite 'em back.

Spinal tap crabs to the clapper.

Aesop Rock is the Cadillac of natural disaster.

Push that button.

Everybody gotta push something.

That's why the envelope is where it wasn't.

I work with the builders, whittle my gorilla military
and fizzle 'em through the vigilante filters.

Who lamps left of the toggle?

How'd they fit that ninja in a bottle?

A hundred million motherfuckers with they hands out

verse a walking zipper bomb trying to keep the man down.

Get up.

Get down.

Sit up.

Sit down.

It's either fancy footwork or get bit by the hounds.

Face up. Face down. Laced up.

Laced down.

It's either fist to the sky or get bit by the crowd.

Well it was Capricorn, Virgo, Aquarius, Cancer, Leo, Sagittarius, Pisces, Libra, Scorpio, Aries, Gem

Let 'em die for it.

I was chewing my tongue out of my mouth one day

when the blood in my beard hit the dirt by the blazers.

Would have said 'curb it' like any nervous habit

'til maverick told me the coyote pack could smell the wound for acres,

and labor to cater fang to fisherman gut critters,
oblivious to the glimmer of innocent duck feathers.
Fuck it. Want a carnivore war? Bet.
I'll be at the Bronx Zoo with a lock pick kit.
On the eject for cockpit bench, helicop clip
Nazi cops on kamikaze belly flop shit.
Roger. Hop-fence-kill-a-crop, monster.
We are the tired and poor, we come for your water.
Boom. Bounce when the church corrupt.
When the mayor knuckle dust city worker bugs.
When the stars finger babies like I flirt with sluts.
You'll see the fire engine red fox ears perk up.
Metal kettle unsettling treble howl, settler trembling,
measuring mellow on the levitate off the mezzanine.
Never seen a ton of bricks dressing clean/dapper
'til it's pin stripe and skull chunk 40 stories after.
And U.S.A. on a Ketamine disaster.
Cane for stress. Crack if the former left you unimpressed.
Now pardon me if part of me heart of an oddball,
but damn. Kumba-fucking-ya, dog.
Terminally alienated and bent awkward by the bought,
prepped package of the slickest spin-doctors.
Raised where the paranoid hide tools proper,
like suspicious cargo in a high school locker.
And it looks like war, quacks like war,
so it's Occam's Razor and I'm swayze out the door.
A hundred million motherfuckers hold me back.
The hand cannons won't ask 'bout your zodiac, boy.

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