

Question: If I died in my apartment like a rat in a cage  
Would the neighbors smell the corpse before the cat ate my face?  
I used to floss the albatross like Daddy Kane with the chain  
I'm tryin' to jettison the ballast with the hazardous waste  
The kid is comfortably numb, routine a tedious crutch  
Deep in a self imposed Stockholm and Lima influx  
Maybe an occupation popular with demons and ducks  
Made any mingling akin to bein' seasoned and stuffed  
It's a theatre of jumpin' jellyfish, jealous little sycophants  
Miserable and flimsy from the skivvys to the pissy pants  
Each one seperately convinced  
They're sketching with Da Vinci's hands  
Delusion turn a communication of prison camp  
You f\*\*kin' dorks ain't a threat to the cause  
There ain't a lesson we can learn from the ostensibly lost  
I think it's funny when defendants from identical haunts  
Step out the tempest to measure  
Of what the spectrum involves  
Maybe no one cares, party over here, I'll be over there  
Don't need no help, all by myself  
I used to hang around with rappers at the root of the scene  
It meant a lot to feel the fugitive community breathe  
Maybe to sentimentalize is to be truly naive  
I know some shit about your heroes that you wouldn't believe  
I think we're all a bunch of weirdos on a quest to belong  
The songs are echolocation up in impregnable fog  
That's why it's odd to see a pile of imperfections and flaws  
Ascend a pedestal to patronize the rest of the cogs  
And a mess of obnoxious fantasy, posturing and pageantry  
I ain't even mad, I'm impressed, shit it's baffling  
God almighty chop an ivory tower to piano keys  
Play your own dirge on the way to surfen' maggot beach  
You f\*\*kin' dorks ain't a source of the art  
You can't be cooler than the corners  
Where you source all your parts  
The poker face, all it takes a couple sordid remarks  
We let the manticore out, We make the sorcery bark  
Life is so unfair, party over here, I'll be over there  
Don't need no help, all by myself  
I view the rattling of sabres like a show to expose  
Insecurities exploding in emotional code  
With braggadocio to go from mostly jokey to gross  
Corrode a homie til his probity is notably ghost  
Before the hobby was a job he was a manager, Hell  
You would wobble round your momma like an infant gazelle  
The disillusionment has truly been a difficult pill  
That you was anything menacing is a difficult sell  
In a whistle-and-bellorama, black mollies to dress up like piranha  
It's not even compelling melodrama  
It's a comedy, somebody wanna shop you as a saga  
I'm very voluntarily persona non grata  
You f\*\*kin' dorks ain't the leaders we need  
This ain't the medium for divas out to weasel and breed  
I'm off in coffee with the paupers over tea with the queen  
Don't make 'em show the regency what disobedient means  
Heavy load to bear, party over here, I'll be over there  
Don't need no help, all by myself

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Correct these lyrics