

ZZZ Top

Aesop Rock

Somebody in a cultivated moment of distress
Composed himself to artfully carve Zoso in his desk
They was probably thinking fuck you fuck you fuck you in they head
With a hell bound arm and a acidy wash
Homemade curfew a thousand o'clock
And a pot leaf tattoo his friend did drunk
Like a badge of mystique that technically sucked
Taking the name of the father in vain
On the way to the blade in his locker, it's strange
A switch he lifted from a sibilings skivvy drawer
Who branched off into ninja stars
And never knew his shit was sharp
To here with a higher purpose
And a prime alert to juvenile beserkers
Like kush Van Morrison an Arcade Drop Floor
Down to the valley time for miss Ahkmar, watch
Capital Z (ed), slowly maneuver the O
S is the most difficult to control
Finally O
Into the eye of Goliath you goes
That levee crushing percussion
Will pull the monkey up right
Twelve or ghetto blaster
Blacken her technicolor telecaster
Lecture at a faster rate
The class was making them develop backwards
It would appear you spelled out all the answers

Somebody in a cultivated moment of distrust, composed themselves enough to magic-marker "Zulu" on these chucks, they was tryin to do the buckle font from 'renegades of funk', in a 3d frame of exploding brick, and whiz-lines for the locally motion sick, beyond gross but evoked a host of "oh dip" where a social neurosis owned the whole strip, heart of a cat with a lark in his mouth in the marrow of waiting his guardians out, flashlight, chisel tips, milked venom, pistol grip, images relocated from milled vellum to scissor kick, silent agreement at hand, king of the hill for a queen of the damned, she in the doorway seething began "that clean white pair had a 3-year plan", oops, capital "zed", radical "u" in the cut, truly to beautiful "loser" it up, and he done, collateral damage a future alum, that key to Shambala, planet rocking, Bambaatta, sample chop, churning out a cancer for the vandal squad, analog, and he finds, animated colors on a page, like synthesized cultures on a stage

Somebody in a cultivated moment of resolve, composed themselves enough to publicize "the Zeros" in this stall, they was scopin

g every dog and pony previously scrawled, with a festering hate
for the gum drop edge, 'disco sucks' tee, punk's not dead, but
a transient teen unsung godsend, via 3 bar chords and a mugsho
t grin, cheese, sign of a runaway tone in the face of authority
thumbing nose, cutting it's teeth

Pretzled up in special order vinyl, and birds that dip their be
lts in little metal porcupine quills, 2 dutch at a show in the
front, low-key to the can for a smoke and a fuck, Trixie, fixin
g her lipstick up, when his mitts got bit by the mischief bug,
snatchl, capital "zed", terrible "e" in vermilion red, gimme a
n "0" and a slippery "s", over a web of the shittiest bands, th
at beat your heart out, never bleeped your favorite parts out f
rom a learned curve, of bird fingers bursting out of germs burn
s, urgently, offered through the circuits of an earlier plot, I'
ll see you at the

When they ask how you, feeling you, tell em you, feeling like,
something important died screaming, you, tell em you, feeling l
ike, something even more important arrived breathing, something
you should probably try feeding

When they as how you, living you, tell em you, living like, som
ething important died hissing, you, tell em you, living like, s
omething even more important arrived giving, something you shou
ld probably try willing