39 Thieves

Aesop Rock

Hunters with their dogs and deer rifles
Thousands of them line the pavement
Like patient pupae waiting to become worms

The people are dead, but the money keeps talking keep-keeps-keep-
keeps talking
The people are dead, but the monkey keeps talking, keep
keeps-keep-keeps talking

(Another dark night) Teething I'm marking a beast sheep
Like I walk in front of 39 thieves in a beat
Smores over warm helvetica brown proper
For the odd God or monster, proper to teleprompter
Wild blue yonder, blue in the face, angel
Blew into the bugles in lieu of the euthanasia
Usually the shooter community chew the corpse
But I see the wolves have already gotten to you and yours
Day of the dead, play the ledge closely
Train a barrel of monkeys to aim at the lowest bogey
Dope the gonzo of what we sold choked socially
Stole the golden fleece with the culture of total nobodies
Earth rised, the divide up of fighting tribes
All we do is watch 'em waddle back and forth lighting fires {Money money}
Detonator, wire cutter, pliers
Two cities and the one is broken up in tiny towns
And I won't pose, I'm in the heart of the lion's throat
For a photographic token of my primordial growth
You parade around and kill, so damn proud
Like a flatline fetish, had it's feathers fanned out
War tore the symmetry, skipped into it gingerly
Silk worms ping-pong ministry to ministry
Hell's bells every which way the the wind blows
So I bang my head against any wall you can build, go

Another dark night, another not-all-right
Another bad ritual, more botched surgery
Better follow the bread crumbs back in fact, urgently
Or waddle through this section where the natives feel "murdery"
Vicinity wander, claim no soul
Never let an anchor drop
Never had a home, never talk to strangers
Never trust a friend
This is the life and the life will not end

Next time think
39 thieves are quicker than 40 winks...
Raise your drinks
39 thieves are quicker than 40 winks
We're not concerned with the community aloofness
Duke, we're animals, we just go where the most food is
Lower the toast, most formal etiquette is useless
Truth is you're equally expendable if spoon fed
{Money money}
Money is cool and I'm only human
But they use it as a tool to make the workers feel excluded
Like the shinier the jewel the more exclusive the troop is
Bullets don't take bribes stupid, they shoot shit

(Another dark night)
Calicos tread around the rabbit hole
Weapons to the heavens and arsenic where the carrots grows
Piss warmed sugar water wore the summer canteen
Plus burned rubber like "green is the new green"
Rubber necks froze, slows by the multiplex
Rodeo commotion, I'm open to see what culminates
Bougie on the right, left rep rebel force
Both say the feudal group the parking lot was never yours
Black top pebble wars
Soldiers mold it where the Jones is every grown up
Want the code again to get to grow in
No motive, it showed up in dose quotas
Hog barn burner come see if your homes hold us
Eighty-five rattle-trap parked through fancy
Which swayed with stepping out of Comanche, antsy
Let us in the jetty when they jettison the medicine
And paranormal hatchet and cadets to break the levees in {Money money}
Both know the totem camaraderie
Token of equality, they post it horizontally
Chronicle the loading dock, they crawl to lodge the colony
Half-massed flags, half caps stole the properly
And sleep the sleep of the just ready on the left
Where the witchcraft spun out of a neighboring sect
With the usual undesirables and the big brother cutters
On the day your name became "This Motherfucker?"

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This-is-the-life The people are dead, but the money keeps talking
This-is-the-life
Talking
This-is-the-life
Money money
This-is-the-life