

Abandon All Hope

Aesop Rock

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Is a love such as that which I exhibit for my practice
The factor which then amalgamates debates with straight-jackets and robes
Huddled in brackets that blacken the average globe
Xenophobe, loathe to modify the fly, feel this..

I carve a notch in my wall for every stall
Every fifth mark slants diagonal to symbolize your downfall
Drunky peasants, honor the shifty Megatron presence
Slug a bolt once ceremonies of merit turn bloodsport

Voted hella high seas, I freeze your mega dumb company
Pumping out wise beads like, fly sneak-attacks on dry leaves, dunce
Crooked rumors turn zoomers when rookies talkin'
Bad seeds blossom the Wookiee walk. Hawk and

Let a sucker drift, I lift up every stone prone to find
The point at which repellent signals ultimately bind
When a pack of style mimics see my brains target the cluster
I advance clutchin' the mic like bully to knuckle duster

And ascend. Your riddles yield a little plastic blend
Fuck a badge, light a bonfire dancin' jig around the pig
Figurin' yeah, I'll land a plane on bleached-stained trackers
Usin' only the finest and post-modern terrain mappers

Once my brethren disperse
My god, you think the heavens touched the earth then
Thirstin' a perch on a bursted curse
But I don't. Confide: wine and water chose me
Bored: lasso down Polaris, let the glow amuse me

Ok, I lay me down to sleep, creepin' a slumber under red skies
Heads splittin', straight sippin' a drip of dead vibes
It's red tides from here, stop and smell analog hell
Clenchin' a stench of burnin' logics and a child with yearning optics

Now someone's approached the rope, shaken like snow-globes
Other sought safety in numbers, other's flows got towed under (Yeah)
Still another took a turn and crashed and burned while others flee
But there will never be another starvin' marvel like me

See, there's a time when... rhyme and...
Paint combined can't even manage to tell what the swell is like
Picture your imagery embellished
With the hellish aspects of the swarms' forlorn facets

Soul crafted fact cats, boroughin', left perennial tenants discouraged in
Discussin' my four seasons flourishing, uh!
Searching, perching, poetic lead poison
Poised in ploys to leak a little bit of moisture on your pride

I'm a animated style machine intervening faulty production fueled by nicotin
e suction
From ducks in my carnival to vipers in my garden
You flash identify by the genus, species and class. Start to chuckle

Buckle the architecture til it fell through
Kill the survivors then raise the dead for shock value
By the time the pending settlement's fully negotiated (yeah I'll...)
I'll have put aside a few to get myself situated

So like sadly, my style spooks juveniles like Boo Radley
Radically weak assume the colonel Kurtz in our platoon soon enough
That's one bluff call, toughens the searcher
Stuttering, emerging, gutter urchin, bursting

I live for the moment of truth when Big Willie rapper
Acknowledges failure and states "Goddamn my shit is trash"
"It's time to let go." Tin man banging upon his chest to hear the echo
(Heartless, kid. Hollow compartments.)

Be we the people of the united, starving artistic
Militia keep movin' in order to form a more perfect union
I'm cluing into the poison panoramics brew the panic situations
It fucks a little with my brittle gift

I tell myself "Stay" (Stay)... up high
Make a mockery of sun and moon and star 'till they hand over the sky
My de luxe is, fluxes, pivots to where the crux is
Invade the town while village elders holler "Who the fuck's this?"

See: hipper cats aggravated, trudge through the muds
Quicken ones, plots thicken like, coagulated blood
Rugged serpentine climb, pebble to rock
Let your pretty pink cloud nine expectations please you not

I'm, Ae-*fucking*-sop Rock, mic bizarro
Proper application of the soul by my standard
Candid once position from which instigations spawn
And man, I plan to die with a mic in my hand, it's like...

Abandon all hope y'all, abandon all hope, it's like
Abandon all hope y'all, abandon all hope...