

# Cat Food

Aesop Rock

At night I wear a wolf's head on my regular head  
Considering a regular character sketch  
Food hoarder, communes with the flora  
Computes in cahoots with beauty and brute force  
I've got a brand new normal at a thirty in New York, plus  
Years at the fire pulling portions out of corn husks  
Never mind time on the short bus  
Terrifying errant knights thwarting any motherfucking fork tongued-sport  
Agita flashing the hind molars, though his body less a weapon more a bag of  
lipomas  
Over medium, treat skin-tags like scratch-offs  
Rap like black-ops, rappers like lap dogs  
He got the rad moves, catty alpha rat-proof (wait)  
Twenty-sided die at the crap-shoot (wait)  
Looking for a black hole to casually collapse through  
Try aisle nine by the cat food  
There it is  
Ooh wee, do we roast in a bilge, when the skinny from afar is "Thar be gold  
in them hills"  
Time better let a couple truths decay, or somebody going to rue the day  
Check, check, check

Catch 'em on the lam  
(I ain't joking)  
No maps, no muster point  
(Nah, I ain't joking)  
I put a pebble on a tomb  
(I ain't joking)  
Makin bath tub meth  
I'm joking  
Here we go

The whip got a tongue and teeth  
Too tough, two blood-shot eyes with a Tungston bleep  
When any putrefying arrow wants your lungs in reach  
I field a vessel going zero to the fuck y'all think  
And when your function fails I'm on an undisclosed island  
Stroking exotic animals, open up rocket science  
Leaning a jewellers loupe over a stolen sock 'o diamonds  
Palm-made products a portrait of modern triumph, try us  
Back at the battering ram post-haste  
Cro-mags, wait till this Saturday plant grow legs  
All you hear is intermittent code names  
Ricochet around the geometry of a closed space  
Unfrozen part of his new J.O  
Face of divine evil, heart of Camu Tao  
Some people find the daylight to be oddly alluring  
I was in the dark, dodging and burning

Maybe cause I look like an ugly doll  
(I ain't joking)  
Pack a wallop in the wheelhouse  
(Nah, I ain't joking)  
Leave brass tacks everywhere  
(I ain't joking)  
I own many many homes  
I'm joking

Here we go

All hog to we know costume  
Black hoodie you can set your watch to  
Tall drink, depths like an air raid  
Radically detach with purveyors of the hair-brain  
Down with the ship go a dozen fried wild links  
Upperway, upper-case tri-state style kings  
Get pie-faced, sent home tied to the sinewaves  
Lights off, spine on sideways  
Riding down the block, scooping Bobby in a boogie-down  
Tome told me tell 'em "Hello, 7: 30 noodle-town"  
Cool 'em down, global domination over salt bake  
Situation commanding a broke dude cosplay  
You don't want a meeting on an off-  
day trading horror stories from the hollows  
The summary is as follows:  
"These hate those and this thinks, that's absurd"  
Yip yap, y'all cats and birds

Meow meow meow meow meow  
(I ain't joking)  
Talking rubes on the radio  
(Nah, I ain't joking)  
Uh, suckers never play me  
(I ain't joking)  
I found Jimmy Hoffa's body  
I'm joking  
Here we go