

Dokken Rules

Aesop Rock

I spell 666 star 6 9 click
Give his telephone viking funeral, bye bitch
Treble hook, two birds, cheap thrills, free meal
Vacate jelly stone park witcha brie wheel

Half his life was likely to be Nikes on the L-train
Gnawin' on his dog toy, pocket full of deer blood
The only thing that's stoppin' him was Dokken in his
ear buds

Up around noon
Found everything he loved crushed down to a cube
The New Kowloon chowline, two leads routing
medicine and gruel
One is hemorrhaging money, the other jettisoning fuel
Identical water separated pools
It was clever
But it wasn't ever neighborhood degenerate approved
In swooped jukebox Fonzi, probably
Bolts on his neck one tubesock wonky

16 panel head mutton chop and ambulax
Double pits to chesty got the espy on a camels back
Handle that huffy wit' a timely parry
And get all up in your kitchen, money, Guy Fieri

There is a wildly elusive moment of bliss
In the spaces between being told you are shit
I would openly suggest identifying the closest
And collectively agreeing to meet if the sky opens

Ma'am?
Id like to speak to a supervisor

Back alley brawl over party guests who want a
Steak tartare but we're hardly pet food
Charlie check booth, brody's right
Youre gonna need a bigger boat and a holy dive

Aggravated people driving lemons over limits
With a neck bop stemming and a cartoon physics
Smart move taught never broadcast holes in his armor
End up another poached foriegner

Handcuffed down to a toothless tease
Who got an X-marked mouth and a hooch machine
With eyes that tell the story of the woods that fetter
And a chest that sells the ending when it's pushed
together

Been through the desert on a horse that nameless
Now I'm driving through the city in the Porsche naked
Shores invaded by the new marines
That tear the roof off this mother like Beauford T

Untrained pet with a pen name
Chest pain, bet he outlive his own endgame, anyway

Step around the rhythm of the red rain
Get away, car horn, stand by, tenth frame

Spare me the dramatics to ratchets, smile purdy
(pretty)
Flashlight strapped to the calf of a wild turkey
Package of mild jerky, captain to aisle 30
Theres a man with a mask an an app that can dial Fergie

Sir?
I'd like to speak to a supervisor