

# Gun for the Whole Family

Aesop Rock

Before shooting troops was cooler than hula hoops,  
high noon was your basic who's who of brutal truth.

Hot summer gun or box-cutter slow dance  
turn a young'n to a dozen paper dolls holding hands.

And tricky was a wooden horse pushed up on your porch  
so chicanery was yours to engage or ignore.

I was on the latter but a lot adopt pawns,  
so we carried lawn chairs and buckets of popcorn.

Pass the popcorn!

Brawl fair, cop car, voyeur hawk him out his hinges,  
storm door splinters, clamoring about, hammers out about to ring,  
infiltrate each others tribes and murder each others queens.

Packed to the very last rafter, clung to the rafts and the  
cameras to capture the damage, neck swivel with a chomp chomp volley  
where the ants leave nothing but the bones and the car keys.

Pardon if his two feet fester.  
it was rude of me people,  
meet left and lefter,  
planted like a model of civility and honor for the sector  
but never got his Extra! Extra!

Peace for the better but it wasn't entertaining,  
so they waited for the tazing from the safety of his haven.

Like bees to the honey when they lumped you up,  
'cuz bumper cars are only funny when they bump. (Know that.)

Hot summer gun or box-cutter slow dance- popcorn, popcorn...  
Hot summer gun or box-cutter slow dance- capture the damage.

(Yo, this dude talks real slow yo... Crazy.  
Yeah man that's my boy Steve; he just talks like that, it's weird.  
That is wierd.)

Tune to Hellemundo for action packed blasphemy;  
big city translate your face 'til it atrophies.

I let the schadenfreude boy out actually,  
deployed to void with grin to watch laughingly.

Pass the p's it's a laugh in,  
I can smell the tragedy when hatchin',  
happily dispassionately patched in,  
alive with the menace of demise like ☐yes!☐ the pain dazzles men.

Pass the popcorn, pass the popcorn it's reality at its fastest,  
and yet it still unravels at a pace like molasses.

I guess the last of the seconds before the worst of disasters stretch past u  
s,

wouldn't you agree that it is fabulous?

In the corridors of entropous wars contort drastically tilted fits,  
I adjust to climates of the wilderness,  
walk along my spine take the pilgrimage,  
up in to the section that's reserved for the smirk of the coldest witnessess,

Work you motherfuckers (hooray!),  
there's all day to die, innovate the mayhem with grace,  
the goodform-fall. Fuck if i'm 'a warn y'all, nah...  
I got the front row to the greatest entertainment that an angel never saw.

Sixty thousand watts of that raw □pull the claw out of the trunk□ fun,  
each one teach one how to club one,  
look at how they bathe up in the dove blood,  
it's gonna be a night of thrills and chills where the sacred is made of mud  
mud.

Each one teach one how to club one- popcorn, popcorn...  
Each one teach one how to club one- popcorn... wouldn't you agree that it is  
fabulous?

(Yo honestly, if your man Steve really talks like that... uh, that's not really normal...  
Yeah, that sucks... Yeah, it's pretty bad...  
Nobody's voice should sound like that.)

It was a lazy day,  
it was amazing grace,  
it was a half-a-dozen claymores daisy-chained.

It wasn't daisies and crazy eights,  
it was an ace of spades over a waiting game of slaves and saints.

And every trainee face-painted while his great escape grazed and ate,  
he'll never make it, when he aims he shakes.

And I was overly engrossed from a very locked door  
with a couple Milk Duds and buckets of popcorn.

Pass the popcorn!

Clap clap, encore.

Monkey in the middle study how the bunker took the missiles.  
Age of machines with nary a green screens,  
so the hecatomb is every bit as cutting as it seems.

I could tell the pet from the vet,  
money where his canine's spread and never welched on a bet.

That said, know the over-under  
on your local hunter  
and you'll profit off his widow-maker's numbers every summer.

Bump in the night, funny, will he catch and release 'em?  
Has he mercy? Will he hack 'em to pieces?  
Is he dirty? Will he hassle policemen  
and security breach  
until impurities leak  
over the circuitry?  
And nada milk and honey,  
there is only skulls and bunnies

that hop around drunk in the land of a hundred Mondays.  
God damn, pop the Redenbacher proper  
and, for christ's sake, get this man a doctor.