

How to be a Carpenter

Aesop Rock

So you want to be a carpenter, do you?
Well it takes more than a hammer, boy, you're gonna need blueprints and a will to build, and...
Straighten your cap! you look like you've been through a war.
Wipe that grin off your mug, you got a sturdy frame?
Sluggish posture just won't cut it.
You're gonna need schooling, and, and, and take notes!
And god if I catch you yawning again you're gonna regret ever asking for my help,
And dammit you gotta hustle, this is a slacker-free zone
And, where's my pencil? go get your hard-hat,
here's a nickel, go get us a ruler and a saw and a drill and lots of graph paper...

Yo
I used to have a rope ladder but tattered were the rungs,
I strung it from the highest willow, trying to hug the sun.
The seventh level buckled and I tumbled from the summit,
Now I'm back to re-climb and this time light my cigarette from it.
My stitchin' division to vision warfares numb enough to soak suddenly in a bullet bath
and skip stones in the morning as I,
Lie in color phantom tantrum explicable, sit and pull the petals off wild flower patches,
Magic happens!
Behold, pity the lowlife parish.
Doom City barracks left remorse coursed on a horse-drawn carriage by the torch of Polaris
To the Badlands, where every bridge collapse right where the crowd stands,
Where the witches are fireproof and every preacher's a madman.
Frigid be the appleseed demeanor towards the bay where the landshark Parliament swims
When they pause to polish they fins.
The better brains will preach the village through the city square
to the light, heavy and middle-weight integrate,
Slept with sticks and stones in my pillowcase.
Ooh my bomb's light simulator picks barnacles off the tugboat belly
Left my spirit home in a shoebox in case I die.
Got a rugged smoke-green halo floatin' inches off the swamp,
Had that phase when the devil tree contacts a sparkle in my eye.
Now step back from the reservoir and let the settlers drink,
Salvage all priorities and iron out all kinks.
My house ain't made of bricks and straw but never has it crumbled,
Cuz I stitched the brain's rigidity with symmetry,
Come visit me,
It's fascinating.

Now here's how its done, I'm only gonna show you once,
So pay close attention, hear me now or hear me never,
Glue your little eyes to the diagram,
See the plywood, the nails, the glue? You work every inch,
Your domain and you must treat it well.
Keep it clean or it'll swallow you whole.
Where's the T-square, hand me the pliers,
now dammit, oh this will never do!
You have to want the castle, Head Up, shoulders back!
Be the materials, know your limits only to break your limits.

Are you listening? God dammit boy, pay attention!
Try it again. Little bit more juice this time.
Try it again. Yeah a little bit more elbow grease this time.
Try it again. Concentrate, a little more focus this time.
You can kick and scream and yell but damn I'm only tryin' to help.
Try it again. You're not doing it right, here now, yall watch.
Try it again. Stop sulking, I'm the example, for real, Watch.
Try it again. I'm bout to make it easy for you yall, just Watch.
You can kick and scream and yell but damn I'm only tryin' to help.

stinging the hunt

The hunt dispatched a pack of wild dog silhouettes,
All sulking by the skyline, focused with a bonus hunger pain,
My sincere addiction imbalance stems from a vintage grimace slap to the mug
of
Ancestral branch camped on the vessels.
Yes and I abide, the laws of the hidden desert survived,
And every peasant presenteed it on the crescent less deprived.
With the exception of pleasant finale binges on the great endangered interes
ts
of phantom brigades slaving to save that princess.
I double the negative, to no avail, no promised benefits,
just delegates peddling pairs of negatives,
With magnified magnanimous appearance sandy sinners in opinion shut.
Now what of the madness fragments? Stagnant.
I oughta make a vision sing my twix cling to your pigeon wings,
Vision militia indent benders, we've flooded Hell's kitchen sink,
Walkin' eye civility simpleton citizen mixers to kiss the sky in unison
Sinister city-blistered corporate rule-igans.
All I really want's a nickel to feed my little pigs.
Big Dick three cheers to the product.
Consumer populace feed but never dreamed of the process
When a slanted advantage point sort of makeshift criminals date rape the hos
tage,
Dream away the blame pain, yeah but it seeps through the cracks,
And drips from the ceiling and smells the rich scent of my tracks.
All I ever really wanted was a jungle, and a jungle I got,
See it ain't the vision it's the plot that makes me stop.

Try it again. I don't want to.
Try it one more time.
I'm not even interested anymore.