Nickel Plated Pockets

Aesop Rock

Yo, (Alright Ok)
Can I get a quarter or something?
Little hungry, you know what I'm saying? (Alright Ok)
Homeless...
I need a Lucy yo...
(Yo...)

Walk into the store with a pocket full of nickels
And a city full of horns, jackhammers, and rape
whistles
The alley cats manipulate the blocks with gutter magic
Today my heart beats only out of habit
Check it, it's like..
My man Jus used to keep an ox between his teeth
Said he could spit it with pinpoint accuracy if there
was beef
We chuckled out loud
Still the thought of it intrigued me, (right)
So now I keep a jackal under my tongue to spit with
related reasoning
The earthworm turbulent murder burnout Gerber baby no
brain or memoir stardom
Alarmed, pardon the old buzz deader
Robert Crumb ugly dumb image
Barely sprung barely no grimace
Nearly cut cherry blood's picket wrist back in high
school (now it's like)
Spy with a millipede pentagon pirate
navigates cities' sump systems
Urbanite turbines
Twisted Pistons
Termites that infect sturdy grillage
There's roaches in the pillars (Spillover)
And crawl across commuter-clean wingtips and loafers
It's the theme park I built
Pocket full of nickels for cigarettes, gum
and milk, bitterness, love, and violence
I'm writing a petition to have smoking as a sport
in the 2002 Summer Olympic Games (wanna sign it?)
Now look, I jux germs draggin a gavel knee deep in a
maggot hatchery
Operation capture flag by any means
If this means anything at all, anyway it's a riddle
Walk into the store with a pocket full of nickels

Ay uh, yo excuse me (Ay Yo) yo
Can I borrow a dollar or something? (Ah sorry man)
nickel?
(Sorry man, I can't help you out dog) Quarter?
Something man? (Yeah I only got enough for like
cigarettes and shit man)
Alright man, I see how it is (I'm straight)

Walk into the store with a pocket full of nickels
And a city full of World Trade Center victim candle
vigils
There's anthrax in our mailboxes and Xanax in my tummy

There's a single Spanish female out west traveling the country
Freak of league lazer major running bases
Neighborhood watch weasels pacing ugly acres more than often
If I ever make it big, I'm gonna build a skyscraper tall enough to piss on
cloud 9 egos from my corner office
You can't pull the plug on a catapult (nope)
I toss a nickel to a bum's cup from twenty paces thumbs up
Got twenty ways to tell you shut the f**k up
Nineteen of 'em are 24 bars long, the other one goes (SHUT THE FUCK UP!)
And an electronic daddy long legs stay grimy up in your zoning wall
Groveling villagers, trying to hide behind the windmill
I just got in pig-back through subway tunnels with a third rail nearest
While most still try to penetrate the alligator plants (It goes)
Back in the class, throwing pencils at professors
And making barbarellas giggle
That's when life's pleasures were simple
Now it takes a dancing bear jumping through flaming hoops
to even make em buy the god-forsaken single!
Though shall not desecrate the soothing spiral
Altered by a classic cut to vinyl
Find that in the Bible!
My insult Militia'll fix you up
I'll light the pyramid shaped torso
with your hollow numbskull balancing on top
Now if you got a lock and gas mask outside of your own apartment
You could pretty safely quote Shamar
Life's Ill, sometimes Life might kill, sometimes prayers dwindle
Walk into the store with a pocket full of nickels

Yo (ay what's up man?) Yo can I ohh...
No..Never mind man (I can't help you out man)
Asshole! (Yo man, I'm trying to help myself out right now)
Fucking asked you for a Lucy and you turned me down (Dog, I'm sorry dog!)

Walk into the store, same pocket, same nickels
In a city where every crack in the sidewalk's a symbol
Where there's crack in the basement, where there's crack in the slave ships
Where there's crack whores and corrupt pigs killing cats trying to crack cases
My boombox runs on a baboon heart transplant (This is hell!)
I got a poltergeist on a leash trained by Caroline herself
Two Thousand something...
Technology aid itself glutton
Every move I make's from a robot gepetto pressing a red button
It's Vietnam in the fumes
Yes I run with cannibals that bite the hand

that feeds cuz it tastes better than the food
The prickly outer shell's genetic, it helps defense mode
But it also helps to f**k up a couple of sacred friendships
Watch a six legged insect crawl out of the billy goat beard
Watch a sick makeshift bitch threat fall out when the filthy smoke clears
Watch the insect's stinger sting threat till it has sweat a bullet
Sweat a full clip, sweat a river, dead the bullshit, sail away and wither
You're the kind of cat that rolls a pimped out Caddy dropped with rims and limousine tints bucking Enya
Insert laughter here
I wanna rap a lot and stack cheddar by the fistful
But for now, I walk into the store with a pocket full of huhh...

Excuse me man (alright ok)
Can I..Can I borrow a dollar or something to eat?... (alright ok) I'm..I'm hungry
I'm saying yo...(alright ok) (Look at that..)
I'm homeless man (Look at that bum) (alright ok)
I fought for this country man (yeah)
Sleep on park benches....starvin'
All I need is like a lucy and like a sandwich or somethin' man..
Wiping my ass with the Daily News man...c'mon man..
Sleepin' with squirrels (Oh my god, What are you doing with that squirrel?)

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