

None Shall Pass

Aesop Rock

Flash that buttery, gold
Jittery, zeitgeist, wither by the watering hole
What a patrol...
What are we to Heart Huckabee?
Art fuckery, suddenly?
Not enough young in his lung for the waterwings?
Colorfully vulgar poacher, out of mulch
Like, "I'm a pull the pulse out a soldier and bolt."

(Fine...)

Sign of the time we elapse
When a primate climb up a spine and attach
Eye for an eye by the bog life swamps and vines
They get a rise out of frogs and flies
So when a dogfight's hog-tied prize sort of costs a life
The mouths water on a fork and knife
And the allure isn't right
No score on a war-torn beach
Where the cash cow's actually beef
Blood turns wine when it leak for police
Like, "That's not a riot it's a feast. Let's eat!"

And I will remember your name and face
On the day you are judged by "The Funhouse" cast
And I will rejoice in your fall from grace
With a cane to the sky like, "None shall pass."

Now if you never had a day a snow cone couldn't fix
You wouldn't relate to the rogue vocoder blitz
How he spoke through a NoDoz motor on the fritz
'Cause he wouldn't play rollover fetch like a bitch
And express no regrets, though he isn't worth a homeowner's piss
To the jokers who pose by the glitz

(Fine...)

Sign of the swine in the swarm
When a king is a whore who comply and conform
Miles outside of the eye of the storm
With a siphon to lure out a prize and award
While avoiding the vile and bizarre that is violence and war
True blue triumph is more!
Like, "Wait, let him snake up out of the centerfold."
"Let it break the walls of Jericho."
"Ready? Go!"
Sat where the old, cardboard city folk
Swap tales with heads like every other penny throw

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Okay, woke to a grocery list
Goes like this:
Duty and death
Anyone object, come stand in the way
You could be my little Snake River Canyon today

And I ran with a chain of commands
And a jet pack strapped where the backstab lands if it can

(Fine...)

Sign of the vibe in the crowd
When I cut a belly open to find what climb out
That's quite a bit of gusto he muster up
To make a dark horse rush like, "Enough's enough!"
It must've... struck a nerve so they huff and puff
Till all the king's men fluster and clusterfuck
And it's a beautiful thing
To my people who keep an impressive wingspan even when the cubicle shrink
You got to pull up the intruder by the root of the weed
NY chew through the machine...

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