

The Yes and the Y'all

Aesop Rock

Jiggy-jabberjaw vitamin idol and primal rages
When bible page verse tidal waves has begun (Water one)
I wrote the book that shook America to splinters
In a winter wasteland
Icicle-bound barren township
Call barren moon child and proud gimps to clinch this chemical war pig
Delinquent sinkin like a paper tugboat
Well beneath your holiday
Beached on a red tide infested shore corroding eastern seaboard beauty
I'm a jigsaw slab, but all the pig saw was dirt bag

It's like a bleeding comet bombing on your sequels
To the riverside park tunnel people claim last lifeform standing
Carbon based pardons ain't enough
My stilts truly personify the serbonite flea circus
We urchins merkin on daily
I catapult brain opera past basic
Tear my own face off in the finale, stick around it's ill
Diabolic Prodigal Son spill grimace
If you had one more eye, you'd be a Cyclops
Which explains missing the premise
Bliss mimic, baptise, chastise, laugh die
Kiss the finish, piss the villagers the fuck off
Pete Piper picked peppers, and Run rocked rhymes
Aes Rock might've smoked one too many dimes in his time
Now where you gonna be when the sun falls, brother
Probably gathering your sheep with all these other mothafuckers
Struck twice in the same place by a moody Zues fishliner
Smackin the third clear out the park
Going gone (To infinity and beyond!)

I rocked for a flock of Chewbacca look-alikes in magic makers
Hermit crabs and New York city sewer aligators
Keep your homily dream out your homily
I deal with tangible goods
And avoid manufacturing food for landfills
I've seen friends bow to needles
I've seen needles bow to records
I've seen boughs break
I've seen God bow and make the clouds shake
I've seen the proud break
I've seen alot for a blind soldier
Who tattooed the city scape up skin to blend in
Rats travel by night invite the waterbugs
I'm here to pull the three-prong
When it's prime directive wormhole of self-sacrifice
Had a hatchet slice for camps
For that God-awful Frankenstein
Starving your style to someday be a story in my Life's hard, life's easy
Life's everyting in between
Life's Peachy like James and the Giant
And I keep spittin as long as these kittens buy it
And I keep casting my line as long as these officials bite it
And I like it (Don't try it like that)

"Yes the bough is low
That's the way it goes though....
Maybe I should just give up or stop trying

But life is so uncertain, so short
I've got to keep on searching
And wherever it takes me, I've got to go"

Ban away temper tantrum, decrept anthem
Set a low go, I arrived late
I'm here to scrape a car clean to the funk machine
Imposes on the underling amalgam cluster and identifies the mother
(You got heart)
I hate to tell you but it skips more than it palpitates
Like these here drunken little archers missed one of they calculate
The falcon hates the mockingbird
The farmer hates the drought
I hate em all, I kick the bottom brick out shouting "Yes y'all"
And blow the village out perspective (Aesop!)
Do you take this makeshift-Candy Land-cold classic-bastard style
To be your lawfully wedded head trip
Doing base throughout sickness, health, electrical storm
Fire, pain, rain, hail, wind, ice, sleet, snow? (Hell no!)
I'm balanced, personified phantom to the bone
Walkin like a Jabberwocky
Scalpin a pair of one-way tickets to shadowboxing
Christmas with a shallow stocking
Like this (I'm just trying to milk the mileage)
You drop science like Don Herbert with liquor in him
Soundin off like senior citizens sitting at bingo parlor bickering
Yeah it's kinda funny, isn't it
How I can build while you just sit there and bitch about your syllabus

Dwarfed by the lights, bewildered by the fanbase
Bound by an idea, skeptical of the handshakes

Skeptical of the handshakes [repeat to fade]