

# 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's 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 grimmace  
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]