

## TUFF

Aesop Rock

Dum-diggy, bump Biggie  
Til the landlady holler, "Get a haircut, hippie"  
The death knell generator entertain a fresh kill  
Breath quelled dressed like a bloated sack of dead cells  
Shedding, purple tape, purple 'hawk, ape  
A single flower through the permafrost  
Pick himself and learn to walk, in furry pants  
War paint, circling a duralog  
Boar face, devil by his side like a service dog  
Schlock purist, watch the block burneth  
One o'clock prophets in the parking lot at Perkins  
The perfect politicians 30 clicks outside of Sturgis  
Doggie bag doctors, military deserters  
Who still shop surplus and can't hold jobs  
I look like I'm wearing a ghillie suit when I'm not  
Roll out ghost of Camu on the pegs  
Might pedal by the police  
Tuff with two F's

Ah f\*\*k that shit look  
Can't tell if I'm a little withdrawn  
Or dead dog sent to quote/unquote "live on a farm"  
The coke bottles tint film noir  
Tripping out the milk bar  
Poison horchata cup  
Milf in the Zip Car  
6 arms, 6 hand-styles like ships on scrimshaw  
Part Def Jam part Dischord  
My wig-picker threw me out of her office  
Had to cold turkey 'benzos, summer was awesome  
Onion of 'bensis  
Summer was awesome  
Got brats on the grill  
Wormwood in the cauldron  
Horse hoof in the dog's mouth  
Cholera in the well  
Make money periodically vomiting on himself  
I read Nat Geo, craft and crack geodes  
Lift party hats out of Craft Depot  
Unleaded liar blood pumped through his neck  
Came down from the mountain  
Tuff with 2 F's

TUFF  
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(What's so funny?  
You, what are you laughing at?  
I said what are you laughing at?)

Before a player ever met his omega  
They were effectively reducing his behavior into data  
With plans to build a dais where the  
People grow potatoes and cabbage  
Don't make him raise the gate between the bettas  
In a spectacle displaying the nature of strange neighbors  
I paint caves 'til the rage campaign tapers

And show a new crop how he used to moonwalk  
Out of breath like a 7-day old balloon dog  
I still hang band posters and buy black-lights  
Crib decorated like a dorm room at Brandeis  
Still pretend I'm gonna build another half-pipe  
Nevermind the Ford-era christening and pants size  
Man, who could've guessed the future of abominable imagery  
Would also share a birthday with Kenny G? None  
The 99 cent 2 cents keeps 2 arms folded  
Tuff with 2 F's

Yeah, let's do it like that

Unh I pay a guy to lean over steepled fingers  
And convince me to pay him for his teas and tinctures  
The string cheese dinner kid speak Cheech wizard  
For the gone like Gossamer under number 3 clippers  
Free, forged in various pulp channels  
Even his prize horse rides a wolf into battle  
Even his blood and body couldn't pick him out a line up  
Or his name off the paper  
It's Aes pronounced "Why Us?!"  
First learned the high art of eyeing a mark  
Buying nickels for a dime at the park  
I learn to rhyme in New York  
I learned to breathe underwater  
I learned to walk with a ghost  
Adidas reeking of sulfur  
A chauffeur cemetery funk  
When home is a bleeding ulcer  
Everything you ever stood up for is keeling over  
Moonset beautifying  
Cartoon death catfish on the Foreman  
Tuff with 2 F's  
Yeah

Correct these lyrics

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