

Aesop Rock, 9-5ers Anthem

Shit... Vanessa, what time is it? aw, fuck ... Labor.

Zoom in to the fuming of an aggravated breed
Via the study of post-adolescent agitated seeds
Half the patients waste themselves prior to Commencement
So I focus on the urban Oxygen samples, the hot that made it breathe
It's so Pompeii impression, waste infections
And twelve steps to lesson
Credence swiftly tippy toe and hard to swallow, borrow concepts
The give-it get-it, never let it self pass the word, eying stubbornness
Murder talks money causes in a harvesting Spartacus
And someone, I've thrown long Hail Mary bombs
Toward cookie-cutter Mother Natures bedazzled synthetic fabrics
Life treats the peasants like
They tried to fuck his woman while he slept inside
Well they're merely chasing perfectionist emblems
When the clock strikes nine
I'll be waking with the best of routine caffeine team players
For the cycle of it
Under a dusted angel heart but strain Big Brother is watching
My odometer like buzzard to fallen elk, talking stealth
We got babies, rubber stamps, and briefcase parts
We on some door-to-door now
Order ten dollars or more, we'll shove it down your throat for free
I'll sacrifice my inborn tendencies
For copper pennies for one commanding 'Gimme that'
So we can re-take baby fat
Make the biter snake bedlam
Holocaust freak, heckle shiesty brain headroom shaped planet
Make a move taurus, make a move break cannon
Bent barrel one date zero, you'll turn, squeeze, end it
It's on like it's never been
It's bleeding well
It's bigger than a breadbox
It can roast my leaky finance
I'll take my senior top of the Brooklyn Bridge
With a Coke and a bag of chips
To watch a thousand lemmings plummet just because
The first one slipped
Sometimes I laugh at victory, kissing these little question
marks
I tend to underestimate my average
Just another bastard savage
Someday you'll all eat out of my cold hand
Cuz every dog has its day
At which point, I'll pull it away

Now we the American working population
Hate the fact that eight hours a day
Is wasted on chasing the dream of someone that isn't us
And we may not hate our jobs
But we hate jobs in general
That don't have to do with fighting our own causes
We the American working population
Hate the nine-to-five day-in day-out
When we'd rather be supporting ourselves
By being paid to perfect the pastimes
That we have harbored based solely on the fact
That it makes us smile if it sounds dope

It's the year of the silkworm
Everything I built burn yesterday
Let's display the purpose that these stilts serve
Elevate the spreading of the silk germ

Trying to weave a web but all that I believe in is dead
Nah brother, it's the year of the jackal
Saddle up on high horse
My torch forced Polaris embarrassed
Shackle up the hassle by the dooming legend marriage
I bought some new sneakers
I just hope my legacy matches
It's the year of the landshark
Try a sand tarp damn get these men some water
They're out there being slaughtered
In meaningless wars so you don't have to bother
It can sit and soak the idiotbox trying to fuck their daughters
Man it's the year of the Orphan
Seated adjacent to the firefly circling the torches on your porches
Trying to guard the fortress of a king they've never seen or met
But all are trained to murder at the first sign of a threat
Maybe it's the year of the waterbug
Cockroach utter thug specimen
Your response, dreaming of your next of kin
I'm still dealing with this mess I'm in
I've been the object of your ridicule
You've been a bitch lieutenant
God it's the year of the underpaid employee
Spitting forty plus a week
And trying to rape earth on my off time
You bought dizzy, I can't keep myself busy enough
So you can't run run run
And I'ma let you think you won
EVERYBODY!

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Fumble outta bed and stumble to the kitchen
Pour myself a cup of ambition and
Yawn and stretch and my life is a mess and
If I never make it home today, God bless
Fumble outta bed and stumble to the kitchen
Pour myself a cup of ambition and
Yawn and stretch and my life is a mess and
If I never make it home today, God bless