

# Aesop Rock, Alchemy

[Blueprint]

I spit with an immense amount of power  
Skull flame showers, cowards, cower, underneath our  
Storm clouds that indicate the acid rain hours  
Now or, never, ever, ending on a bad note  
Ripping ya' craft spoke, for spitting a bad quote  
(Blueprint what's your approach?)  
I smash black folk and white folk alike for jokes with mics  
And make a Kodak moment out of the most boring open mic  
I'll make a sad fan appreciate rap again  
F\*\*k around and forget just how wack it's been  
I'm a bad man (Why's that?)  
I catch bullets in my molars, body slam boas  
And take flight with the weight of the world on my shoulders  
And blame David Blaine on any chains that hold us  
What started out as food for thought, turned into thoughts to  
turn they  
crews into food in hopes to satisfy my  
Insatiable appetite to dine on lifeforms  
Small planets and satellites  
You solar system is my condiment  
I'm bombin' comets, and don't sweat the small things and  
nonsense  
Every dog has his day and even more so in rhyming  
So I decided that I'd never play the fire hydrant  
Or grab the mic sounding lazy, worn down and tired  
Cats don't really fall off they just get uninspired  
But before you, get a reason to ever diss us  
I'll drop a ill LP and disappear like Bobby Fischer  
But this is, the building block of all that is  
And what it is, is Alchemy

[Aesop Rock] (Chorus)

Alchemy, basic with a touch of wild wonder  
Alchemy, we made this to take your style under  
Metal frame, walking through a, metal game with a limp, tight  
grip  
Determined not to let time slip  
This is Alchemy, iron b-boy and all his glory  
Alchemy, hold it from the colder sob story  
Metal frame, walking through a, metal game with a limp, tight  
grip  
Determined not to let time slip

[Aesop Rock]

Ah, dirty, dirty destiny

Birded murders with a burn gurshin a peasantry  
Nervous flux flirtin' with hurley burly chemistry  
Graffiti burner urchin merchant with a certain urge jerkin'  
served and centerpiece  
My zig-zag bully balance gallops with a fiery outline  
Ban and bomb y'all pastel poets belly up (I'll tell you what)  
Born stylin' 4 dimensions count em'  
?Breed it take it to em' up,? run to build a world you'll never  
touch  
And I'm a pilot, delerium, serum, poison arrangement  
?Aroused? when I feel like storming suck the raw enslavement  
With a grin-style stinger creeping out the basement  
Impatient wild ritualistic visions of sacrificial bitch hatin'  
For all my iron giant soldiers with a metal fist upshielding  
mother nature  
from her fatal wrist cuts story I'll respect you  
(So why they blaming you for the cats that sleep while the earth

turns?)

Yeah I had em' up all night praying I'd re-release Music For Earthworms  
Greed even are lease screaming with milestone like ring ring ring I just  
caught the screen fiending click dial tone  
Welcome to a clouds swell blew to hallucination war pillar  
Carnivore, carnival, karma slasher  
I dash like a jack rabbit that orbits revelation with a single pounce  
To Edward Scissorhands your spring of doubts (Yo turn it out)  
This is that mighty case of home field advantage to bend your blizzard With  
a crocodile smile and fight robot knuckles to your kisser

(Chorus)

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