

Aesop Rock, Appleseed Intro

APPLESEED (one, two)
yeah. yeah- i recall the
first time i bumped heads with my
head led to a dead bargain, a
"thanks for nothin, lowlife", and a
start of "beg my pardon, "when a
dust mite harbored spite it barely
dents the cicada phase, blades a-
verted. decorate the backs of
freedom fighters, servants pick those
steeple higher, man the loose can-
nons, "pennin for gold" "nah pennin for
chance to land in camps branded with
"push" stamped on their hand" lets
push. lets push up through the
now, lets evoke a vow of
zipped lips clipped to my peaking
brow (i'm sleeping now) i seen im-
maculate hearts blemished
under the mass of genie bottle
hostages who wish that a
third to her broken promises.
black spot of gotham, fragile
castle and master passageway.
even the innocent captives
bleed appleseed apple
seed, leave me with a breeding
hassle factor's feet. pin the
tail on the village idiot
turn giddy click stern greet a
burn it basics laid with the
modes of neurotic nitpicking
patrons and their pseudo potent
patronage ahh mood of the moment
gloated in splendor of its
greatness and i'm hella swamped
truly moody in my
days makeshift awakesness
act as if apathy's been your
best friend since the bonding i'll one
up you with love letters from de-
pendency, honestly appleseed.