# Aesop Rock, Bent Life

Yo...I take ten steps with a bent left vision,

Study the disorders we've absorbed inside the village,

I understand the plagues and while they shake hands with my grimace

that remains up in my face like top to bottom train car feelings

Let's question the ascension of a broken social icon in various domino affects Imma blow this hex over the mission

Just to administer the end-all sucker punch for what its pitiful condition.

#### (C-Ray Walz)

With no alibi love is used as a guide by the civilized

Some see it as the body heat you feel when you close your eyes

That's so much of a lie, you can leave you hair dyed and scored you roots

As the truth hits your ears begin to cry

" Why is it like this?! " Why the fuck do I care?

I don't have the answers, or at least the ones you want to hear

City lights look bright groups of fireflies

Many see the truth (the proof) only when the liar dies

Tires screech to a halt, the ground cries

Spit sparks speak to the streets

The skid marks are replies

Read discussions of what we rode through entrenched in the vocals

The hopeless stay hopeful (the toxic fumes choke you)

As I walk out my door, step into the pollution

I breathe in the problems, exhale solutions

Physically the situation's hard to stop

I had a wicked jump shot and sold crack rock on back blocks

Casualties in this apocalypse (street chronicle)

abnormal abdominals (push-up phenomenal)

Relaxin' drinkin my 6-pack maxing

faxing my thoughts on the satellite, via Donahue (push it)

Table talk, salt and pepper conversation

Integrated sectors, metropolis and mecca

It's a conspiracy (you know), I can't lie dukes

Sometimes I feel the rats got a better deal than I do.

### (Aesop Rock) (Chorus)

It goes thieves, bandits, lowlives, scum

Punks that buckle under the rumble of my drum

Steadily searching for something new under the sun

But its stagnant, act of developing first of madness

It goes thieves, bandits, lowlives, scum

Punks that buckle under the rumble of my drum

Steadily searching for something new under the sun

But it's hurtin', act of developing first of madness

## (C-Rayz Walz)

A new universe is ancient, so I stay patient

In a gravel pit, travelin' thoughts and ravelin', pacing

Embracing light of America, and found a shade of darkness (underground)

The train car used to be my apartment

Sick of people rushin' in the doors before I get out

Conductors closing the doors before I get in, I shout

" The Biz is coming, The Biz is coming! "

Don't get worried now (We've been in a cold world!)

We just getting flurries now?

### (Aesop Rock)

Yeah, it's like slooow dowwn,

You're movin' much too fast to bust through the finale fashioned glass

It's delicate demeanor and I teach you how to hang

But we like 19 7-something 20 clicks outside Da Nang

(Dear obedience) I apologize for the faulty academics

but they placed us in a miserable stasis

I let bygones be bygones But tryin' to see eye to eye with the faceless Just ain't working the way the manual paints it See I soak in a blue note factory While most cats hassle bandits lamping solo And when the last red brick topples over the earth to intercept your crooked little mess I can be found in a social coma directly to your left Engaged in a conversation, a marvel with my breath Regarding how to document the shady baby steps I bounce checks like a modern man Sleep with one eye open while the other two drift together specimens from the promised land This' for the thinkers This' for the urchins allergic to they own stingers This' for the absurd verdict linkers This for that cat at my shows that's always got prophetic opinions But can't remember where his drink is. I'm wallowing, shrugging I'm plugging your corporation Cause we alley cats addicted to the sickly warped sensation Answer this: when all is said and done are you a memorable troop or just a lab rat on the run Choose one

(Chorus)