

# Aesop Rock, Bracket Basher

Hey yo must not sleep  
I bash the bracket open and breach  
The priority's bleached since that '76 umbilical severed  
Majority's cordially aboard the pinnacle benders  
I got west Nile virus on my TV in the Bronx  
I got two hollow pockets and a sleepy hollow mosh pit  
Tryin to blow the spot with wet matches and bottle rockets  
While cop walkie talkies walk outside my apartment obnoxious  
Tonight's special consists of stale fiber from shitty diners  
Look mom! I learned to tie my shoes! Hey can I borrow twenty bucks?  
Peel back the prickly cocoon a Poloroid turbulent land unit birth  
Student first pedagogue only from brazen action  
Wind blown mariner east river shark carry lunge carry funk ends on caliber  
Watch war face painted junkies dance blissfully around a bon fire and  
sacrifice life's sanity Pay a nickel for nose-bleed seats in a peanut gallery  
Gallop with a Pegasus, malice with no benefits, balance with some sense of bliss in the foulest deg  
I'm just 'gon bend 'em toward the couple cats that's worth the visits  
Um, it's like that, and that's the way Aes stinks, and um  
Plans are like clipper ships, if they got holes they sink  
And if the skipper slips the crew shits bricks, wither, and hits the brink  
That's why I take the poison spitter sips and smile big when I drink  
You never knew mayhem walked with Nikes talked like a trucker hawk the filibuster Gerber baby lu  
No time to hold my breath, I'm only here to rap, eat, sleep, grow old, and smoke stoges through the  
New millenium, mad cows and Pentium, process the hostage, lock him in the petting bin  
Showing pictures of his wife and kids, then wash the brain  
Probably the same motherfuckers that buffed the train

[x2]

Must not sleep  
Must bash the bracket  
Pay The Rent, Pay The Debt  
Must slash the fabric  
Catch the jackrabbit  
Pay The Rent, Pay The Debt  
Sleep

Rolling through the city with one half of the cannibals.  
New joint bumpin out the whip speakers  
Maybe escape for a night of makin tapes now it's back to the cockroaches and preachers  
Somewhere a prom queen's givin birth in a bathroom stall  
Holding a prime directive not to get blood on her mother's ballgown  
I'm son of a stubborn old one track jackal prince  
Holding a prime directive just to get the goods and never fall down  
Ate the city spit the bricks ate the boxcar spit the burners  
Ate the planet spit the murder  
Funny farm rampage from writing rap for milk money built ugly  
but a couple side effects to make'em love me  
...

## Bonus Round

This is the hot tin roof stepper  
Hold it down with centipede foundation  
Mr. Greed who burns rugged obstruction in bunches  
like little Jackie paper puffs the magic dragon and dutches  
We don't need another hero hommie gallop off on your my little one trick pony  
Holly Hobbie Polly Pocket pretty future destiny  
If the slipper fits fire up Cinderella propeller and curtsie for the munchkins right before  
Aesop-Rock smashed the pumpkin  
Iron on gusto rustolium bloodstream what's better?  
When the wrist slit it leaks out only the bloodiest bubble letters  
Complete with outlines fill ins dates shading and shout out columns  
for vagrant colonies to follow in redeeming bottles

You're a little tea pot tryin to eavesdrop on the mammoth route  
peekin' out from around the rose bush like...here is my handle...here is my spout  
Godzilla junkie used to be in love, now out for gigapussy  
Sorry to offend but sometimes life bends in the middle  
So now you have a fulcrum where there used to be a pillar  
and now I got a pulse that bumps less than a cocaine binger  
and now I got no 9 to 5 and still labor days flicker  
and now I got a 9mm Q-tip with an itchy trigger finger  
See, I really don't feel your persona distortion ordered by martyrs who martyr-self for martyr's sake  
Wow fame...If notoriety grew adjacent a jealous dick-riding sentiments I'd give you a pound like &q  
Now go do your homework