

Aesop Rock, Bring Back Pluto

This is my friend, Tony. He's pretty cool.
Although he's not always so smart.

(Aesop Rock)

And then there were eight (then there were eight).

Just like that.

(Bring back Pluto, bring back, bring back Pluto).

In the beginning it was Large Marge sent me
a bet, empty the rent if you can double-park the garbage barge gently
The moon took a second mortgage on the seventh house
Jupiter ain't talk no more, he felt the host of rovers, sold him out

Close your mouth, poke your snout over the cloaked aroma cloud
Solar boy elope with couch choking on older polaroids
Motormouth show for the golden molar toy
Gophers yoke a fish outta water he grows lungs and multiplies

Idol. Once soldering a perfect union
It is vital to calculate any honor he lose since
If mutiny ensues the aloof is assumed nuisance
The clue is in his vacancy, the proof is in his goosebumps

Maroon the traitors, expecting anchors of edelweiss
Who later learned it may actually be safer to play with knives
I show up late looking project grizzly

{missing most of the song}

Like:

You ain't shit. This ain't ill.

This is little Russian dolls that get smaller and smaller still.

This is a corpus full of pills, trying to sit still and build.

Cause eight planets bullied number nine until he fell.