

# Aesop Rock, Cook It Up

Cook it up, Spooky, Salute, Look  
'Zook'll hook it up to shoop the local Wendy Cooper loopy  
Low brow, low brim, she asked me, "What's the name?"  
I flashed the grossest fang in show biz  
Young Valkyrie's open, "What's yours?"  
"Um, Jenny, um..."  
body clocked in a ten-penny sum  
Sprung colossal, miss, may I process your Pentium?  
But Ae is hesitating, "My princess,  
The pigeon holing roles that your predecessor's lunacy in the kismet"  
Her eyes googled back as that of one unfortunate breed  
Plus a new kink in the posture  
"Just don't get all barnacle  
Or Get P.T. Barnumed in 3D THX sound stereo dismissal  
Sorry hun, it's just the last few have been a fistful  
Like, like, them girls you bump into out dumb luck  
get high innocently kiss once when she's punch drunk  
Watch her misinterpret the moment tongues touch  
Crazy Miss Cling-a-lot claim instant one love  
And you gotta beg your friends to take 'em off your hands like thumbcuffs  
Or them barbies you'll vibe for a sexy second (lovely)  
Give it a month; Hyde Heckles Jekyl and she makes Hitler look cuddly  
But Jenny in the sky with emerald eyes  
You're so different, so delicious, so the fish  
I'd be willing to walk the limb with!  
So let's just get a few things out the way: (okay)  
I'm clinically bonkers and hate just about everyone God's great earth offers  
I won't be getting dressed up to impress your family, dear  
And if I can't wear jeans and sneakers then I won't be lamping there  
Nope, aggro-pimp, sinfully, finicky nova, back it up no-diggity soldier  
Magic-touch fingertip donor  
Own up to your dirty debutant animalistic instincts  
Ritual courting dance and breeding behaviours (like what?)  
Like, "I dream of Jeannie and fucking her obscenely"  
But Jenny could be Jeannie so easily if you'd let me  
Hell, the bad tact daddy-o Merlin-- 'e' for effort  
Most of these high-post Fabio world motherfucks make my head hurt  
Dead up-- I got death in the skull but you'll get used to it ma  
Dinner and cinema, yes, just cough the bread up  
Sure, he schleps with naked pockets but I carry dreams  
Like I wanna be an astronaut after you marry me"  
(WHAAAAT???)  
"You're rushing this I feel smothered it's crowding me awfully, dolly  
I love you, Get the fuck off me! Sorry." (Call me)  
And I'm circling her like a tiger shark frenzied but friendly  
"I'm cool, how you feeling Jenny?" (Jenny) Jenny (Jenny) Jenny  
"So quiet, ooh I like that, so mysterious, I dig it  
The way you haven't made eye contact with me once in ten minutes  
I'm just saying girl, I'm dirty-dog raw vintage mixed with mega-low society  
Mister gutter-fuck etiquette, try me  
So there it is.. game. I mean it's not like I'm sweating you  
'Cause when it comes down to it, most y'all females are the same  
But now it's your turn baby, spit it out  
"Okay," she punched me dead in the fuckin mouth and walked away

Watch out ladies cause you know he don't love ya  
Bazooka Tooth is one bad motherfucker  
He's a low life pimp with a low life game  
He needs a no life dame with a strobe light frame

Cook it up now..

No ring on the finger  
There ain't no strings attached

But if you love television and  
manic depression  
Get a carton of cigarettes  
And we can make it happen  
Get to mackin'  
Just leave your bag up on the curb with the trashcan  
It ain't like I seen you in maxim  
Relax with the tap dance  
Lights, camera, lap dance

cook it up now..