

Aesop Rock, Gun For The Whole Family

GUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

a.r. before shooting troops was cooler than hula hoops high noon was your basic whos who of brutal truth, hot summer gun or box-cutter slow dance, turn a youngn to a dozen paper dolls holding hands, and tricky was a wooden horse pushed up on your porch so chicanery was yours to engage or ignore, i was on the latter but a lot adopt pawns, so we carried lawn chairs and buckets of popcorn, pass the popcorn, brawl fair, cop car, voyeur hawk him out his hinges, storm door splinters, clamoring about, hammers out about to ring, infiltrate each others tribes and murder each others queens, packed to the very last rafter, clung to the rafts and the cameras to capture the damage, neck swivel with a chomp chomp volley where the ants leave nothing but the bones and the car keys, pardon if his two feet fester, it was rude of me people, meet left and lefter, planted like a model of civility and honor for the sector, but never got his extra extra, peace for the better but it wasnt entertaining, so they waited for the tazing from the safety of his haven, like bees to the honey when they lumped you up, cuz bumper cars are only funny when they bump. know that.

el-p tune to hellemundo for action packed blasphemy, big city translate your face til it atrophies, i let the shadenfrued boy out actually, deployed to void with grin to watch laughingly, (yeah bitch) pass the ps its a laugh in, i can smell the tragedy when hatchin, happily dispassionately patched in, alive with the menace of demise like yes! the pain dazzles men, pass the popcorn, pass the popcorn its reality at its fastest, and yet it still unravels at a pace like molasses, i guess the last of the seconds before the worst of disasters stretch past us, wouldnt you agree that it is fabulous? in the corridors of entropous wars contort drastically tilted fits, i adjust to climates of the wilderness, walk along my spine take the pilgrimage, up in to the section thats reserved for the smirk of the coldest wintnesess, work you motherfuckers (hooray!), theres all day to die, innovate the mayhem with grace, the good-form-fall, fuck if im a warn yall, nah... i got the front row to the greatest entertainment that an angel never saw, sixty thousand watts of that raw pull the claw out of the trunk fun, each one teach one how to club one, look at how they bathe up in the dove blood, its gonna be a night of thrills and chills where the sacred is made of mud mud.

a.r. it was a lazy day, it was amazing grace, it was a half-a-dozen claymores daisy-chained, it wasnt daisies and crazy eights, it was an ace of spades over a waiting game of slaves and saints, and every trainee face-painted while his great escape grazed and ate, hell never make it, when he aims he shakes, and i was overly engrossed from a very locked door with a couple milk duds and buckets of popcorn, pass the popcorn, clap clap, encore, monkey in the middle study how the bunker took the missiles, age of machines with nary a green screen, so the hecatomb is every bit as cutty as it seems, i could tell the pet from the vet, money where his canines spread and never welched on a bet, that said, know the over-under on your local hunter and youll profit off his widow-makers numbers every summer, bump in the night, funny, will he catch and release em? has he mercy, will he hack em to pieces? is he dirty, will he hassle policeman and security breach until impurities leak over the circuitry? and nada milk and honey there is only skulls and bunnies, that hop around drunk in the land of a hundred mondays, god damn, pop the redenbacher proper and for christs sake get this man a doctor.