

Aesop Rock, N.Y. Electric

[Verse 1]

I cut the ropes, breathe fresh puddles of pigeon blood and smoke
Load bazooka, scope the culprit hulks over a broken hookah
Got rebel camps with siphons amped to cookie cut the wattage
Electric ilk NY raised on b-movie sluts and gossip
Condition the bodega rodent moment composure
To echo numb and uncommon, dumb monkey pollen
My 23's lean over a cobra motor milligram bender
Novelty, I tip lids prior to clipping the comradery
Check the muck out, When metal maggots burrow in Promised Land vein division
I tug my brim down over my stigmatism
Lo-pro, Paxil Rose, axel broke and butchered
Last catapult standing in a land of coke and hookers
It's King Kong potluck, no parking for rickshaw loads of sock puppets and sitcoms
Just Krylon pigs bred in a hot boxed wigwam
Serotonin deficient teens demonstrate ease in the modern day uzi purchase
The foundation of their alacrity makes the umis nervous
Me? Oh I check the newest murals to see whose still bombing this fucker
and um....respect, find out what it means to me
New York, walk blocks with electric ninjas who bark bounce for trunked out whips
Like my company Delorian's the shit
Skipper's out of happy pills again, he's in the neighbors garbage
He's making paper dolls decorated with targets
He's labeling the dolls with the names of shitty rap artists
Then tearing out the still beating heart from from the loose-leaf carcass
I ordered a hovercraft off the back page of an Archie comic
Built it in three days to float above snarky comments
My gills call the East River rock bottom home with three-eyed guppies and seahorse mutations
See New York is ancient Rome basic, basically stone faces
My friend jumped off the Empire State Building while I hung with 10th grade head cases
Some of them will blossom famous, some of them will blossom base heads
but they all rep rivets in the die-cast metal Voltron cadence, what!?

[Chorus]

N.Y. Electric, catalog, burners, pigs, magnums, crack, bag lady, roach bit, pristine kicks
Threading the iris of the needle. just for my people
Im'a thread the needlem just for my people
Breaker 1-9, 9-11-01 witness, maybe you don't get this

[Verse 2]

Kill 'em all slow, I was on a serious tree bender with my hands up at a C-Rayz-Walz show
Nether-citcuit bacon don't police me anymore, your trained professionals demonstrate
41 shots over par
Least common denominator raise truth like Charlie, Willy, and Gramps
Raise roofs in a glass
Wonkavator, monster maker
Operate wild by the company of unturned stones and litter
Talk his way out of a sunburn and be home in time for dinner
Paid dues since before the days of bad acid and Quaaludes
While the boombox talks trash to the richter
Stalking awkward with a zip lock on the pill hole
Bitter fucker, nothing is free, I'll spend my last dollar on me
Put one up for my family, should've made time to thank 'em
Put one up for my crew, for recognizing the sanctum
Put one up for the socially broke, choked and smokey
New York piss hiss bleed dolby, homey

[Chorus]