

# Aesop Rock, Shovel

I don't shrug instead of the ramifications of my shovel  
Lovin the consequences of uprooting the jungle  
I'm huggin the cyclo Gemini stooped contenders from viewin the puzzle  
I don't budge the motives encased inside the gauntlets hung in quotas X2

My kitchen sink leaks like your itching to speak a secret  
bout the world spins yet nobody's pledged allegiance and why?  
His beaming smile knew a private agony that burns  
And when the children met divinity I sat to watch the merge  
It goes pandemonium live  
Ya'll mutha fuckers stand up volunteer tantrums while your playin summin vivid  
Play your sympathy card till the misery clash  
And a basket case is in a classless matrix with elastic stitches

Raggin a bag of lonely poem remnants  
Short of breath like you're short of fresh  
You're a portable mess  
Carpetbagger spearheading tear peddelling pretentious art critics, orphans  
Trying to dismiss those pioneering their fortunes  
You're a spectacle  
Pushin for pedagogue lacin up paper weights walkin on stilts talking  
You touched the hand of God and I'm like  
What are all these evils that plagued the hearts of man by sweet talking border patrol until they fold  
You got your life in a basket before you could say instant classic  
Like the king of the mountain requires a boost  
I'll bury the hook in my belly just to volunteer at live aid clinics  
For the thrill of 9 great mimics with 18 bloody lips, spittin  
Beanstalk, chalking outlines before the figures fly  
Walking uphill trying to get down  
Prominent ghost town litigate battle pitch darkness when the light switch hits the \*artistry\* circuit board  
Service in the greater half of nature  
See money go wild shook when the exploitation incubated lovely  
Warmingly \*piggy leader\* colony to comfort  
Numb enough to deny the sin pins and evil needles even punctured  
Till he wont define his turn and can still function

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Burn burn em mostly  
Stuck unplucking plumage out the poultry  
Soaking in bulk on a sofa with duct tape upholstery  
Dirty doc stellar space medic  
Stoned by the commoners for glowing  
Pseudo-floaters bottom feed 'til bloated  
Happy trail hitchhikers guide to spanning oblivion  
Complete with a thankless 9-5 chapter  
You can sign your life after the facts  
Wicked soldiers pick it with buddy system logistic motors like Noah's ark ticket holders, pivot  
All in a days breath  
I guess  
Sandman here to foreshadow a day when televisions run over baboon heart transplants  
Sketching a glass partially empty 'til their hand cramps  
With a iceman's dance if that ain't streamlined and stand with a fan's lamp  
But maybe I do  
Yeah yeah maybe it's all over, maybe I won the game before the machine ate my quarter  
I mean absorbing attention's a must  
You don't wanna be overlooked  
Yeah but you don't wanna be looked over too much  
One up for the dashed hopes of fifty fishermen who crashed boats  
and the angels who never hit a bad note when harmonizing

I'm an armor plated farmer  
I'm an archer rising with a drawn bow for the karma where the bulls eye clings and argues  
Dense, spreads like new names at the writers bench  
Either you drink it or sink it, cause ain't no sitting on the fence  
You make me chuckle child, it's hells kitchen now, miss  
Recognize your life is merely bait for bigger fish

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Encased inside the gauntlets hung in quotas X2