

# Aesop Rock, The Tugboat Complex, Part 3

I could make 'em all dance, or I could sleep  
I could walk with a limp and make your step feel incomplete  
people are made of match sticks, light this bread a flames  
note at the craft work door the last smirk of the the Damien mainframe  
my box cost siphon third rail juice from lost poets  
inhabit ocean bottoms with a bitter rotten scapegoat pardons (note to self)  
don't bargain at martyr parliament rallies  
where participants squeeze your last giggle then whittle sacrificial finalies  
I can tie my boot laces alone, save your knee deep offerings  
sorta bring puke coughing bunk persona to light (I might)  
build malignant(?) railroads, find you, and lay tracks adjacent  
just to scream "fuck off" as the engine pulls out the station  
what should we do with a thousand drunken sailors?  
"kill 'em all, locate their family address, release a mailer";

(dear sir or madam, your son or daughter's embarrassed human kind  
consuming booze and gut fuel, till they cruised across the line)

I spin gold, your raps are dirty lapsed  
towards the nursery class act impression of a bubble  
(yeah I could of been more subtle when polluting paradise gene puddle)  
yeah huddles make us look like cool peeps and I'm trying to school sheep  
towards the right idea {\*c'ya\* - 5X}  
this basic divine subsidiary bust center syllable logic, fold origami  
plantation shut this picket fence  
hang on to your dreams kitten, you'll probably never hear this song  
let alone sip the mission long enough to listen

(I can smoke cigarettes down to filter, smoke the filter down to space  
now I'm gonna roll this question tight and smoke that shit up in your face  
now if you were to alter masks every time fame circus approaches  
do you really think your maker wouldn't notice?)

Okay, I've died a thousand, and I'll die a thousand more,  
I leave footprints in fours, two for bipeds, two more to break the door  
practically caress the utterings of crushed by drudgery(?) brothers and sisters  
mothering stickler cabin and madden shit  
I'll fix the wing for a penny and a parable, yeah but this friendship  
sunk with a barrel full of taros pull  
snake eyes harbor bad shiners  
then wonder why the culprits sitting at the their rainbows ending  
want's garbage bag liners (??????)  
with out the apple seed it's useless (I sat for greed)  
patched for boredom crafts a castle out of toothpicks (I sat to breath)  
I breath to hard nearly metamorph castle loose pins  
now I stand to breath as not to disturb the plumage  
and I know that's not a story, it no longer turns my stomach  
hollering wolves in the form of one frustrated culprit  
but a love tap full of washed up stardom melted trying to milk it  
win a ticket to ride white lines highway sideways melt it smelt it  
one love to the rungs in my ladder, one love to the gathering of  
laughter bats that hung from my rafters  
see the jackal met the badger, they were both such fucking bad asses  
that clashing wouldn't make sense (hence my tape deck)  
now I ain't gonna name name's, and I ain't gonna drag others in  
but I ain't about to say that I'm the only cat you got bubbling  
you're lucky, somehow you managed to befriend some good people  
who will sit and soak the evils you secrete, but why? I'm not really sure

(knock the fuck off, kicking his lip across the floor  
'til the archival vinyl venom soak velour  
anti-clarity mechanism spit flattery burners  
fusing a million majesty murders then stole the crown)

oh wait that's right, you discovered me right?  
offered up the peace pipe, and oh  
It's all cotton candy when Aesop Rock the B light  
he's actin foolish left in the middle of laying bricks  
(oh we weren't building nothing but a great wall around these stones and sticks)  
oh and for the record I've been rhyming since me and Andre thought we could freestyle  
built foundation out of passion and brothers dusty taskings  
studied dope rappers, vocab expansion, poems and syllable placement  
your just mad cuz somewhere in there you came and went (I ain't the type to dwell)  
dismissed it as casually non-compatible and bounced  
obtained status where I could straight objectively critique your after projects like  
(damn that sounds fresh) or (damn that shit is garbage, what happened?)  
I mean I'm not even laughing)  
yeah, but the barriers were broken (you choked)  
you made comments to the wrong Vulvan(?) who out of respect and honor leaked your program  
now like were both trying to sit and breath another dawn so my advice  
to you is when I say just "move on"; {\*move on\* - 5X}