

Gun for the Whole Family

Aesop Rock & EL-P

GUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

- a.r. - before shooting troops was cooler than hula hoops high noon was
your basic who's who of brutal truth, hot summer gun or box-cutter slow
dance, turn a young'n 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 wasn't 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 p's it's 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 it's 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, wouldn't you agree that it is
fabulous? in the corridors of entropies wars contort drastically tilted fits, i adjust
to climates of the wilderness, walk along my spine take the pilgrimage, up in to the
section that's reserved for the smirk of the coldest wintnesess, work you mother-
fuckers (hooray!), there's all day to die, innovate the mayhem with grace, the good-
form-fall, fuck if i'm ?a warn y'all, nah... i got the front row to the greatest entertain-
ment 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, it's 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 wasn't 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, he'll 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 canine's spread
and never welched on a bet, that said, know the over-under
on your local hunter and you'll profit off his widow-maker's
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 impuri-
ties 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 christ's sake get this man a doctor.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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