

Bug Zapper

Aesop Rock

The first step is a doozie, it's roulette with a mood ring
The birth of an old slang, the death of a new speak
A permanent post-game, a spitter with bridge tropes
Skirting the coatpate, divvy the death toll
Maneuverable codenames, alerted and mobile
Familiar rising, and furnacing cold piles
Resilient style kings, impossibly tantrum
Watering wild things, obelisk phantoms
On linoleum or lava, leaders of a leadfoot fauna
His left source blunt force trauma
Not pillar but a commune, a splinter of the pagan
Who vote off the elusiveness of truth and exultation
From the point of view of students labeled putrid little aphids
By the beautiful and cryogenic stasis
Sadists, meanwhile bakers of a hideous whatnot
Committed to a lowdown Sisyphus up-rock
Or shaving at a truck stop, aging exponentially
Homie, no myth flowers grow where he piss
And I still rode boats outta bottles without abandon
To shrink into the sunset bumping Pachelbel's Canon
Indeed motherfucker, the author of the artistry
May or may not be weeping to an automated pharmacy
Hello. Hello? Shit
Too geeked up to even keep it down
Too peaced out to even be around
Too beat up to even breathe it out
(Too freaked out to even leave your house) x5
You wish you could dance more, I wish you would talk less
My gentleman transformed, to bringers of offed heads
Moments of land war, my Lazarus species
Tattered and bruised up, from back in the cheap seats
Hackers on crew cuts, foam at the mush mouth
Gag at the news truck, notably unsound
Dragging his clammed shoes, food on his moustache
Raggedy hounds tooth, zilch on a bus pass
I'm good, house at the beach of expelled hubcaps
Black lawn, backyard melting into Lovecraft
Bad yarn spun by the hum of the bug zapper
Of kings becoming runners, and runts becoming alphas
And underdogs with posters of a front-side Tony Albo
And on sticker laid-in walls above their uncle's Bowie albums
Graduate to flyers of an execrated sigil, and live to see another

Sexy generation fizzles
Out, keep rap homely
Bear claw slippers, over-sized Billy Joel tee
Fat-faced, potbelly, neckbeard crowd's feet
Rat nest, gross teeth, pot marks, goatee
I walk with Hawaii on the greenscreen behind me
So even the awkward pauses feel inviting
Standing at a landmark sleep drought keep out
Can't talk now too freaked out

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>