

## Less Than Jake

### "Sick Friend"

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[Intro - Unknown man]  
Thou mayest indeed  
Tune onto the forbidden channel  
And see it like it is baby

\*Record Scratch in\*  
You should be a champion  
Never fall on me  
Deceit, deceit, deceit  
\*Record Scratch out\*

"Getting dusty in the cellar"

[Verse 1 - Aesop Rock]  
Yo  
I was thinking about my sick friend  
Stringing a ring around my whit's end  
30 loops later his feet hung inches out the pig pen  
Motley day goblins brought up pillage to pass the  
stillness  
With bad javelin tip dipped inside barrel black magic  
brilliance  
Who rose at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier?  
To capture the fashion fragment choreographed in  
traffic dancing for nickels  
Looked like sickle cells with the principles of high rotary  
One hope distortion odyssey sputters itself to my how  
not example sample  
Give me the bread crust while considering the littering  
I don't pity the head rush or the whimpering, spill  
Anchor to rock bottom, rocks bottom packs a ravenous  
catalyst  
Sprung arachnid, leashed by the carnal tyrant  
I choked when the cage bird sings and stings  
Springs me up delirium to stitch the clipped wings  
I say instinctively break through while clinging the  
shrieking souls  
Mourning the death of ??? and loss and quality control  
Quality control, stand still string up the banner  
From the beehive to the anthill; rag dummy  
Incorporate the unison of Vikings ship; throw us best of

perfection

Of the twice to burn with half the stone throwers, speak  
your assessment

My communicative, hinderings please the needs  
Of a billion hungry victims gripped by the hell that's left  
to splinters

Shiving up the mass of natives and it's league marvels  
One component's sure to shock a mass burial, breeze  
Broken penny bank fragments float up at staggered  
seas

Dirty work plus applicants with chatter box disease  
Iron bandit, give them the stars, the head balloons and  
rubies

Asked for many moons and I can't stand it any more

[Unknown man]

Is that how I feel when I sling?

And the regulars were so amazed

\*Record Scratch in\*

I'm the mightiest slinger of them all!

There is a time for war and a time for peace

And a time to run and a time to split

\*Record Scratch out\*

"Getting dusty in the cellar"

[Verse 2 - Aesop Rock]

I don't run a funny race, malnourished monarchs and  
loopy astrals

Where 99.9% swivel the broken axels

I built boats of a pack rat bats of bully club swung

Post utility inhalants nail it to stability and sail it

Lopsided Star bird bow crooked mass makeshift

Patching holes with chewing gum and sticking sail to  
dirty bases

Observe me sitting with my eyes tied to the clock,

'Cause

I know that once that wind kicks up you and your  
motors left rope to the dock

And it's the, art of clarity married to slender extension

Of blue sky of a happy neighborhood

String on my ring has left me dancing like wooden  
dummies in a paper nature

Marry had a case of door nails, Francis little brittle dolls  
of paper

In assembly, I tremble with a crocodile smile

Hiding a fish out of water complex provided upon entry

Now if I, were to, hold the speed

To levigate the game plan, would you wanna still  
impede

I mean I guess, I can just divorce me from the rest  
And blame my chemical imbalance for the fact I've  
made a mess  
But my loyalty supply hints ???  
And I'm thinking that damn town prior's about to fill this  
here bucket  
It's that, grand precious that precious that part of you  
wants to touch  
And part of you just wants to sit and be impressed with  
Tainted agony induct in barnacle attachments  
Mood swinging upon the barnstorm with perpendicular  
traffic  
Spread, circle 4,000 circuits you burn to cater wings  
Above alkadiene Townsman spoon-fed the shadow  
I'm tired of being wired into the thief ratio  
It's gnawing a hole through my scheme so I leave  
(know what I mean?)

[Outro - Unknown man]

It is the molotov cocktail hour  
Havent I brought you blessings without number?

\*Record Scratch in\*

They have plenty of nothing and nothing is plenty for  
them

Yea

I've never had it so good

\*Record Scratch out\*

"Getting dusty in the cellar" x3

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