

Aesop Rock "9-5ers Anthem"

Visit "[9-5ers Anthem](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Aesop Rock]

Shit... Vanessa, what time is it? aw, fuck ... Labor.

Zoom in to the fuming of an aggravated breed
Via the study of post-adolescent agitated seeds
Half the patients wasted self pride at Commencement
So I focus on the urban Oxygen samples, the hot that
made it breathe
They sold Pompeii impression, waste infections
And twelve steps to lesson
Cretins swiftly tippy toe on hard to swallow, barter
concepts
The give-it get-it, never let it self pass the word, eyeing
stubbornness
Martyrs talks money causes in a harvesting Spartacus
And someone, I've thrown long Hail Mary bombs
Toward cookie-cutter Mother Natures bedazzled
synthetic fabrics
Life treats the peasants like
They tried to fuck his woman while he slept inside
Well they're merely chasing perfectionist emblems
When the clock strikes nine
I'll be waking with the best of routine caffiene team
players
For the cycle of it
Under a dusted angel heartstring Big Brother is
watching
My odometer like buzzard to fallen elk, talking stealth
We got babies, rubber stamps, and briefcase parts
We on some door-to-door now
Order ten dollars or more, we'll shove it down your
throat for free
I'll sacrifice my inborn tendencies
For copper pennies for one commanding "Gimme that"
So we can retain baby fat
Make the biter snake bedlam
Holocaust freak, heckle shiesty brain headroom
shaped planet
Make a move, pause, make a move break cannon
Bent barrel one eight zero, you'll turn, squeeze, ending
It's on like it's never been

It's bleeding well
It's bigger than a breadbox
It can roast my leaky finance
I'll take my seat atop the Brooklyn Bridge
With a Coke and a bag of chips
To watch a thousand lemmings plummet just because
The first one slipped
Sometimes I laugh at victory, kissing these little
question marks
I tend to underestimate my average
Just another bastard savage
Someday you'll all eat out of my cold hand
'cause every dog has its day
At which point, I'll pull it away

Now we the American working population
Hate the fact that eight hours a day
Is wasted on chasing the dream of someone that isn't
us
And we may not hate our jobs
But we hate jobs in general
That don't have to do with fighting our own causes
We the American working population
Hate the nine-to-five day-in day-out
When we'd rather be supporting ourselves
By being paid to perfect the pasttimes
That we have harbored based solely on the fact
That it makes us smile if it sounds dope

[Aesop Rock]

It's the year of the silkworm
Everything I built burned yesterday
Let's display the purpose that these stilts serve
Elevate the spreading of the silk germ
Trying to weave a web but all that I believe in is dead
Nah brother, it's the year of the jackal
Saddle up on high horse
My torch forced Polaris embarrassed
Shackle up the hassle by the dooming legend marriage
I bought some new sneakers
I just hope my legacy matches
It's the year of the landshark
Dry as sand, parched, damn get these men some
water
They're out there being slaughtered
In meaningless wars so you don't have to bother
And can sit and soak the idiotbox trying to fuck their
daughters
Man it's the year of the Orphan
Seated adjacent to the firefly circling the torches on
your porches

Trying to guard the fortress of a king they've never
seen or met
But all are trained to murder at the first sign of a threat
Maybe it's the year of the waterbug
Cockroach utter thug specimen
Your response, dreaming of your next of kin
I'm still dealing with this mess I'm in
I've been the object of your ridicule
You've been a bitch lieutenant
God it's the year of the underpaid employee
Spitting forty plus a week
And trying to rape earth on my off time
You bought dizzy, I can't keep myself busy enough
So you can run run run
And I'ma let you think you won
EVERYBODY!

We the American working population
Hate the fact that eight hours a day
Is wasted on chasing the dream of someone that isn't
us
And we may not hate our jobs
But we hate jobs in general
That don't have to do with fighting our own causes
We the American working population
Hate the nine to five day-in day-out
But we'd rather be supporting ourselves
By being paid to perfect the pasttimes
That we have harbored based solely on the fact
That it makes us smile if it sounds dope

[Aesop Rock]
Fumble outta bed and stumble to the kitchen
Pour myself a cup of ambition and
Yawn and stretch and my life is a mess and
If I never make it home today, God bless
Fumble outta bed and stumble to the kitchen
Pour myself a cup of ambition and
Yawn and stretch and my life is a mess and
If I never make it home today, God bless

Visit [Aesop Rock](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.