

## Aesop Rock "Antisocial"

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[looped sample]

It's like antisocial  
hazardous portion organically nourished couraged to  
flourish and muses often  
Lunged nicotine dream missing languorous  
Caution we proclaim until brain's off like Sagittarius  
Shield. Yield to the eye mescaline killer veals  
Stonegates marching moodily until plural styles  
immaculated beautifully.  
Rudely awoke.  
Sing rumble blue conglomerates sucking up lung while  
brushing parasitic critics to my left side.  
I test glide kamikaze crashed to thoughtless on my  
preface.  
The therapeutic unit recommended.  
Now slow-mo Quasimotos teeter on ringleader status  
while I spit satellite photos while teetering on the  
stratus.  
Sleepwalking the atlas after none. Trudge and nudge  
my ninety-nine octane brain to one-oh-one.  
Run to organize my mood like quarterize my wound  
and climb up.  
Lovely samaritans line up like bar codes for a fraction  
of my factions.  
The hollow of his hand beholds contraptions via  
Amplified files collapsed in cacophonous conquest. My  
specs up.  
More postille and docile insubordinance your phylum.  
For a dotta asylum swarmed your coordinates. Rush.  
Must not sleep, must warn others.  
I'll tourniquet your turbulence then trample on your  
stutters.  
If I could displace every vagrant in America with traces  
of my character the Earth would be a more pitiful  
habitat.  
With infinite acres of auto-cry eight can aid ya. Swung  
open the nomenclature to obscure wool-lock trickery.  
Pure  
Has not got tossed back by liquors supporting  
patience, working knuckles for audio duplication.  
That's like fiending for a purpose.

[looped sample]

Aesop Rock, prototype Robocop

Jabberwocky rocking on the highest hilltop.

I possess two siamese styles that's like connected at  
the mic hollering monstrous.

Poly-tech impeded indidgy progress, deaf,

Swept off your meridian. It's operation Start With a  
Slummy Raped Your Milk and Honey.

Can I like, conjure up like all potent components of like,

Middle siblings scribbling on his lonesome like,

Hit him with my ninety-nine metal plated mics upon the  
wall, take them down, pass them round, rock them all.

Bust it.

I'm forever building my City of Lost Children ripping  
rungs off your ladder at a

Sardonic smirk. Ebonics lurking where the crop circles  
got stamped out from the rain dance.

Tsunami rain blast tipped off like origami frames and  
sloppy braincasted class-a-piece mastered to capture  
your flag then flutter.

While slaves defy water, start roofing paper bags.

The magic-maker dragging devils to add triple sixes  
melted triple glitches on your console.

I calibrate my mics prior to claim and shit is rockable.

Unlock and pull a backdoor for the bounce.

While cannily panicking was the average. I broadcast  
modern boredom mesozoic poetry pupils.

Caught up in scruples from the inimical nature of my  
program.

Elegant, the overcast password cursed on a tactless  
bastard, catatonic until personal practice mastered.

[looped sample]

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