

## Aesop Rock

### "BOSICO"

Visit "[BOSICO](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You look like you were charmed out of a basket,  
slack jaws clap straw homes,  
hit the piggy in the clapper claw zone,  
each here little Isaac Asimov,  
actually down an accurately whack-a-mole  
and get the taxidermy cataloged,  
with or without this bag of bones on my back,  
I'll be honest, to let a dog eat the map,  
still agree to bleed a birthstone,  
even if alerted to the dirt throne,  
freely by your tentacles squeezing into a turncoat,  
yikes, inertia days and vertigo nights,  
it's when a batch of falling gavels blur the vertical  
stripes,  
you ain't a leader among,  
you're a bottom feeder eating his young,  
we'll see who's teething when the beef is expunged,  
unless it shrivels up around us in the caving wake of  
daylight,  
but more likely you slither off into the closest  
drainpipe,  
miffed, other insiders are finding solace  
thought it wasn't ever in our quarters hoarding shiny  
objects,  
degree in beeswax never personal,  
which by the way has grown exponentially  
indiscernible,  
behind a picture in the wall or at the local pissing hole,  
where desperate images sully every second an empty  
coat,  
I'm gonna guess you probably know everything I could  
ever tell you  
plus a tiny bit more,  
that's what you're for,  
and you never met a button that you ain't push  
or a sucker that you ain't mush  
or a mother fucking butcher.

The butcher  
The cleavers know exactly where to push it  
The butcher, the butcher, the butcher knife

One out of focus through the handlers,  
answer to the hammerheads that came from under the  
scrambler box,  
swam off with a plaque for mounting antlers on,  
outpost scanners  
over yellow desert peppered with cow skulls and  
cameras,  
down fall the phantoms,  
and a tail drawn long by a crown full of off road  
canvas,  
you should see the cough puff annex,  
hit me up when your lullabies are peaking,  
for the suck you by the phone over a good  
commandment breaching  
art sleeping,  
25A, feeder full of chicks on horseback,  
Sailor Moon roof spewing horn hats,  
born to corner any harrowing defector,  
vector, through a delicate series of tech gestures,  
check, hood on my hair foot on my neck food in my  
trough,  
stewing the nuances of hooligan law,  
ran reds like a prompt gazelle, priced to sell  
because these window silk pods don't heist  
themselves,  
from the tucker, home of the dozen bee sting summer,  
don't let them see your gills blushing seaweed color,  
chum, this little medium is dominant social predator  
fund,  
it's really grown folks coming undone,  
but um, I'm gonna guess you probably thought this all  
before me  
but a veteran for the morally few,  
that's what you do,  
and you never met a button that you ain't push,  
or a sucker that you ain't mush,  
or a mother fucking butcher.

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