

Aesop Rock "Catacomb Kids"

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I was a dark dumb student, no hokey rookie daytrippin
on visions of chickens that looked like R Crumb drew
em. They grew em in the royal dirt of Suffolk County's
flooring with the blood of an alcoholic clergyman in his
forearms. Long Island was porn stars and puppies
pushing sniffles, fit into the eighth dimension or
slipped through the pin holes, ?zoop? slipped through
the pin holes, ?crisped into god cinder?. Who thunk
over a quarter plunked a local ?mortal con? vendor.

Who broke the verbal squad sensor? Root down,
feelers out across the marsh before it was "Awesome
Car!" I called in car cavalry cooked in an 85 Dodge
Aries, gas for Huntington and back barely. Equipped
with super soakers full of piss and an uncanny knack
for constantly upsetting pigs by doing stupid shit. The
kid ?bartered? his ring king dummies to King Cullen
where they hollered "Fuck the World" from a parking
lot of the suburbs. A couple spray cans and a little litter,
but they'd look at us like swindlers with them Ricky
Kasso jitters. So fuck em, a glutton sunk into the alley
for props but things will still go bump when them
halogens pop. Believe. I'll be there when it happens so
shake another place off the mantel, snake another
flames off the candle, lady of the lake off the answers,
admitting their mistakes to their ?deplaning? cadavers.
Now it's rest in peace when Peter's ?sinner heaters
sung? disturbingly referred to reevaluate your beast of
burden's urgency. Damn doggy, good times, thanks. I
wrote your name in wet cement by the Brooklyn banks.

Chorus

?...Smack? for later. Made a fire, made a wheel, made
a snack for later. Catacomb kids cuddle up and test the
paper. When the town's speed freaks sleep, trap the
traitor. He will ask for papers. ?See I'm a nice invader?,
made a roof, made a weapon, made a flag from paper
by the snotty little nuzzle of a latchkey neighbor. When
the ?pope does shaggy? over some dap from gators,
he will catch the vapors.

Couple Playboy mudflaps and hell on his heels. Blew

the plea echoed in a pace with your shovelers meals,
like not a farmer among us had a harvest survive the
winter. So dinner is split a lima bean in triplets. Pick a
winner. We took a couple of summers puking pills
behind the dumpster, it was the largest Pez dispenser
on record recouped his numbers. One shoe in the
soupy gutter, one shoe in the velvet heaven. When the
mermaids haul em, shake em up the lake with a ?
melted weapon secret?. Dance ?Prudey? with the rule
of a nation, who will be patient, awaiting zookeeper
facelift extra. The days of your pain and similar uber
apeshit, we merely updated the ancient apage. Yeah,
dumber than a gal on a roof in a flood, who's not as
dumb as the watered down beef from the burgers that
jumped. I'm dumber than a Taz on a beach chair with a
Martini, who's not as dumb as a tat with the same
scenery. ?Walking female? pig stigmata for all good
sport. Garbage Pail Kids unite at the mall food court.
Chase cheese fries with binaca. They had shut the
school down early, there were bombs inside the
lockers. No concept of the problem, we responded like
a snow day, it was clobber shit to flotsam but the cops
said it was OK. OK so the squadron's back into their
boxes like it's breakfast club of hotheads show no
progress to the doctors.

And I walk into the office, cough an awful ether often,
flood a parking meter fever, knuckle up the love and
rockets. It was reign of the razor laser, day of the
cloudy howdy, flight of the shelter melter, you can bow
without me.

Chorus

Knock em out the box, Aes.

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