

## Aesop Rock

# "Food, Clothes, Medicine"

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[Sex noises]

(food clothes medicine)

Heh. So y'all know it's nearly a hundred and ten  
degrees in this fuckin' vulgar room domain.  
Got the motherfuckin face paint on, lets go.  
(food clothes medicine)

(food clothes medicine)  
(fuck me)

Two shoes chewed up, colluded with the fueds rogue  
veterans  
food clothes medicine  
Weilding out the smokestack factory trained to capture  
in the zoo's ghost predators  
food clothes medicine  
I think I'd funk a bunk colony to possibly amuse grown  
delegates  
food clothes medicine  
Peace, the whippersnapper generation greet 'em with a  
full-blown pistol pull  
food clothes medicinal variety  
for every plastic orange bottle  
for tarnished pharmacy labels chafed in abrasive  
pockets  
suit the hellhounds with blades and chainlinks  
for the dead walk a little less clumsy than you think  
hunger pains chump change  
tell it to how his belly get when booji hopes hellions  
food clothes medicine  
alumni bum i got the skin of my teeth between my  
fingertip and stellar  
lets bet it melts together  
let's get these men some shelter  
three hops on a cot with quaaludes on a pillowcase left  
on an ultimately cordial gesture  
by the staff it's a bathhouse for brave soldiers  
where they coordinate the fornicating whores in maid's  
clothing  
sip a hot mug of kick a chump up to the apple box

frankie says "relax", twenty says he snaps  
safe wager,  
hell ninety percent sensitive jubilee never return to  
brag about that fish bigger than you and me

Walk on glass, cruise closed residence  
bang on doors, food clothes medicine  
united we stand 'til all our parties click  
I divide and conquer 'cuz frankly I'd rather sit  
These are them rat races,  
machine a man sprocket of fat laces  
Hatchback and flashbacks from a heyday full of bad  
lasers  
now major ace route the following orders to all his  
crews, clones, generals  
food clothes medicine

walk on glass, bang on doors,  
talk all trash, hang on whores,  
hock all cash, bank on wars like  
(food clothes medicine)  
it's yours (x4)  
(food clothes medicine)

(\*moans\* fuck my pussy hard \*moans\*)

We rotate protocol on a ring finger neighbor to peruse  
gross negligence  
food clothes medicine  
martyrs leak faster if the carver tweaks the dagger  
ninety moves choke citizens  
food clothes medicine  
well yeah pull frickin's apple you've sapped this  
commitment's castle cool dope excellent  
food clothes medicine  
it's tough to legislate when scum tongue down a dinner  
plate of booze coke heroin  
...

I'll bite the hand that feeds chew the steak and spit the  
knuckles back  
stitch 'em up and give 'em dap before his brothers  
rubberneck  
Iron chef like a wainia christen kitchen stadium  
with chicken and mashed serotonin driftin' into  
gravydom  
Save me some, scallywags hold your breath  
Their curmudgeon's gun dusty like the road to death  
ya I could pinstripe my lizard kisser no killswitch  
just a guilty gizzard with a recommended pill slip  
I wipe placenta off my face in the height of the disco

era  
groove through liquid bubblegum, fevered death, and  
christmas sweaters  
groove through saccharin, fast food, study hall, and  
cliffnotes benders  
now holds a bachelors in training ninjas to tiptoe better  
These are them sham city kidney kicks to the loose  
bolts belly-ache  
tailored for clans who stand iffy on food clothes  
medicate  
Pollywog hog a spot lit with bigger lizards in a land of  
hot milk and honey with stingers in it  
Zinger  
Jimmy the gist up check a tip cup mothers watch your  
babies near the preachers keen on fist fucks  
keep your schnoz clean ears open choppers zipped up  
food clothes medicine 'cuz hungry naked sick sucks  
Collide your worker ants with autobahn inertia dance  
and curb them herped love bugs by the cursed final  
curtain clamp  
Another savior with his foot cold stuck in his mouth I  
play that who knows food clothes fuck it amount

walk on glass, bang on doors,  
talk all trash, hang on whores,  
hock all cash, bank on wars like  
(food clothes medicine)  
it's yours (x4)  
(food clothes medicine)

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