

# Aesop Rock

## "Numb"

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(News Reporter)  
atop the news this evening \*static\*  
this just in \*static\*

thanks, bob. (helicopter sounds, gunshots in background) due to extreme technology advancements, I'm able to report to you live here, from what military officials are calling a 'hot zone.' As you can see and hear, I'm right in the middle of the battlefield. Our pentagon regulations asked us that we are, uhh, to stay towards the, uhh, back of the unit. But let me see if I can bring us a little closer so you can see exactly what's going on....\*explosion\*

(Aesop Rock)(Verse 1)  
What'd I miss?  
900 cc's of the raw in one fist  
the bum's dumb blitzed  
order in the court where the mortars jump bricks  
everybody, lung on the table, this point/counterpoint  
Aesop has the murkiest, yet he numb out the prowler  
oint (uh)  
and after bubblegummy sink into the sofa  
clicker the pilot his broadcasted choice of cobra  
(hissssss)  
the venom remains the same game of stale toxins  
camo'd with the now ornamental satellite options  
whatever's good i got this grave half dug (true)  
With Yanni coverin 'Cats' to make the pain worse than it  
was (nooo)  
playin marbles (playin marbles) hit by a bus (hit by a  
bus)  
death is sweet (death is sweet) hell sucks (sucker)  
Damien probably wishin I'd donate a f--k  
this s--t's chiller than any conversation I've had in  
months  
the iron fang drew 'em all loopy (real loopy)  
so when he extended a hand the planets plutos(?) went  
snoopy  
and perfect syncopated burnt to crispy critters  
like synchronized swimmers in boric rivers  
mmmm, poor so critters

lick chopped chicken, who dares lick a shot at pigeons?  
why I oughta (Vast get em!)  
he surfs city circuits for the power and the glory  
to the cowards in the quarry, you will always blink  
before me  
its Doc Roc full effect, campfire stories  
like I threw ya mama from the train for tryin to front on  
'Porkies'  
He finds the garbage more inspiring than the good  
stuff (right)  
his ink sleeps while the military look tough  
look, im sorry, crooked priority list  
but mr. USA up all night's blackened heart already  
skips  
I'm 'bout to crash this bitch to hibernate  
tell Wolf Blitzer holler at his boy when he hosts Blind  
Date  
it goes spit on CNN and force the war back thru the  
cable box  
gremlins(?) are like stage props aimed at latest names  
dropped  
so now we ignorant, right? (right?)  
no (no) we just accepts the inevitable apocalyptic  
syllabus  
sing along, Zook-a-dize chemical poison, then watch  
him bring it on  
dag nabbit, that cat's bastard  
I dead opinions and swap it out for the urges  
of a serpent tryin to stuff it in the jam before the  
curtains

(Chorus)

He's numb to the guns (right) thanks to the tank cam  
glued to the box like the opposites'll shake hands (no)  
enough Hell for the world's hand baskets  
enough Cell's for the world's hand captured (come on)  
numb to the guns (riiiight) now he touch buttons that'll  
re-route imagery  
yes doggie, recognize the history  
yes doggie, recognize the misery (right)  
switch for element of surprise and demise

(Verse 2)

From m-16's to disco in hula-hoops  
murder the fads before the fads murder you and yours  
me and mine find T&A on TNT  
Pleasing to the iris more than TNT on DNA (oh)  
morbid but important (right?) I know, STOP  
Mork porked Mindy in this episode, WATCH  
P-O-W-B buzz over the rumbling cannons and lest  
amateurs, bystander analyst

went thru the 'holy f--kin' s--t, I'm gonna die' phase  
now it's 'well, I'm gonna die, lets get this barn's sides  
raised'  
so when they ask 'whats your opinion on the war?'  
I tell 'em 'war sucks donkey dick. what's the Knicks'  
score?'  
maybe it's his allergies to horns and pitchforks (umm,  
umm)  
dusk muskrat (uhmm) elephant tusk jab (uhmm)  
elegant bloodbath leggin it, egg 'em on  
television preg-a-nant and medicine is born  
Get a mean doubt community duel glazed over blank,  
white sockets  
lookin for a heavy seven richter to shiver the crocs right  
up out they options  
novacaine, bloodwork spooned thru the loch ness  
hostage, no shame, suck the fear out his muck  
so when the nozzles hit his nostrils  
he don't give a f--k  
after all, its just like on t.v. around the clock  
the thorns are real the anger management is not

(Chorus)

He's numb to the guns (right) thanks to the tank cam  
glued to the box like the opposites'll shake hands (put  
'em up!)  
enough Hell for the world's hand baskets  
enough cells for the world's hand captured (come on)  
numb to the guns (riiiight) now he touch buttons that'll  
re-route imagery  
yes doggie, recognize the history  
yes doggie, recognize the misery  
switch for element of surprise and demise (come on)

It's like that....yea we don't watch, uhh, we don't watch  
the war, we watch f--kin...f--kin bikini car wash...s--t's  
more amusing to me these days...sorry if that makes  
me an ASSH--E

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