

Aesop Rock "Numb (To The Guns)"

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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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