

## **Aesop Rock**

### **"One Of Four"**

Visit "[One Of Four](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

1 of 4...

My name is Ian Mathias Bavitz

I was born in 1-9-7-6, at Biosfet hospital, located in  
Long Island, NY

I am 6 foot, for I weigh 2-0-0 pounds

I have brown hair and green eyes

I enjoy writing songs, painting, movies and diner food

I have two brothers, Chris and Graham

and two parents, Paul and Jameija

In august of 2-0-0-1 I went crazy..

This was originally not for public consumption

This was made for four people... four people that  
literally saved my life

They know who they are..

And ahhh I mean I could live to be a thousand years old  
and never re-pay them

I don't think this song would pay for them

But hopefully by putting it out, push the bank a little  
further..

This ain't a burner for the whips (no it isn't)

This ain't even Aesop Rock fly earthworm demeanor  
(no it isn't)

My name is Ian Mathias Bavitz and I was born in Long  
Island, New York

Seventy Six, before Graham and after Chris... OK

In August of 2001 my seemingly splinter-proof brain  
bone, scaffling imploded

I kept it on the hush, but nearly tumbling

to the cold hard concrete on near bodega trips

for ciggarettes and soda, shook me to kasper

Dizzy with a nothern chaser, motor sensory eraser

Gorophobe tunnel vision, guilt, self loathing  
arrangements

Rose rapidly outta bog I'd never fished in

that abates three separate foreign men's

While I seems to hook lines and syncro simple fishing

Simple primitive self taught, easing of soul, mind and  
body

but the symptoms rejected my cave-man modus  
operandi

So now it's one fish belly up, through medicated mol  
edge  
Shrinks that get 250 an hour for awkward silence  
And, I'd be lying if I said all of this  
made even the slightest fragment of sense to me  
That's frail... Simply put  
I don't know what happened, or what's still happening  
I literally feel like I'm teetering on the blunt edge of my  
sanity  
JAMIE, I killed the robots and I'm sorry  
Broke down in front of you, embarrassed  
but you lent a heart and hand that only you could  
you're one of my best friends and yes I'd take that  
bullet for you  
That's my word, which is about all I have left  
TONY, I know you know i'm crazy, 'cause you told me  
but that did never bother you, I hold you as my brother  
'til death  
And I got your back if ever the drunk goblin step  
for makin' a cat laugh, when I was walking with the  
dead  
KATHERINE, mother figure, older sister, concerned be  
a limits  
Letting me know I wasn't the only one with this  
Continuous offers for vacation, Chicago visits  
Talked me through repair of a head full of broken  
pistons  
RIYAH, for the late night movie rentals and the  
company I needed  
An' you knew it, but I just wouldn't admit it  
You listened to me blab about my issues for hours  
Offer incredible advice, gave me a hug when I was  
finished  
Am I a jack of all trades? No... I like to write songs tho'  
Are they good? I dunno..  
But I could tell you that I only write shit down when I  
believe it  
So take this how you want, but know I mean it  
I want you all to know that I'm scared  
Now my fuckin' crooked soul never faced a monster  
like the last few months  
Ever in my whole life... I wish I could explain this better  
(I can't)  
But the pieces won't formulate it to anything even close  
to cohesive  
So I guess this is my feeble way to thank you  
Four soldiers that extended something sacred off the  
purity of kindness  
I owe you all my life and please don't argue with that  
statement  
'Cause without y'all I may not have a life to offer, take it

Thank you  
I wish I could explain this better. (Thank you)  
I'm sorry for burdening your pleasures. (Thank you)  
I love you all with all that's left of me. (Thank you)  
For helping try to kill what made a mess of me. (Thank you)  
Somehow, someway. (Thank you)  
I'ma get you back someday. (Thank you)  
Just gotta figure this all out... So..

I guess it is kind of funny when you look at it from a  
step back  
How one man can literally buckle under the same  
pressures  
Other men operate normally under  
I have scoped this out from all angles, walking through  
time  
I have been over everything in my head, 'till I can't think  
anymore  
But I guess some times, when you can't breathe, there  
are people there  
to breathe for you  
I am lucky enough to have those people around me  
Thank you for helping me to not die  
Thank you for helping me to not die

Pocket full of pennies, and a soul gone tilt  
Cockpit full of memories and a dream full of guilt

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