

## Aesop Rock

### "Pigs"

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Sharks in the dunk tank, vipers in the garden  
locusts stole the groceries out the local farmers market  
All God's critters hold positions  
some are violent, some are victims  
each alive is an equal and vital piston I support -  
so when the piranhas honor New York  
my daddy long legs dangled and mangled for sport  
and while I bring in every dink in the kingdom with open  
wings  
it all boils down to them shit soaked pigs.

The pigs, the pigs, the dregs of which I'll aim for -  
the gluttonous muddy stomachs under the pudgy  
cakehole  
two-track braniac usin' the food and payroll  
to chew up and consume every cookie crumb and peso  
and place a cloven hoof on the lucrative when  
convenient  
as the bourbon odor smokers' cough smolder off the  
C.O.E.B.A.  
If Noah had the benefit of hindsight on his ship  
he coulda snatched two unicorns and left behind the  
motherfuckin' pigs

Goddamn pigs!  
Pot belly pigs!  
Punch drunk pigs!  
Take money money pigs!  
Loud mouth pigs!  
Wide load pigs!  
Let's make a deal...

When all the wolves in wooly wigs have huffed and  
puffed and blew the bricks  
the skulls of Brooklyn's cruelest pigs will rain up  
Fulton's newest kicks  
as mulish swine of all surrounding counties sniff the  
gruesomeness  
we'll pass around the pineapples and pull the pins in  
unison.  
I will gladly feed you to the breed who wants you

sacrificed

No pagan or sacrilege - just bacon for scavengers.

I will gladly seat you with the chickens not the  
passengers

Hopefully the crack in his armor spreads to his avarice.

Never that - Wilburs multiply quicker than triples  
And hunted truffles in fistfuls but it was all bells and  
whistles.

Bougie this and bougie that - war pig or pussy cat  
Glitzy to the porks ribs had to gold leaf the booby traps.  
Powder pink, double-breasted mess of mud and money  
Waddle to the fire to make his stubborn tummy roogle  
I'm all "I don't really know the working details of your  
tribes

I know that that's one ugly fuckin tie,  
asshole" pigs

Goddamn pigs!

Pot belly pigs!

Punch drunk pigs!

Take money money pigs!

Loud mouth pigs!

Wide load pigs!

Let's make a deal...

Apple in his mouth, maraschino eyes

Party like the butcher boy's cleaver is alive

I mosey into sixteen hours of smoke in the misty winter  
to see the county fair's blue ribbon winner is dinner  
then dance until the sun has kissed your blisters in the  
morning

as the misery was dormant indignant in crispy portions

Corporates fund alarm and they whore 'em

Or does he whore to corporates to expand the more  
important forums for 'em?

Push the mortar pestle past the ordinary orchard  
when the frilly borders faded is the product mine or  
yours, pig?

Mine, plus I toss a token where I go -

directly to the worms who shovel shit and yellow snow.

This little piggy went to the market with a target  
and will subsequently know the armor piercing forks of  
farmers.

Final words for the finer birds taking notes:

I dig a chick in pigtails "that's all, folks!"

Goddamn pigs!

Pot belly pigs!

Punch drunk pigs!

Take money money pigs!  
Loud mouth pigs!  
Wide load pigs!  
Let's make a deal...

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