

## Aesop Rock "Sinister"

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[Sample from "Snatch"]

"Do you know what 'nemesis' means?

A righteous infliction of retribution

Manifested by an appropriate agent....

Personified in this case by me"

[Aesop Rock]

We're all in the same gang, bread and butter

Just a couple subdivisions who naturally hate each other

Influence is shark biting the fuck outta your brother

Friendship is Professor Plum ratting on Colonel Mustard

You are now witnessing the world's most crass version

Of a barnstormer, reveal time with a jagged edge

Arm mortars and field mines for a bastard pledge

On the style diamond cutter

Swung before that magnificent havok sketch

You fidget like a nervous culprit gulpin'

Sweat a bullet, dead a bullshit sequence reactor

Speaking disaster

Who leaps off the canvas to provoke a side winder

Snake in the grass with a dirty belly and his work to sell me

I got my word to tell you

I got absurd magic

But it works like pistons pumping through the realm my family habits

(Without a Rabbit Hat combination)

Nah, more like I'm spitting pixy dust

Till the mix taper community combusts

[Yeshua Da Poed]

I hold words for ransom

Demand some attention paid

Not to mention praise for their release on a page

It might evade the light of day

I never said I gave them all the fight to be brave

Or insight to behave

More like them others

Whose ads have been paid for by some brothers

While some of us lie in the eyes of others

I discovered another way to stay undercover

Kill everyone involved  
Unsolved mystery  
this to me is how to leave matters resolved  
Out of this all, you should take a break, ask the fake  
Get snatched out your habitat and left on the side of a  
lake  
I try to debate  
Whether a clean getaway is harder to make  
Than a call to the cleaners  
Dropped off a seamless bag  
Zipped up with enough cash to pay the cat  
With the awkward demeanor

[Vast Aire]  
God is a name I call myself  
I don't like Ugly, Original, Synthetic  
I breathe rusty air logic  
It becomes the lung, the mind is a closet  
That is if it's a walk-in, 'cause I'm open  
You fell from the cliffs of weakness, I scoped it  
I'll ball your rhyme up and stuff it inside my mouth  
As if this was the first grade (C'mon man)  
And you'll just stand there  
Your eyes'll water up  
And your teeth'll grind 'cause you rhyme first grade  
See in this life timetime I'm a caged poet  
But I think life is more than a jail sentence  
That's why I took my time  
Doing calisthenics which euphemisms to hand out a life  
sentence  
When I rhyme I put my ass crack in it (in it)  
And you in a glass bottom boat with a crack in it (in it)  
So fuck your attitude  
My poetry's position is the sole definition of latitude

Sinister. (repeated)

"You tell the angels in heaven you've never seen  
An evil so singularly personified as you being hit  
In the face by the man who killed you"

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