

Aesop Rock

"Take Me To The Basement"

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Take me to the basement
let me count the holes in your foundation
ancient ridicule system alert, kissing my lurk
the perch of rare grimace on iron mask
i remember science class
if chemistry could silence the lions laugh I'd be fine
(i fail tah) molindone up
adrenaline trades the leaves that walk the plank
before the crimson struck a match this season
meridian carpal will jolt your logic
when the burn earned its self normalcy for 20 plus
run a muck or sink, swims not an option
she applied the lipstick slow
slow enough for me to bask in
fast enough for me to wish it lasted
past my alarms cackling
the front line of its mystique's geek
doubled my proposals, bargains
for the ogers who prefer the roller coasters
(i prefer the roller coasters)
well that'll sip the blood of merry men
that'll grace holiday carols when the merry ends
barrel past the auto craft, exhale into final raft
and pirate your local rain puddle torturous
try to shake pilot fish off your dorsal fin
lets dive through the archives, syntax on frantic ?
stamp it with a notable brand to reek the profit
see i don't know hell but I've read about it often
sounds like a dope concept gone wrong
(note to caution)
Take Me to the basement
lets zoom into that war paint sensation
Take Me to the basement
lets dis-sable the cause rotation
sayin, if you choose to build or you'll die by the tools
you build with
so make some noise for all your predecessors reppin
dirty grill-age
Take Me to the basement
lets deny the nervous rooms of pacin
Take Me to the basement
lets review the hearts ramifications

sayin, if you choose to build or you'll die by the tools
you build with
so make some noise for all your predecessors reppin
sturdy grill-age

Take me to the basement
lets remove the costume you escaped in
hold up your legacies,I'll tell you which ones my
favorite
hold up your elacerative innocence
I'll teach you about the perks of patience in seminar
format
I've worn that hat for seven years
that's why its discolored,ragged and shitty
i ain't about to toss when its been through all these
dream wars with me
ima undercover profit,thrift shop god
i rather starve then sit inside this gridlock till it parts
this tailor made rutiny ain't suitin me
it's tied around my neck like 13 loops rafter an apple
box
heartless harvest of mine,I'm tired of pissin
benediction
maybe it ain't healthy,but sometimes i rather burn then
let you help me
it's getting brisk, brisk as fuck
my skin ain't thick enough ,these icicles ain't civil
how many freezer burn victims can one society on tilt
manufacture
prior to hire,being intervening just to release last
laughter
and every tree trunks made of third rails with
tourniquet branches
and i learned to walk with an anchor in my back pocket
and man i read palms during even the most brief
handshakes
and man i ain't alive to pull the weeds around the
spotlit
well I'm wallowin, followin my little lost princess to the
promise land
hollerin my potent slogan,hell if Nostradamus can
conquering these open roads with throttle pin to floor
cause Ima win right after i finish these chores

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