

## Aesop Rock "ZZZ Top"

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Somebody in a cultivated moment of distress  
Composed himself to artfully carve Zoso in his desk  
They was probably thinking fuck you fuck you fuck you  
in they head  
With a hell bound arm and a acidy wash  
Homemade curfew a thousand o'clock  
And a pot leaf tattoo his friend did drunk  
Like a badge of mystique that technically sucked  
Taking the name of the father in vain  
On the way to the blade in his locker, it's strange  
A switch he lifted from a sibilings Skippy jar  
Who branched off into ninja stars  
And never knew his shit was sharp  
To here with a higher purpose  
And a prime alert to juvenile beserkers  
Like kush Van Morrison an Arcade Drop Floor  
Down to the valley time for miss Ahkmar, watch  
Capital Z(ed), slowly maneuver the O  
S is the most difficult to control  
Finally O  
Into the eye of Goliath you goes  
That levee crushing percussion  
Will pull the monkey up right  
Twelve or ghetto blaster  
Blacken her technicolor telecaster  
Lecture at a faster rate  
The class was making them develop backwards  
It would appear you spelled out all the answers

Somebody in a cultivated moment of distrust,  
composed themselves enough to magic-marker  
"Zulu" on these chucks,  
they was tryin to do the buckle font from "renegades  
of funk",  
in a 3d frame of exploding brick, and whiz-lines for the  
locally motion sick,  
beyond gross but evoked a host of "ooh dip"  
where a social neurosis owned the whole strip, heart of  
a cat with a lark in his mouth in the marrow of waiting  
his guardians out, flashlight, chisel tips, milked venom,  
pistol grip, images relocated from milled vellum to  
scissor kick, silent agreement at hand, king of the hill

for a queen of the damned, she in the doorway  
seething began "that clean white pair had a 3-year  
plan", oops, capital "ezed", radical "eu"  
in the cut, truly to beautiful "oser it up, and he  
done, collateral damage a future alum, that key to  
Shambala, planet rocking, Bambaatta, sample chop,  
churning out a cancer for the vandal squad, analog,  
and he finds, animated colors on a page, like  
synthesized cultures on a stage

Somebody in a cultivated moment of resolve,  
composed themselves enough to publicize "the  
Zeros" in this stall,  
they was scoping every dog and pony previously  
scrawled,  
with a festering hate for the gum drop edge, "disco  
sucks" tee,  
punk's not dead, but a transient teen unsung  
godsend, via 3 bar chords and a mugshot grin,  
cheese, sign of a runaway tone in the face of authority  
thumbing nose, cutting it's teeth,  
pretzled up in special order vinyl,  
and birds that dip their belts in little metal porcupine  
quills,  
2 dutch at a show in the front,  
low-key to the can for a smoke and a fuck, Trixie,  
fixing her lipstick up, when his mitts got bit by the  
mischief bug,  
snatch!, capital "ezed", terrible "e" in  
vermillion red,  
gimme an "0" and a slippery "es", over a  
web of the shittiest bands,  
that beat your heart out, never bleeped your favorite  
parts out from a learned curve, of bird fingers bursting  
out of germs burns, urgently,  
offered through the circuits of an earlier plot, "ll  
see you at the  
When they ask how you, feeling you, tell em you,  
feeling like, something important died screaming, you,  
tell em you, feeling like, something even more  
important arrived breathing,  
something you should probably try feeding,  
When they as how you, living you, tell em you, living  
like,  
something important died hissing, you, tell em you,  
living like, something even more important arrived  
giving,  
something you should probably try willing

