

# Lazy Eye

Aesop Rock

(Super fresh)

My spirit animal comes with a pretzel bun  
Troll of the treadmill  
Record on the Kessel Run (allegedly)  
Edgy from elevensies to megabucks  
Techies with the treble down  
This is how we level up  
Dead meat, time travel, pressure, and disease  
Ass ushered out of two fingers pecking at the keys  
The coping mechanism in his LMNOPs  
Went from healthy to unhealthy to a hell he never leaves  
Cineplex Jesus, curse at the curly fries  
Mullin' over Chuck D, telling me, "Diversify"  
I'm at the SuperCuts supin' up the wardrobe  
Forecast looking like Ganesh on four phones  
"Hello, hello, hello, hello"  
Base camp, space camp  
Bass in your face-f\*\*k, brace for the rain dance  
Back in the back of the classroom  
After a magical nap in a vacuum

Act natural, whatever that means for ya  
Whatever that means for ya  
Whatever that  
Ah (Fresh)

Before climbing douchebag mountain, I was skate or die  
Started eatin' kale and came to terms with my lazy eye  
Puttin' on the yoga lady, cuttin' off the cable guy  
Whistle while you're waiting for your condition to stabilize  
AV cables everywhere, every piece of vinyl scratched  
Mentholated tiger balm, Aleve with the arthritis cap  
Irons in the niacin, iron choir riot masked  
Unabashed privacy expanding into simulcast  
40 winks, never the same adventure  
Refreshing with a sing-a-long of stexicism ever  
In the end, gotta wonder if it's even worth the effort  
No stairways into heaven, you can step into the Escher  
Some people have mistaken my allegiance for a weakness  
It f\*\*ked me up for eons, I wish there was a theist  
The type that fake his death then forget he faked his death  
Show up on TV, in the crowd at the AVNs, like...

Act natural, whatever that means for ya  
Whatever that  
(Fresh)

Sometimes I feel my heart putrefying inside my body  
From diary of the dark to piety in the ponzi  
On my better days and then mingle and walk off into the poppy  
On my worst, work is overshadowed by the monty  
Had to buy some clothes that fit me  
And pretend I like agave  
With a promise to his congress not to compromise the motley in him  
Maybe I should kinda sorta move to Mars  
I'm feeling kinda done, too many moving parts

The piss poor vision is forty percent floaters  
The kitchen is a chorus of glorious leftovers  
The friends you confessed all the dark shit to  
Would weaponize the information before we could send roses  
And they want a little pearl in how he got to where we at  
I can't remember where I am, I feel it's probably a trap  
Balk with the lawless, cough in his notes  
Walk on even when the walls hug his coat

Oh and act natural, whatever that means for ya  
Whatever that means for ya  
Whatever that means for ya  
(Fresh)