

# Antisocial

Aesop Rock

It's like antisocial  
hazardous portion organically nourished couraged to flourish and muse  
s often  
Lunged nicotine dream missing languorous  
Caution we proclaim until brain's off like Sagittarius  
Shield. Yield to the eye mescaline killer veals  
Stonegates marching moodily until plural styles immaculated beautiful  
ly.  
Rudely awoke.  
Sing rumble blue conglomerates sucking up lung while brushing parasitic critics to my left side.  
I test glide kamikaze crashed to thoughtless on my preface.  
The therapeutic unit recommended.  
Now slow-mo Quasimotos teeter on ringleader status while I spit satellite photos while teetering on the stratus.  
Sleepwalking the atlas after none. Trudge and nudge my ninety-nine octane brain to one-oh-one.  
Run to organize my mood like quarterize my wound and climb up.  
Lovely samaritans line up like bar codes for a fraction of my factions.  
The hollow of his hand beholds contraptions via  
Amplified files collapsed in cacophonic conquest. My specs up.  
More postille and docile insubordinance your phylum.  
Chordata asylum swarmed your coordinates. Rush.  
Must not sleep, must warn others.  
I'll tourniquet your turbulence then trample on your stutters.  
If I could displace every vagrant in America with traces of my character the Earth would be a more pitiful habitat.  
With infinite acres of auto-cry eight can aid ya. Swung open the nome nclature to obscure wool-lock trickery. Pure  
Has not got tossed back by liquors supporting patience, working knuckles for audio duplication.  
That's like fiending for a purpose.

Aesop Rock, prototype Robocop  
Jabberwocky rocking on the highest hilltop.  
I possess two siamese styles that's like connected at the mic hollering monstrous.  
Poly-tech impeded indidgy progress, deaf,  
Swept off your meridian. It's operation Start With a Slummy Raped You r Milk and Honey.  
Can I like, conjure up like all potent components of like,  
Middle siblings scribbling on his lonesome like,  
Hit him with my ninety-nine metal plated mics upon the wall, take them down, pass them round, rock them all. Bust it.  
I'm forever building my City of Lost Children ripping rungs off your ladder at a  
Sardonic smirk. Ebonics lurking where the crop circles got stamped out from the rain dance.  
Tsunami rain blast tipped off like origami frames and sloppy braincasted class-a-piece mastered to capture your flag then flutter.  
While slaves defy water, start roofing paper bags.

The magic-maker dragging devils to add triple sixes melted triple gitches on your console.

I calibrate my mics prior to claim and shit is rockable.

Unlock and pull a backdoor for the bounce.

While cannily panicking was the average. I broadcast modern boredom mesozoic poetry pupils.

Caught up in scruples from the inimical nature of my program.

Elegant, the overcast password cursed on a tactless bastard, catatonic until personal practice mastered.

[looped sample]