

# Bracket Basher

Aesop Rock

Hey, yo, must not sleep  
I bash the bracket open and breach  
The priority's bleached since that '76 umbilical severed  
Majorities cordially abhor the pinnacle vendors  
I got West Nile virus on my TV in the Bronx  
I got two hollow pockets and a sleepy hollow mosh pit  
Tryin to blow the spot with wet matches and bottle rockets  
While cop walkie talkies squawk outside my apartment obnoxious  
Tonight's special consists of stale fiber from shitty diner  
Look mom! I learned to tie my shoes! (Hey, can I borrow twenty bucks?)  
Peel back the prickly cocoon to Poloroid turbulent land unit birth  
Student first pedagogue only from brazen action  
Wind blown mariner east river shark parry lunge carry funk endzone caliber  
Watch war face painted jukies dance blissfully around a bonfire and sacrific  
e live sanity  
Pay a nickel for nose-bleed seats in a peanut gallery  
Gallop with a pegasus  
Malice with no benefits  
Balance with some sense of bliss and the foulest degenerates  
My New Year's revolution's gon' be to stop burning bridges  
I'm just 'gon bend 'em toward the couple cats that's worth the visits  
And um, it's like that, and that's the way Aes thinks, and um  
Plans are like clipper ships, if they got holes they sink  
And if the skipper slips the crew shits bricks, wither, and hit the brink  
That's why I take the poison's bitter sips and smile big when I drink  
You never knew mayhem walked with Nikes, talked like a trucker, hawked the f  
ilibuster, Gerber baby lucid Colonel Mustards  
No time to hold my breath (Nope!), I'm only here to rap, eat, sleep, grow ol  
d, and smoke  
Stoges through the hole in my neck  
New millenium, mad cows and Pentium, process the hostage, lock him in the pe  
tting bin  
Show him pictures of his wife and kids, then wash the brain  
Probably the same motherfuckers that buffed the trains

x2  
Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay, okay  
Must not sleep  
Must bash the bracket  
Pay the rent, pay the debt  
Must slash the fabric  
Catch the jackrabbit  
Pay the rent, pay the debt  
Sleep...

Roll into the city with one half of the cannibals (whose that?)  
New joint bumpin out the whip speakers  
Made the escape for a night of making tapes now it's back to the cockroaches  
and preachers  
Somewhere a prom queen's giving birth in a bathroom stall  
Hauling a prime directive not to get blood on her mother's ballgown  
I'm son of a stubborn old one-track jackal  
Brisk, truckin' with prime directive just to get the goods and never fall do  
wn (Raw bomber!)  
Ate the city, spit the bricks  
Ate the boxcar, spit the burners  
Ate the planet, spit the murder

Funny farm brain patient writing rap for milk money, built ugly  
With a couple side effects to make'em love me  
My cipher demeanor left Jesus rubbin genie bottles  
Til the following morning Colombo found a crown of thorns in urine puddles  
You're in trouble!  
I'm not trying to save the world, I'd rather watch it die slow  
So I could spit my grand I-told-you-so  
Are we having fun yet?  
Yup, step to the carnies  
Try to win a teddy bear to impress your favorite Barbie  
She almost sucked you off at the company Christmas party  
But she won't accept the bear 'til Aesop signs it with a sharpie  
My ex-girl bounced without payin' the cable bill  
I checked myself in television rehab  
Withdrawal symptoms may include shivering, fevers, drooling and chronic masturbatation  
Now I pray to the gods of pornography and Playstation (No!)  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the lord my soul to keep  
And if I should die before I wake  
Give my ASR to El and bury me with my mistakes

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...Bonus round

This is the hot tin roof stepper  
Hold it down with centipede foundation  
Mr. Greed who burns rugged obstruction in bunches  
Like little Jackie paper puffs the magic dragon in dutches  
We don't need another hero homie, gallop off on your my little one trick pony holly hobby Polly Pocket pretty fuscia destiny  
If the slipper fits fire up Cinderella propeller and curtsy for the munchkins right before  
Aesop Rock smashed the pumpkin  
Yeah, yeah, iron on gusto rustolium bloodstream what's better?  
When the wrist slit it leaks out only the bloodiest bubble letters  
Complete with outlines, fill-ins, dates, shading and shout out columns  
For vagrant colonies to follow when redeeming bottles  
You're a little tea pot trying to eavesdrop on the mammoth route  
Peaking out from the rosebush like (Uh-huh)  
"Here is my handle (Ohh), here is my spout" (Ahh)  
Godzilla jukie used to be in love, now out for gigapussy  
Sorry to offend but sometimes life bends in the middle (Sorry!)  
So now you have a fulcrum where there used to be a pillar (Right)  
And now I got a pulse that bumps less than a cocaine binger  
And now I got no nine to five and still labor days flicker  
(This kid is ill)and now I got a nine millimeter Q-tip with an itchy trigger finger  
See, I really don't feel your persona distortion  
Ordered by martyrs who martyr self for martyr's sake  
Wow fame. If notoriety grew adjacent to jealous dick-riding sentiments  
I'd give you a pound like, "Greetings Mr. President"