

Coward of the Year

Aesop Rock

Does it feel, you're the coward of the year?

I'm so laborious, bright,
It's a wreck in dire vocabulary,
Adversaries will commence to ignite like magnesium oxide, canned argon peroxide,
I'm hazardous, more poisonous than carbon monoxide,
Earning stacks gold sterling plaques from burning tracks,
Your learning that if you're unconcerned with rap no turning back now,
Man I'll bomb you please from up in the trees
I'll freeze the season with a tighter squeeze than Aaron Cometbus

Hey yo, One heart plated with purely golden tiles,
Mixed with a little mischief behold style,
Load a back alley shiner liquid
Tomb raider with a most fertile assortment of spitting logic,
'Til lab rats gone colossus in the spotlight,
Now Aesop Rock be the handle while your breath control is tough, to breathe a long is not enough,
I correspond to a kick snare blind,
but share the passion with but a small percentage of the masses and their fashion

You got a feeling that you got me where you want me
I've wait within the palm of your hand
And you've got cartoons in the morning while I'm sleeping
I've just got dreams that I don't understand

Supply the checks, Known from Cali, Chi to Lex
My respect and styles some try to get, but die direct from the side affects,

You crave Perc cause I'm well equip with predicate
your too delicate for this fella flip kid you better get saved first,
called freaks give me no floor feet all sweet small peeks
cause my stocks exchange they bore street still the slick
kicking the illest hits who kill us quick when I build this?
Spit more rounds than Bruce Willis flicks
Ideas and flow raise eyelids that's why kids make hybrid rhymes
supplied with step this God did years ago to grasp a taste
have to place them in a glass case and observe 'em from a Nasa space center
with a mask on face
Coward of the year make others fear the way this brother is empowered
I am the bomb, don't try tampering with my brand of style could by stand,
the only witness is God's (this guy's) camera taping me

I'm here, Does it feel, You're the coward of the year?
I'm gone too far somebody pull me home, too gone, too far, too gone, too far

Sadly I withered a non-believer,
When pride covered this must lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth
form the frame of your demeanor?
I address but a rapidly lessening portion of majors
dissolved in the abortion of creations new laborers,
Pilot burner riddle of trades, divinity, composers
and tunnel through and out of spite the anti hero dosage,
In a cradle I label the dreaded simulation we compile,
Tenants embeded within synthetic inclination

We have never dined on bait so when corrupt crooks
hook simple Samaritans' eyes buried in books,
shift on a badda datta sun moon merger to guard the difference,
The New York MC population dancing uncontrollable expansion,
I, cyclothymic pound dodger,
push a wooden nickel towards town squatter bother me not,
My wallow across the village drunk and mumbling in the streets,
'bout how an angel gets its wings with every blue note I release,
An angel gets its wings with every blue note I release?
Could this be lies? Cause I'm gonna spit cobalt 'til every angel flys,
I blew the operation set to clinch victor,
Walkie talkers turn awkward fixtures to complete the wicked mixture,
the fire and ice combination adjourns fresh,
I return with the last living specimen caressed,
When the earth is vacated and the populous cleared,
I'll be the last star fighter sipping a goblet of my tears