

# Dokken Rules

Aesop Rock

I spell 666 star 6 9 click  
Give his telephone viking funeral, bye bitch  
Treble hook, two birds, cheap thrills, free meal  
Vacate jelly stone park witcha brie wheel

Half his life was likely to be Nikes on the L-train  
Gnawin' on his dog toy, pocket full of deer blood  
The only thing that's stoppin' him was Dokken in his  
ear buds

Up around noon  
Found everything he loved crushed down to a cube  
The New Kowloon chowline, two leads routing  
medicine and gruel  
One is hemorrhaging money, the other jettisoning fuel  
Identical water separated pools  
It was clever  
But it wasn't ever neighborhood degenerate approved  
In swooped jukebox Fonzi, probably  
Bolts on his neck one tubesock wonky

16 panel head mutton chop and ambulax  
Double pits to chesty got the espy on a camels back  
Handle that huffy wit' a timely parry  
And get all up in your kitchen, money, Guy Fieri

There is a wildly elusive moment of bliss  
In the spaces between being told you are shit  
I would openly suggest identifying the closest  
And collectively agreeing to meet if the sky opens

Ma'am?  
Id like to speak to a supervisor

Back alley brawl over party guests who want a  
Steak tartare but we're hardly pet food  
Charlie check booth, brody's right  
Youre gonna need a bigger boat and a holy dive

Aggravated people driving lemons over limits  
With a neck bop stemming and a cartoon physics  
Smart move taught never broadcast holes in his armor  
End up another poached foriegner

Handcuffed down to a toothless tease  
Who got an X-marked mouth and a hooch machine  
With eyes that tell the story of the woods that fetter  
And a chest that sells the ending when it's pushed  
together

Been through the desert on a horse that nameless  
Now I'm driving through the city in the Porsche naked  
Shores invaded by the new marines  
That tear the roof off this mother like Beauford T

Untrained pet with a pen name  
Chest pain, bet he outlive his own endgame, anyway

Step around the rhythm of the red rain  
Get away, car horn, stand by, tenth frame

Spare me the dramatics to ratchets, smile purdy  
(pretty)  
Flashlight strapped to the calf of a wild turkey  
Package of mild jerky, captain to aisle 30  
Theres a man with a mask an an app that can dial Fergie

Sir?  
I'd like to speak to a supervisor