

Fizz

Aesop Rock

Through the valley with a howl and a hiss, every step is like a
house on a witch, any Judas into sappin' how I'm zappin' get t
he trowel and brick, I'm all thought-crime, cowlick and fizz, y
ou could pull up to whatever close encounter you want, catch hi
m with a dozen flowers or an owl and wand, pick a path, firebra
nd, miss him with the hooey, beleaguer a baddie and add em to r
atatouille, ooey, I still chief L's on a rooftop, you still nee
d help with your juice box, I'm trouble, you troubleshoot a lot
, cue his blue blockers maneuvering through the future shock, w
here fam from a different phase of the crawl, get to step up an
d fail to communicate through a wall, maybe it's less about esc
ape and more a favor to y'all, after waking up with geometry en
graved in his palm, either way

We are not the same, heaven is a lie, I think you a lame, lemme
get a fry
We are in the weeds, begging for a sign, I think you a leech, l
emme get a fry

I avoid sunlight, Chuckie, and buckets without fuzzy dice, mone
y pits, and sucker shit, and run-ins with the blood of christ,
unabashed do-nothings who do nothing but multiply, and multiply
, or any hooded reaper out to thumb-a-ride, desert cottontail h
anging from his talons, I been hanging with my demons, future h
anging in the balance, plan a caper on a napkin, trading slang
into the evening, drive a tank around Manhattan, what a world,
what a world, broken, bloody, undeterred, local weather rumblin
g on some mother earth with stomach worms, current mood bluer t
han a gummy shark, I should probably learn to move around the c
olor bar, I should probably wear some jewelry made of human bon
e, It adds a visual component to my "you should go", thought bu
bble generally jam-
packed, with dollar sign, exclamation point, ampersand, hash

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Miffed, stabbed and flat dissed, add a little music and the dag
ger do the twist, I'm a hazard to the mission, drop a dish in y
our room tone, gaffle a bag of taffy, catch a tag on a tombston
e, ey, get accustomed to the irritated easily, I can not be tru
sted if motherfuckers is Tweedle Dee, further, everything is ei
ther beeping or foreseen to be, mobile ringing, I can feel my l
ife force leaving me, flesh a temple of doom, the whole rest go
XO, red balloon, bent spoons from the second I could shed the
cocoon, to my controversial first fake step on the moon, at a m

ile off, home in on a protein for the goulash, staring razors a
t 'em, shred a actor into udon, strangers like "gimme 2 of, dud
e what are you on?", a single dose of Woo-hah in the Yukon