

# Forward Compatibility Engine

Aesop Rock

Roof dogs only  
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Holy mountain surf club  
Goalie pads, bunker suit, work gloves, surf's up  
Be the first to shaka with the scourge of god, circa now  
Waving at the mountain goats and "shoulda hired a sherpa" crowd  
It's perfect, brick and mortar curling into character  
That canopy, that cannonballing barreled in the aperture  
Stupefied face of a driver in the moment he realizes  
He is ultimately just another passenger  
Who is driving who, and who's at one with the upheaval?  
Plus, who is gonna free you from the stomach of what eat you?  
You might just be that telephone that make the hunter's belly glow  
Or better, get ya pinged and guess the ringer though some jelly rolls  
Cut the tracker out his neck at a Hess  
I had to go in for napkins, nobody so much as flinch  
It's like they know what this is  
Another floater out to own the night  
Who maybe know the road  
But doesn't know he doesn't own the rights

I put a flag on a island  
Turned out to be the back of giant  
When it woke one day in the spring  
I said "Jane, stop this crazy thing"  
Jane stop this crazy thing  
Jane stop this crazy thing  
Jane stop this crazy thing

Yeah, at devil's curve he passed an ailing dog  
That bit into his shaping like the paving at the wailing wall  
And trailing off of the panko he had Banjo'd for the village clout  
Had only brought him closer to the brokers at the witch's house  
Smoking jacket fit him even though it was a size below  
Bloated liver ribboning the crimson of his sinus holes  
Anchors on his forearm told the story of this belly up  
But hadn't quite been finalized or giantized by anyone  
Heavy hums, hissing lawns the jazz that all his neighbors hate

From when he rode the last bus and made cap guns out of paper plates  
Last month he was headed east, at least that's what he had in mind  
The baggage was too heavy so instead he headed back in time  
Madeleines don't eat themselves but best believe the people will  
When comfy in the cozy of getting groceries or the diesel bill  
Seasons still going to change I guess a rake is still a rake  
I guess it is what it is until the breaks become a break

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Back-road workers, in the rye applying pressure  
Where the map show serpents  
Backbone of the disturbance  
The smoke is notable if no deterrent  
I been fevered in the cabin, up and headed for the haunting  
With my head in my extended hand, perpetually coughing  
I guess around the "S" around the tentacles of Audrey  
Started entertaining skeptics mighta second guess the calling  
It's a strafe to the shoulder, an ego A/B avoidance  
Against some certain death insurgency to boil it to a coin flip  
That said there's no boiler at the appointment  
Just a pulling out of hair hysterical over deployment  
I'm a student of the blooper as a part of the bit  
It gets em whoopin' when I'm snoopy with a scarf in the wind  
Scanners report a flying saucer barfing cardinal sin  
No mention of defense against some forces larger than it, look

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