

Lazy Eye

Aesop Rock

(Super fresh)

My spirit animal comes with a pretzel bun
Troll of the treadmill
Record on the Kessel Run (allegedly)
Edgy from elevensies to megabucks
Techies with the treble down
This is how we level up
Dead meat, time travel, pressure, and disease
Ass ushered out of two fingers pecking at the keys
The coping mechanism in his LMNOPs
Went from healthy to unhealthy to a hell he never leaves
Cineplex Jesus, curse at the curly fries
Mullin' over Chuck D, telling me, "Diversify"
I'm at the SuperCuts supin' up the wardrobe
Forecast looking like Ganesh on four phones
"Hello, hello, hello, hello"
Base camp, space camp
Bass in your face-f**k, brace for the rain dance
Back in the back of the classroom
After a magical nap in a vacuum

Act natural, whatever that means for ya
Whatever that means for ya
Whatever that
Ah (Fresh)

Before climbing douchebag mountain, I was skate or die
Started eatin' kale and came to terms with my lazy eye
Puttin' on the yoga lady, cuttin' off the cable guy
Whistle while you're waiting for your condition to stabilize
AV cables everywhere, every piece of vinyl scratched
Mentholated tiger balm, Aleve with the arthritis cap
Irons in the niacin, iron choir riot masked
Unabashed privacy expanding into simulcast
40 winks, never the same adventure
Refreshing with a sing-a-long of stexicism ever
In the end, gotta wonder if it's even worth the effort
No stairways into heaven, you can step into the Escher
Some people have mistaken my allegiance for a weakness
It f**ked me up for eons, I wish there was a theist
The type that fake his death then forget he faked his death
Show up on TV, in the crowd at the AVNs, like...

Act natural, whatever that means for ya
Whatever that
(Fresh)

Sometimes I feel my heart putrefying inside my body
From diary of the dark to piety in the ponzi
On my better days and then mingle and walk off into the poppy
On my worst, work is overshadowed by the monty
Had to buy some clothes that fit me
And pretend I like agave
With a promise to his congress not to compromise the motley in him
Maybe I should kinda sorta move to Mars
I'm feeling kinda done, too many moving parts

The piss poor vision is forty percent floaters
The kitchen is a chorus of glorious leftovers
The friends you confessed all the dark shit to
Would weaponize the information before we could send roses
And they want a little pearl in how he got to where we at
I can't remember where I am, I feel it's probably a trap
Balk with the lawless, cough in his notes
Walk on even when the walls hug his coat

Oh and act natural, whatever that means for ya
Whatever that means for ya
Whatever that means for ya
(Fresh)