

# None Shall Pass

Aesop Rock

Flash that buttery, gold  
Jittery, zeitgeist, wither by the watering hole  
What a patrol...  
What are we to Heart Huckabee?  
Art fuckery, suddenly?  
Not enough young in his lung for the waterwings?  
Colorfully vulgar poacher, out of mulch  
Like, "I'm a pull the pulse out a soldier and bolt."

(Fine...)

Sign of the time we elapse  
When a primate climb up a spine and attach  
Eye for an eye by the bog life swamps and vines  
They get a rise out of frogs and flies  
So when a dogfight's hog-tied prize sort of costs a life  
The mouths water on a fork and knife  
And the allure isn't right  
No score on a war-torn beach  
Where the cash cow's actually beef  
Blood turns wine when it leak for police  
Like, "That's not a riot it's a feast. Let's eat!"

And I will remember your name and face  
On the day you are judged by "The Funhouse" cast  
And I will rejoice in your fall from grace  
With a cane to the sky like, "None shall pass."

Now if you never had a day a snow cone couldn't fix  
You wouldn't relate to the rogue vocoder blitz  
How he spoke through a NoDoz motor on the fritz  
'Cause he wouldn't play rollover fetch like a bitch  
And express no regrets, though he isn't worth a homeowner's piss  
To the jokers who pose by the glitz

(Fine...)

Sign of the swine in the swarm  
When a king is a whore who comply and conform  
Miles outside of the eye of the storm  
With a siphon to lure out a prize and award  
While avoiding the vile and bizarre that is violence and war  
True blue triumph is more!  
Like, "Wait, let him snake up out of the centerfold."  
"Let it break the walls of Jericho."  
"Ready? Go!"  
Sat where the old, cardboard city folk  
Swap tales with heads like every other penny throw

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Okay, woke to a grocery list  
Goes like this:  
Duty and death  
Anyone object, come stand in the way  
You could be my little Snake River Canyon today

And I ran with a chain of commands  
And a jet pack strapped where the backstab lands if it can

(Fine...)

Sign of the vibe in the crowd  
When I cut a belly open to find what climb out  
That's quite a bit of gusto he muster up  
To make a dark horse rush like, "Enough's enough!"  
It must've... struck a nerve so they huff and puff  
Till all the king's men fluster and clusterfuck  
And it's a beautiful thing  
To my people who keep an impressive wingspan even when the cubicle shrink  
You got to pull up the intruder by the root of the weed  
NY chew through the machine...

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