

Pigs

Aesop Rock

Sharks in the dunk tank, vipers in the garden
Locusts stole the groceries out the local Farmer's Market
All God's critters hold positions
Some are violent, some are victims
Each alive is an equal and vital piston I support
So when the piranhas honor New York
My daddy long legs dangled and mangled for sport
And while I bring in every dink in the kingdom with open wings
It all boils down to them shit-soaked pigs
The pigs, the pigs, the dregs of what y'all aim for
The gluttonous muddy stomachs under the pudgy cakehole
Two-track braniac using the food and payroll
To chew up and consume every cookie, crumb, and peso
And place a cloven hoof on the lucrative when convenient
As the bourbon-odor smokers' coughs smolder off the Cohiba
If Noah had the benefit of hindsight on his ship
He could've snatched two unicorns and left behind the motherfucking...

Pigs!
God damn... pigs!
Potbelly... pigs!
Punch-drunk... pigs!
Take money, money... pigs!
Loudmouth... pigs!
Wide load... pigs!
Let's make a deal...

When all the wolves in woolly wigs
Have huffed, and puffed, and blew the bricks
The skulls of Brooklyn's cruelest pigs
Will rain on Fulton's newest kicks
As mulish swine of all surrounding counties sniff the gruesomeness
We pass around the pineapples and pull the pins in unison
I will gladly feed you to the breed who wants you sacrificed
No pagan or sacrilege, just bacon for scavengers
I will gladly seat you with the chickens, not the passengers
Hopefully the crack in his armor spreads to his avarice
Never that, Wilburs multiply quicker than triples
And hunt their truffles in fistfuls, but it was all bells and whistles
Bougie this and Bougie that...
War pig or pussy cat...
Glitzy to the pork ribs, had to gold-leaf the booby traps
Powder-pink, double-breasted, mess of mud and money
Waddle off the fire to make his stubborn tummy wroggle
And while I don't really know the working details of your tribes
I know that that's one ugly fucking tie

Asshole... pigs!
God damn... pigs!
Potbelly... pigs!
Punch-drunk... pigs!
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Loudmouth... pigs!
Wide load... pigs!
Let's make a deal...

Apple in his mouth, Maraschino eyes

Party like the butcher boy's cleaver is alive
I mosey into sixteen hours of smoke in the misty winter
To see the county fair's blue ribbon winner as dinner
Then dance until the sun has kissed your blisters in the morning
As the misery was dormant and digging in crispy portions
Corporates fund, allure 'em, and they whore 'em
Or does he whore to corporates to expand the more important forums for 'em?
Push the mortar pestle past the ordinary orchard
When the frilly border's faded is the product mine or yours, pig?
Mine, plus I toss a token where I go:
Directly to the worms who shovel shit and yellow snow
This little piggy went to the market with a target
And will subsequently know the armor-piercing forks of farmers
Final words for the finer birds taking notes:
I dig a chicken pig tills, "That's all Folks!"

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