

# Play Dead

Aesop Rock

Batshit, I'm batshit  
My ship's crashed, my zags zig  
I'm all whiplash in that black tent  
Black ash on my flag pan  
I go zip zap and y'all backspin  
Y'all spacecrafts call mayday  
I like tailspins when they backlit  
Cats scrambling for that safe space  
Plays defense around dead zones  
Next up to call explode  
Rest up, I go death punch  
Your reign's effed up you FO  
Stow episodes and all star maps  
To get veterans to bring barf bags  
Bring hellfire and little party hats  
For those parting ways with they tarmac  
Blast off and get waxed off  
These saboteurs are like pack dogs  
I might zoom off in they boomerang  
Line 'em up and they're illuminated  
Goes "ooh" and "ahh" and you too late  
We got a failure to communicate  
In my rearview's a little planet Earth  
And my calendar is straight doomsdays

Fuel up and I steamroll  
You better moonwalk when I screen scroll  
I feed cats the ways to these gamma rays  
And my hands shake, it's all sleeper hold  
Ease in and get heave-ho'd  
With no easy mode and no foul play  
Bounty hunters get found out  
Power up or get outpaced

Ease away to 3 A.M  
He found freedom in the mayhem  
Amen  
Amen  
Gimme a lost world to locate  
Get ghosted, walk or don't obey  
Okay  
Okay

Time is not being a good friend  
Smoke is being a good bookend  
I'm no joke, I only go full send  
Don't poke at the purebred bull-head  
Dogfights that call for all fight songs  
Start crossing names off the flight log  
Might light cigars off the fireball  
We're well past any kind of dialogue  
Warfare and on warfare  
I like rocket fuel in my morning air  
I like red buttons under iron fists  
And my stunt double's like "I quit"  
The kid 360 all side eye  
And pluck wild geese from that twilight

I go hyperspeed and can't drive for shit  
I just bob and weave when y'all skydive  
Lights blink and my screens glitch  
If I lose it all I ain't need the shit  
I call bombs away and turn mobs away  
You're all "die alone", I'm all "not today"  
We go eye for eye around pale moons  
Fighter pilots find Jesus  
I don't tread soft with that special sauce  
See you was better off in some mail room

Dumb luck and no late pass  
I get gussied up and I gate crash  
And playing laser tag and plain stupid odds  
Tag my name on they fuselage  
Outlier in the main event  
I keep downsizing y'all's data set  
Infiltrators get checkmate  
It's maybe best to just play dead

Ease away to 3 A.M  
He found freedom in the mayhem  
Amen  
Amen  
Safe and sound out the crash site  
Lifeforms been reduced to flatline  
That's right  
That's right