

Send Help

Aesop Rock

Ok, fuck all that bullshit though
I'm picky, I only open books that glow
Whodunnits and cozy mysteries, who stole the crypt keys
Who showed the minions to the minced meat, it was me
Hut hut, helmet off, blitz the whole bitstream
Override the A/V in, with A/V out the in-between
IV in, 1 of Epi, 1 of Ralph Steadman
Phoebe Judge, EPMD, the Amazing Kreskin
His bag is a braided bread, in the oven for 30 days
It's never the same twice, it's always a perfect bake
It's purple prose when you're looking for just the facts
You wanna know where I been, some other where nothing's mapped
Lost at the Waldbaums, faded facing 30-thousand square feet of wrong aisle
Long Isle, strong man, roll up in a Pontiac siege tower
Fire an arrow 45 degrees down
Accounting for the breeze

I can do that shit where you nock two arrows at once
And shoot to counter separate things
I can hit a moving target from a moving target
It's a rabbit from an equine, it's an ET from a starship
The stoicism only misdirection for the metrics
It doesn't represent the actual pressure through the plexus
Or that maybe why I'm terrible with names is cause I'm special
At memorizing the exits during those same seconds
I jumped into a volcano
Climbed up, only to say my today is not on no today show
All recorded history is forfeit to the fuego
It's infinite present tense, presently on some next
Referencing something ancient that play to current events
In a way that feels just too flagrant to've occurred by itself
I know that sound absurd as all hell
I don't even know what I'm saying for certain, surely it's "help", uhhhh hel
p?

Same bat-time, same bat-channel
Same flatline, same plaid flannel
Same bad gamble, same graf name on the ax handle
Brand new taxidermied mammal on the mantle
Man, man, I ain't sneaking by the sleeping bear
I mean, if you ain't down to let it eat you, why you even here?
Pigeon on my shoulder like a goth Rio
The putdown Picasso here to un-massage the ego
I'm friend or foe depending on the content in your keynote
And not above the lobbing of a rotten tomatillo
Honestly, it's getting hard to watch like paradise for parking lots
Nevermind that parking lots are paradise, the paradox
Oh the places you'll go and exploding aerosols
The running with a boiling beaker in a pair of tongs
Drink a shot of ant and roach, eat a bowl of Cherry Bombs
With peri-peri, no, with chimi-churri sauce
Boyhood drawing b-boys with big sneakers
Til the shoe fit, now they pouring plaster in the foot print
Take it to the lab, show the cast to the bull pen
All you get is choruses of "I call bullshit"
That's how a giant flyeth under the radar for so long
Y'all underestimate the day-arc I'm on

The stay dark at dawn, carnival barker, the autumn Barbisol marksman
The can up the arm of his Nautica parka
At large, from playing dig dug at the IHOP
To undead 3-inch-punching a pine box
To, magus of the month, 3 months standing
In more than magenta, yellow, and Cyan Ink
It's a wave, it ebb and it swellIt could celebrate the memory or separate th
e cells
It could focus on excelling or accentuate the Hell
That's excellent, Can it send help? Cuz uhhhh... help