

Syrup

Aesop Rock

The dirty dishes are becoming self-aware
Even the roaches like "I wouldn't raise my children here"
Simple syrup in his veins, dirty nails, lizard brain
Eyes wide, spine like a saltlick a pissing rain (pssss)
ASR Schroder split the rent with ghosts and bacterial cultures
Might track poltergeists prints through his Folgers (gross)
Home is where the unholy sojourn
Dead sea bath tub
Never mind his welfare
Party at the penthouse; carpeted in pet hair
Fridge full of black deli meat and dead air
Sill prefer it to the overbearing lens flair
And death stare at Plinko and an at risk ego
System, egos over peace, love and wisdom
Police shooting everything
Media's a fuck show
Religion is a scapegoat for cut-throats
Fuck no

I ain't going out there, man
I don't trust no one out there, man
You don't even know what's out there, man
Man

Sick of fancies on the prowl
So I don't need to do laundry
I'll dry myself in paper towels
Can't have a decent conversation with the butcher, baker or candlestick maker
At least they smoking vapor now
Still a lot going vacate and ain't breaking out
It's such a boring scene
I found my buoyancy in quarantine
Accommodations second rate
At least it's an environment that I can regulate
Like I was Warren G
I got a phantom pocket full of ice cubes
Fuck what's popping on the street
I gotta sweep up mice poo
I waged a war against the spiders and what's left of them mosquitoes
But these blood suckers leave a bump
Those blood suckers always want to free-load
Yo, who's that peeking in my key hole trying to keep it on the d-low
Playing simple minds, my favorite simple minds
So I'm closing all the windows and I'm shutting all the blinds

I ain't goin' out there, son
I don't trust no one out there, son
I don't even know what's out there, son
Son

Yo, I got a big-ass TV and my house has four of 'em
Some of y'all is cutting the cords or mad more of 'em
Fuck foraging, I do the shit that I can sit and do
Maybe in the future we can fly by a living room
Or order from Grub Hub but it ain't no pasta left
Outside is where my distant cousins get shot to death

Plus I'm very broke, I ain't even got a buck for the ferry boat
If something dope happens throw it on periscope
A meerkat? Seen it. I ain't trying to hear that
I'm planted in my zone because home is where it's weird at
Anything I want I locate with little to no wait
Through a vast network of homies that work for post-rates
Hella spies still sitting here, so watch me rotate
Outsiders for the prize says "sugar in traffic jams"
Device charged, apps in hand, I'm a handy-man
If you want to give me some energy come and visit me

Because I ain't goin' out there, fam
I don't trust no one out there, fam
I don't even know what's out there, fam
Damn