

Dum-diggy, bump Biggie
Til the landlady holler, "Get a haircut, hippie"
The death knell generator entertain a fresh kill
Breath quelled dressed like a bloated sack of dead cells
Shedding, purple tape, purple 'hawk, ape
A single flower through the permafrost
Pick himself and learn to walk, in furry pants
War paint, circling a duralog
Boar face, devil by his side like a service dog
Schlock purist, watch the block burneth
One o'clock prophets in the parking lot at Perkins
The perfect politicians 30 clicks outside of Sturgis
Doggie bag doctors, military deserters
Who still shop surplus and can't hold jobs
I look like I'm wearing a ghillie suit when I'm not
Roll out ghost of Camu on the pegs
Might pedal by the police
Tuff with two F's

Ah f**k that shit look
Can't tell if I'm a little withdrawn
Or dead dog sent to quote/unquote "live on a farm"
The coke bottles tint film noir
Tripping out the milk bar
Poison horchata cup
Milf in the Zip Car
6 arms, 6 hand-styles like ships on scrimshaw
Part Def Jam part Dischord
My wig-picker threw me out of her office
Had to cold turkey 'benzos, summer was awesome
Onion of 'bensis
Summer was awesome
Got brats on the grill
Wormwood in the cauldron
Horse hoof in the dog's mouth
Cholera in the well
Make money periodically vomiting on himself
I read Nat Geo, craft and crack geodes
Lift party hats out of Craft Depot
Unleaded liar blood pumped through his neck
Came down from the mountain
Tuff with 2 F's

TUFF
TUFF

(What's so funny?
You, what are you laughing at?
I said what are you laughing at?)

Before a player ever met his omega
They were effectively reducing his behavior into data
With plans to build a dais where the
People grow potatoes and cabbage
Don't make him raise the gate between the bettas
In a spectacle displaying the nature of strange neighbors
I paint caves 'til the rage campaign tapers

And show a new crop how he used to moonwalk
Out of breath like a 7-day old balloon dog
I still hang band posters and buy black-lights
Crib decorated like a dorm room at Brandeis
Still pretend I'm gonna build another half-pipe
Nevermind the Ford-era christening and pants size
Man, who could've guessed the future of abominable imagery
Would also share a birthday with Kenny G? None
The 99 cent 2 cents keeps 2 arms folded
Tuff with 2 F's

Yeah, let's do it like that

Unh I pay a guy to lean over steeples fingers
And convince me to pay him for his teas and tinctures
The string cheese dinner kid speak Cheech wizard
For the gone like Gossamer under number 3 clippers
Free, forged in various pulp channels
Even his prize horse rides a wolf into battle
Even his blood and body couldn't pick him out a line up
Or his name off the paper
It's Aes pronounced "Why Us?!"
First learned the high art of eyeing a mark
Buying nickels for a dime at the park
I learn to rhyme in New York
I learned to breathe underwater
I learned to walk with a ghost
Adidas reeking of sulfur
A chauffeur cemetery funk
When home is a bleeding ulcer
Everything you ever stood up for is keeling over
Moonset beautifying
Cartoon death catfish on the Foreman
Tuff with 2 F's
Yeah