

Untouchable

Aesop Rock

Impossible Kid, 4/29

Just some shit

Three's company, Appetite for Destruction tee
Chunky Monkey, Funyuns, I can feel the cat judging me
Please, I've seen you eat your puke and drink the toilet water
Which completely renders your opinion void, you little fucker
Poison puffers hit the reef, hissing through their missing teeth
Pissy like a Minotaur with six hours in the middle seat
Or middle schoolers protesting the mystery meat and Catcher ban
Castaways walk into the same light as Carol Ann
Dagger in his teeth and treat a rapper like a rack of lamb
His allergy is middling, his middle finger's Plastic Man
Dag, they want a de-radicalized youth
Though it sort of undermines the magic of high noon
My right hand writing a diary of the dodgy
I do the wrong thing when all the right people are watching
It's a medley of defiance and outfoxing
Born in a storm's eye alongside Long Island swamp kings
Bonk, shoegaze rap, get your blue suede
Get used to the goofy get-a-clue face
Jump into the goon goose chase, try the Kool-Aid
Try the blue plate, it tastes like doomsday
Off leash gryphons at the Westminster Kennel Club
As vessels of Beelzebub, bite the hand that belly-rub
Lug it to the belfry, keep the pups alive and healthy
We as hunters treat the summers like a mother ripe for milking
Up and feeding Alexander Pardee art into the silk-screen
Still here, sleeping with the lights on and quill near
Tour van, corpse paint, war moon
Make the bass wobble like a two-man horse suit
Dork-proof, type to forge a sword in his dorm room
Break fiends, drain 3's from the warp tube
Long tooth, short fuse, Stormtroopers over John Zorn loops
If you ain't core, it ain't for you
Trolls, bubbling from the lows
Want nothing but to run him for the bulk of what he owns
Homie, all of this material ain't shit to me
The trinketry, the filigree, the antiquated theories of validity
I never really cared for the cars
The point A to B sound scared when it starts
Trash can fire in the middle of the crib
Where the coven swap recipes and riddles from the crypt
It's monsoon season, keep the log flumes leaning
Religious paranoia get the Doc Seuss treatment
Breaking out the Bronx Zoo, tabletop the Mongoose
Gray fade, ain't afraid to knock a few cogs loose
I'm from where it's defense on three
And anybody with a fucking brain bump Sean P
Old boy, might combine the carve with the stalefish
All aboard the mid-life snail's pace tailspin
You were busy authoring the holy grail of mailed-in
I was busy snow, sleet, heavy rain, hail, wind
Ready, aim, fail shit, it's Hail Marys everywhere
Over all the petty shit, under all the messy hair
I'm Untouchable, uncrushable plus I'll
We don't need another hero, we just want our cups filled

I'm Trivial Pursuit cards at the 40/40 buzzkill
Aesop Rock, code name: Yo, son, chill