

# Winners Take All

Aesop Rock

Parachute ratty, one bunk cord now the air is scooped  
badly  
Dripping out the sticks like a twig-tweed hammock  
Miter cut the cables for that quick, clean transit  
Miser took the big screen; Panic made a business card  
Ankle out of whack, painkiller tobacco scrap  
We navigate the yellow corn hype for the barn  
When the spotlight swiveled hard right over the farm  
Post up, 3 cheers for the gimp  
Spread thank you (3 on the right)  
Limp to the door, splint what he mangles (3 on the  
left)  
Yea I knew the percentages  
But the numbers were unaware of the grand finale's  
emphasis  
And over the scent of a thousand dead dogs  
Agent Zip-Zookaswore to pull it off, GAMEFACE  
Walkie-talkies squawking up his hip regarding  
paratroopers: 20 (Ha!)  
Tug a noise/annoysbox-trigger reporting for hunting

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I have not recieved my papers  
I have zero natural enemies  
I don't know my location  
I have no training in reconnaissance, combat or  
colluding  
I'm calling for my orders, over  
(STRAP ON A HELMET AND START SHOOTING!)

up in a killer horse, numb and bloodthirsty  
'Till the uncle spitter beg the pig to hug mercy (Ha!)  
240-below shit, kickers tickle the corpses (duck!)  
Duck the widow-maker, also manufactures swords (ok...)  
Manufactures ornaments, if it moves stick a fork in it  
Winners take all, killers rape all coordinates  
Unfortunately, courted by the most tenacious gaurdian  
Whose aimless nature bait a holler taste the  
martyr's skin  
No semper-fide(Nope), no saluter units  
Soldier the fire is more flesh than sulfer  
And when the automatic-jitters wiggle the ribs  
I feel so alive it don't matter which bitches litter is  
clipped (Bang!)  
Sun down, goggle up; canteen gobble-juice  
Teargas nozzle up, brain buff hostile youth  
Chop it up, lock a noose upon it  
You will die for the glory of...Shit, I can't put my  
finger on it  
But it's big! Big and legitimate  
Justify women and kiddie killer shit, iller it builds  
So he is not a natural predator, but can dismantle an  
AK-47  
Clean and rebuild before you can mayday bretheren  
(Mayday!)  
Muddy-gut snake eyes, she approaches cobras with an  
ugly muck

And bloody Bowie knife clamped in the canines  
Wake 'em with that blind military mechanism set to  
bludgeon  
WHAT IS YOUR MAJOR MALFUNCTION!?

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I was standing at attention with a pocket full of  
weapons  
And the will to walk a mile in the same fatigues that I  
slept in  
I have yet to find a day in life worthy of my saluting  
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I shimmy up out of the fox  
Hold the sword of the only after having logged every  
cadaver accordingly  
High scores keep our Tama-tongs enthralled  
(There is no course iller than no course at all)  
Okay, if his perspective is smirked, sneaky detective  
work is aborted  
And it's no longer whisper-mode on the red alert  
No bed of dirt 'n' sniper rifle peeking out the bunker  
(uh!)

Now I'm set in city looking for something to puncture  
Help me up, the numbers of the heroes sat at suppers  
Treat the public like a tin can, riddled before it  
plummets (Brrrap!)

But, adrenaline can lead to lazy-eye hassles  
So he list the little boy into the pin-up pineapple  
(Heh)

Thats funny...Bumps into the steel-toe  
Thats lovely, sum it up in (Oh, hell no!)

And just as fast as the parachute cable snipped  
I was rag-doll, horizontal, two limbs short of fixed  
Link a baby pulled around the standard issued weaponry  
While fading as a blemish in civility's memory  
They will step over the body for the looting..  
(Ready on the far end line)  
(The f\*\*k is that?)  
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Repeat till fade out]