

Wolf Piss

Aesop Rock

Spin doc, sweet dreams go Hitchcock, discord with no sick days, limbs draped in all rip stop, faded ink on my rib cage, my glass heart, my shit brains, my jaguars around beautiful New York strip steak, Ain't shit change, Doodle over these blueprints, I been shoo-shooed, I been boo hissed, chewed up, he's too much, I ain't too much, y'all too prim, world's end around curfew, when they rotate grotesque forms, sneak up in some mech suit, make off with they best horse, roads paved with pulled pins, hood sprayed with wolf piss, engineer of this tire fire, come pull up on that bull shit, I might peace out of my deep freeze and turn pale death in like two shakes, swoop in and get touchéd, tune in to my blue phase, October, I'm in Bloom when that cold snap and that wind croon, trail mix in my road pack, and no roads back to this igloo, stick and move around dead light, he ain't talk much, step aside for my left right, I'm like on one, nevermind when these dogs mush

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Fall back, black dawn above fawn tracks, these mallrats get drugged off to this golf clap, bath salts in my black coffee, I'm back talk from that wrong path, y'all rag dolls, tagalongs become thumb tacks on wall maps, dreadnought with no false flag, I'm all red cape and my real name, around Sensei's from that steel cage with like ten ways to steal paint, field notes and my wet stone, and my steal toes, and my pet crow, red phone on sleep mode when eating eel rolls with my friend's ghost, ok wide load with no peers, white smoke from both ears, rain gods that wave wands around biomes y'all hold dear, I go so off, It ain't no thing, I make no comment, no job beyond cold-blooded coyote king, Hone in on my smoke rings, most often I kick rocks where that room tone is all pin drop, peek into my ethos, it go please hold, I will not, creep show, he throw Sno-caps from these nose bleeds, comfortable around cold facts, and unknown seas, Cromag, I don't sleep

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