

Dokken Rules (feat. Rob Sonic) - Bonus Track

Aesop Rock

(Aesop Rock)

I spell 666 star six nine click
Give his telephone a Viking funeral, bye bitch
Treble hook two birds, cheap thrills, free meal
Vacate Jellystone Park with your brie wheel(Rob Sonic)
Now he sell Laker _____?
Half his life was likely to be Nikes on the L-train
Gnawin' on his dog toy, pocket full of deer blood
The only thing that's stoppin' him was Dokken in his earbuds(Aesop Rock)
Up around noon
Found everything he loved crushed down to a cube
The new Kowloon chowline, two leads routing medicine and gruel
One is hemorrhaging money, the other jettisoning fuel
Identical water-separated pools
It was clever
But it wasn't ever neighborhood-degenerate approved
In swooped jukebox Fonzie, promptly
Bolts on his neck, one tubesock wonky(Rob Sonic)
16-panel head mutton chop and Ambulax
Double pits to chesty got the ESPY on a camel's back
Handle that Huffy wit' a timely parry
And get all up in your kitchen, money, Guy Fieri
There is a wildly elusive moment of bliss
In the spaces between being told you are shit
I would openly suggest identifying the closest
And collectively agreeing to meet if the sky opens
Ma'am? x 16 I'd like to speak to a supervisor(Rob Sonic)
Back alley brawl over party guests who want a
Steak tartare but we're hardly pet food
Charlie check booth, Brody's right
You're gonna need a bigger boat and a Holy Diver(Aesop Rock)
Aggravated people driving lemons over limits
With a neck bop stemming and a cartoon physics
Smart move taught never broadcast holes in his armor
End up another poached foriegner(Rob Sonic)
Handcuffed down to a toothless tease
Who got an X-marked mouth and a hooch machine
With eyes that tell the story of the woods that fetter
And a chest that sells the ending when it's pushed together
Been through the desert on a horse that's nameless
Now I'm driving through the city in the Porsche naked
Shores invaded by the new marines

That tear the roof off this mother like Buford T(Aesop Rock)
Untrained pet with a pen name
Chest pain, bet he outlive his own endgame, anyway
Step around the rhythm of the red rain
Getaway car horn, stand by, tenth frame(Rob Sonic)
Spare me the dramatics to ratchets, smile purdy (pretty)
Flashlight strapped to the calf of a wild turkey
Package of mild jerky, captain to aisle 30
There's a man with a mask an an app that can dial FergieSir? x 16I'd like to speak to a supervisor

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>