

Dokken Rules

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

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