

Big Bang

Aesop Rock

[Aesop Rock]

Well, so we meet again

(He said he's grown spiritually since the last TIME) Ok, this is the dawning of the book of bitter aspects

Where the jackals sit and watch the PEDAGOGUES last flesh

Poison functions accompanied by six armorclad

Black horse and buggy mechanism

Tugged a portion of my severed vision

The gathering of loose ends in a bucket

Wit a shoestring budget

Every man's got a field to plow (I know that now)

But it's like, man I really can't afford the oxen

Fee fie et cetera

I smell the warm blood of the bill collector knockin

I get awkwardly sturdy with a frigid liquid backbone

I get swept in the pressure cooker tryin to paddle back home

I get sprung with a vibe and alliance of clean intention

By eclipsing doom midigons hatched to bash these picket fences

Now I'll attend the wedding of the open SORE AND festering

Now when the groom presents the ring

The bride commence to blistering

This textbook magnificently crude

Prototype king beserker MODULE

INSERTED vertical thirst, burst horizontal

Treasure, loose cannons span the STARBOARD BOW OF

The clippership dipped in truth famine pressure

Cabin fever meter pegging ludicrous

Beautiful cartoon troopers

swallow brutal futility with a teaspoon full of sugar

I rock ready aim fire, while y'all rock ready fire aim

Then blame the stationary target WHILE the prey escapes the frame

Merit badge marksman, OR poacher, it's all the same

So I lay across the woods perpendicular to the grain [Chorus] *rapped in doubletime*

I WANNA be a big bang, gotta be

Never BOTTLE ME UP IN A probably, I wanna see a "Yes sir, sir"

YES SIR!

Armed with a tone, cross, sword to the bone

Warn the other brothers that was born forlorn

Big bang, SHOVEL IN A BIG DIG

HUDDLED IN A tunnel of big dreams I think big things

I'ma burn with this little light of mind
 and a prime concern to earn thanks, I'ma be a big bang
 repeat[Aesop Rock]
 I'm just a survivor of the wooly mammoth population
 Bottle neck effect, sorta born deaf
 Alien of shallow alchemy
 If you gon' metamorph the basemetal to precious
 Might as well steal from the rich, bewitch the peseants
 I'm floating the hoaming pigeon out hell's kitchen window
 Left an SOS infested bottle nestled in his grip so
 With a prayer circle release party and hardy wild bellow
 I observed him fly ten feet then dropped the bottles to the devils
 Fertile circle turn FERTILE crescent via bad investment
 Despised every second, but I GUESS I LEARNED MY LESSON!
 If I made an angel in the snow for every rotted victim
 There'd be wings to float this mothership up out the godless system
 Sticky panoramic CONTAMINANT planet
 In conjunction with phantom assumption
 Gutterbug alumnus candidates
 Well, I promise you I'LL man the lighthouse
 Just to help guide in your ship
 If you promise to help pull this hook out my lip (bitch)
 Godspeed, straitjacket and ragged approach
 To circle suns via folklore pollutants DERIVED strictly
 From a BC generation disgust (might be disscused)
 Community movement alluding to a
 "No blood given, no recognition"
 Life matter, I was us up all night with a rusty hammer
 Trying to build a fence around these magic beans my dreams are gathered
 But uh, that CERTAIN LACK of avail
 I sail a choppy lie with bouancy like a bucket of rocks (a bucket of rocks)Chorus 2x[Aesop Rock]
 Big bang, bi-big bang
 It's gettin bigger by the second
 Check itOk, I'm here to rock the tugboat and BID the others farewell
 I shook the buddy system wisdom till the similairs repel
 I sell a barrel of spirit to dummy dimwits syndicate jackals
 I'm broken arrow to the fuckin bone (broken poem)
 I don't really believe in God
 But God, I'm scared to death of God?!?
 I swear to God, I never meant to spill the beans
 Nor tear the pod
 It's like I hike an acre unimpressed
 And slept on the sabre's edge
 Enough times to splice anti-Christ's favorite pledge
 I wanna know myself

Sorta solo sheep amidst wolves
And still my shepherd can't administer the proper push and pulls
I push the ghouls to man overboard
Pull the bulls onto my sword
And buckle down in a corner chair OF THE round table floor
Got an angel on my left shoulder, a devil on the polar
Got a mug a frigid, got a mug a solar, sliiidde over
The recipe's design unplug the appetite for continuity
By stitching together AN esteemed CONGRUANCE (beautifully)
I peel back HEARTS and lodge GRIEF physics in the chambers
Cuartarize the wound and heads like "Gimme gimme something major"
Road side prophetic, ascend well
enveloped in a mummy ribbon system
Blistering in a wishing well
BIG BANG!

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