

Cook It Up (feat. PFAC)

Aesop Rock

Cook it up
Spooky
Salute
Look
Zoop, well hook it up
Shoop the local Wendy Cooper loopy
Low brow, low brim
She asked me, "What's the name?"
I flashed the grossest fangs in show biz
Jumped out where it's open:
"What's yours?"
"Um, Jenny, um..."
5 o'clock with the ten-penny sum
Sprung colossal miss, may I process your Pentium?
But ae is hesitating
"My princess
The pigeon holing roles that your predecessor's lunacy in the kismet"
Her eyes googled back "?that want to fortune to? breed plus a new kink in the posture
"Just don't get all barnacle
Get P.T. Barnumed in 3D THX sound stereo dismissal
Sorry hun, it's just the last ?group? was a fistful
Like them girls you bump into like dumb luck
get high in the city kiss once when she's punch drunk
Watch her misinterpret the moment tongues touch
Crazy mc-clingalot claim instant one love
And you've gotta beg your friends to take 'em off your hands like thumbcuffs
Or them barbies you'll vibe for a sexy second (love you)
Give 'em a month Hyde Hekyl to Jekyl and she makes Hitler look cuddly
But Jenny in the sky with emerald eyes
You're so different so delicious so ?de fish?
I'd be willing to walk the limb with
So let's just get a few things out the way: (okay)
I'm clinically bonkers and just about everyone god's great earth offers
I won't be getting dressed up to impress your family dear
And if I can't wear jeans and sneakers then I won't be lamping there
Nope, aggro-pimp, sinfully, clinically ?novel,? back it up no-diggity soldier
Magic-touch fingertip donor
Own up to your dirty debutant animalistic instincts
ritual courting dance and breeding behaviour" (like what?)

"I dream of Jeannie and fucking her obscenely
But Jeannie could be Jenny so easily if you'd let me
Hell, the bad-tac daddy-o Merlin-- 'e' for effort
Most of these high-post Fabio world motherfucks make my head hurt
Dead up-- I got death in the skull but you'll get used to it ma
Dinner and cinema, yes, just cough the bread up
Sure, he schleps with naked pockets but I carry dreams
Like I want to be an astronaut after you marry me"
(WHAAAAT???)
"You're rushing this I feel smothered it's crowding me awfully, dolly
I love you, Get the fuck off me! Sorry." (Call me)
And I'm circling her like a tiger shark frenzied but friendly
"I'm cool, how you feeling Jenny?" (Jenny) Jenny (Jenny) Jenny
"So quiet, oh I like that, so mysterious, I dig it
The way you haven't made eye contact with me once in ten minutes
I'm just saying girl, I'm dirty-dog raw vintage mixed with mega-low society
Mister gutter-fuck ?head? if you try me
So there it is, game. I mean it's not like I'm sweating you
because when it comes down to it, most of y'all females are the same
But now it's your turn baby, spit it out"
"Okay" She punched me dead in the fuckin mouth and walked away
Watch out ladies cause you know he don't
love ya
Bazookatooth is one bad motherfucker
He's a low life pimp with a low life game
He needs a no life dame with a strobe light frame
Cook it up now..No ring on the finger
There ain't no strings attached
But if you love television and
manic depression
Get a carton of cigarettes
And we can make it happen
Get your mac in
Just leave your bag up on my curb with the trashcan
?Pretend? like I seen you in maxim
?Relax with the tap dance?
Lights, camera, action

Songwriters

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