Bent Life (feat. C-Rayz-Walz)

Aesop Rock

[Aesop Rock]

Yo

I take 10 steps with a bed lamped vision
Study the disorders we've absorbed inside the village
I understand the plagues and shake hands with my grimace that remain up in
My face like top to bottom train car feelings

Lets question the ascension of a broken social icon in various domino affect I'm blow this hex over the mission

Just to administer the indoor sucker punch to it's pitiful condition[C-Rayz Walz]

With no alibi love is used as a guide by the civilized

Some see it as the body heat you feel when you close your eyes

That's so much of a lie, you can leave your hair dyed and scorch your roots

As the truth hits your ears begin to cry

'Why Is It Like This!' Why the fuck do I care?

I don't have the answers, or at least the ones you want to hear

City lights look like bright groups of fire flies

Many see the truth (the proof) only when the liar dies

Tires screech to a halt, the ground cries

Spit sparks speak to the streets

The skid marks are replies

Read discussions of what we rode through entrenched in the vocals]

The hopeless stay hopeful (the toxic fumes choke you)

As I walk out my door, step into the pollution

(I breathe in the problems) exhale solutions

Physically the situation's hard to stop

I had a wicked jump shot and sold crack rock on back blocks

Casualties in this apocalypse (street chronicle)

Abnormal abdominals (push-ups phenomenal)

Relaxin drinking my 6-pack maxing

Faxing my thoughts on the satellite, via Donahue (push it)

Table talk, salt and pepper conversation

Integrated sectors, metropolis and mecca

It's a conspiracy (you know), I can't lie dukes

Sometimes I feel the rats got a better deal than I do[Chorus (Aesop Rock):]

It goes thieves, bandits, low lives, scum

Punks that buckle under the rumple of my drum

Steadily searching for something new under the sun

But its stagnant, act of development first of madnessThieves, bandits, low lives, scum Punks that buckle under the rumple of my drumSteadily searching for something new under the sun But its hurtin, act of development first diversion[C-Rayz Walz]

A new universe in ancient, so I stay patient

In a gravel pit, travelin thoughts and ravelin, pacing

Embracing light of America, and found a shade of darkness (underground)

The train car used to be my apartment

Sick of people rushin in the doors before I get out

Conductors closing the doors before I get in, I shout

"The Biz is Coming, The Biz is Coming!"?

Don't get worried now (We've been in a cold world!)

We just getting flurries now?[Aesop Rock]

Yeah, its like slow down,

You're movin much to fast to bust through the finale fashioned glass

Its delicate demeanor and I teach you how to hang

But we like 1970 something twenty clicks outside your name (tear obedience)

I apologize for the faulty academics

But they placed us in a miserable stasis

I let bygones be bygones

But tryin to see eye to eye with the face lift

Just ain't working the way the manual paints it

See I soak in a blue note factory

While most cats hassle bandits lamping solo

And when the last red brick topples over the earth

To intercept your crooked little mess

I can be found in a social coma directly to your left

Engaged in a conversation, a marvel with my breath

Regarding how to document the shady baby steps

I bounce checks like a modern

Sleep with one eye open while the other two drift

Together specimens from the promise land

This for the thinkers

This for the merchants allergic to they own stingers

This for the absurd verdict linkers

This for that cat at my shows that's always got prophetic opinions

But can't remember where his drink is

I'm wallowing, shrugging I'm plugging your corporation

'Cause we alley cats addicted to the sickly warped sensation

Answer this: when all that's said and done

Are you a memorable troop or just a lab rat on the run

Choose one[Chorus]

Songwriters

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