

No City

Aesop Rock

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

For want of a nail the shoe was lost
For want of a shoe the horse was lost
For want of a horse the rider was lost
For want of a rider the battle was lost
For want of a battle the kingdom was lost
And all for the want of a horseshoe..There is a hole in front of the shovel
Shovel in front of the brawn
Six billion gorillas for whom the graves yawn
Each with his mulish days to choose his tool of trade
Duelin blades that qued a cruel charade and fuel the flamesFew would clue the crew into the civil
Skip the food and land like you the man
who flew the coop over the pit-bulls
Dash back, flashin and compassion
And now I don't believe this
Sat beneath an avalanche and jagged a nautical seasonAnd I will stop the violence more than I was Pontious
Pilot
Cops and robbers riot by the thoughts of noxious sirens
'A' as in gullible you figure all man equal no brainer
Take at his friends and neighbors dedicate 'erMoms raised the babies through a very churchy '80s
Sunday mornings reinforce the waiting game to Hades
Any brazen but apparently infernal-bound now
For when a man of cloth has said his wrongs and when in doubt, doubtThe punishment should fit the reasons
you must punish him
Never puncture skin or pull the colored rugs from under them
Two opposing mother ships shall not employ the gunners deck
'Cause brotherhoods of public good do not employ the unctuous
And you. observe and have the givetheth disproportionate
To the taketh away decide to maketh his day (do it)
All the stubborn odium glowin a coal host
To where he coulda stood easily in the tub jugglin toasters[chorus]
No mountain too high
No city too far

No coma too night
No city tomorrow
No fire too live
No city too charged
No treaty too signed
No city too guard I picked the phone up with a grown-up mode approach
Skin crawlin off the drawl and now I claw the awkward tone-em
I'd known it wasn't roses
But hoped it was less corrosive
Coastin to the focus of the grossest diagnosis
Like homes, the barnacles that chew upon the flesh of man
Have clued into the suitor was capital to a beggar sand
And uncomfortably. sung a stubborn legacy of gluttony
With carnivores that burrow like hunters into the blood in meat
umm, what? Jenny chin-up and the city picked this in a pent-up letter numbed the spitting stigma
Along came a spider, sold a (regs) to any buyer
How to shoot a ringer back with six legs wider than the driver
If you make no friends on the way to the top rung
There is no secret handshake club I do not give a fuck
But know the cancers make the olive branches obviously standard
So when they extend from the Yatson mansions drop your canons All kings hang em for the cliffs side drip dry
Will he clip the zip line or slip for his final dip dive?
If he live will he survive the milligrams of middle-ground
They pump into the pin-stripped pentagrams over Tinsel-town
Or kill a man who trickled down the city with his scissors out
Or sickles, dipped in military hells, bells and whistles
Riders to the east, not a wild tribes
Thank you for the peace on earth and mercy milds height [chorus]
No mountain too high
No city too far
No coma too night
No city tomorrow
No fire too live
No city too charged
No treaty too signed
No city too guard

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