

Cat Food (Instrumental)

Aesop Rock

At night I wear a wolf's head on my regular head
Considering a regular character sketch
Food hoarder, communes with the flora
Computes in cahoots with beauty and brute force
I've got a brand new normal at a thirty in New York, plus
Years at the fire pulling portions out of corn husks
Never mind time on the short bus
Terrifying errant knights thwarting any motherfucking fork tongued-sport
Agita flashing the hind molars, though his body less a weapon more a bag of lipomas
Over medium, treat skin-tags like scratch-offs
Rap like black-ops, rappers like lap dogs
He got the rad moves, catty alpha rat-proof (wait)
Twenty-sided die at the crap-shoot (wait)
Looking for a black hole to casually collapse through
Try isle nine by the cat food
There it is
Ooh wee, do we roast in a bilge, when the skinny from afar is darigold in them hills
Time better let a couple truths decay, if somebody going to rue the day
Check, check, check
Catch 'em on the lamb
(I ain't joking)
No maps, no muster point
(Nah, I ain't joking)
I put a pebble on a tomb
(I ain't joking)
Makin bath tub meth
I'm joking
Here we go
The whip got a tongue and teeth
Too tough, two blood-shot eyes with a Tungston bleep
When any putrefying arrow wants your lungs in reach
I field a vessel going zero to the fuck y'all think
And when your function fails I'm on an undisclosed island
Stroking exotic animals, open up rocket science
Leaning a jewellers loupe over a stolen sock 'o diamonds
Palm-made products a portrait of modern triumph, try us
Back at the battering ram post-haste
Cro-mags, wait till this Saturday plant grow legs
All you hear is intimate and code names

Ricochet around the geometry of a closed space
Unfrozen part of his new day-o
Face of divine evil, heart of Camu Tao
Some people find the daylight to be oddly alluring
I was in the dark, dodging and burning
Maybe cause I look like an ugly doll
(I ain't joking)
Pack a wallop in the wheelhouse
(Nah, I ain't joking)
Leave brass tacks everywhere
(I ain't joking)
I own many many homes
I'm joking
Here we go
All hog to we know costume
Black hoodie you can set your watch to
Tall drink, depths like an air raid
Radically detach with purveyors of the hair-brain
Down with the ship go a dozen fried wild links
Upperway, upper-case tri-state style kings
Get pie-faced, sent home tied to the sinewaves
Lights off, spine on sideways
Riding down the block, scooping Bobby in a boogie-down
Tome told me tell 'em "Hello, 7: 30 noodle-town"
Cool 'em down, global domination over sold bake
Situation commanding a broke dude cosplay
You don't want a meeting on an off-day trading horror stories from the hollows
The summary is as follows:
"These hate those and this thinks that's absurd"
Yip yap, y'all cats and birds
Meow meow meow meow meow
(I ain't joking)
Talking rubes on the radio
(Nah, I ain't joking)
Uh, suckers never play me
(I ain't joking)
I found Jimmy Hoffa's body
I'm joking
Here we go

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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