Fast Cars

Aesop Rock

Who's that walking with a hole in his head?
Big bad Bazooka Tooth, I came to break bread.
What's a troop's recipe for treacherous times?
I tell 'em..... ah fuck it, yo
I pull the elephant tranq out of my neck, gaffle a tank, count up the chips, wrastle the fangs off of my fist, flood a little soldier blood over the ogre acres on some holiday in Cambodia with moter home appraisers. Pagans fade into the kodochrome now, later with a lid to brow staple revist the cobra loading zone. Molar foaming but he hold his own wound cauterized by the Zippo he had stole that afternoon. And my dog tags jingle by the monster island heart he built. Grew up with a Jughead crown tilt and tardy slip. Be all you can be just never soothed us. You lost me in that part about scrubbing piss with a toothbrush. Holler scum's lullaby. Live from the ultra-fly sham city bunker where the coldest cults multiply alarmingly. Hush little baby, timeout. The black market mockingbirds can not sing a lick but lean to peck your eyes out of commission with love, out a tradition of wraiths pick on the visions that buzz, bet on the kitten's escape, solder the piston to pump out a veteran amplifier. And magnify through the same lens that set the ants on fire. Flush the muppet hootenanny. Who could fancy honor circuit when the circle's every duke is clammy? Trooper, scoop the food in pantry. Ante up, stupid. May delusion feed 'em foofi candy and pry the gold out of his tooth when lamping. Pocket all you can now. Block will lead the lambs down to the cold cutlery outfit. Slaughter beef and cow tip. Pour the chief some fountain soda, motor prone to pen the holy opus and pry this monkey off the scoliosis.
Who's that walking with a hole in his head?
Bazooka Tooth, Gemini, I came to break bread.
What's a troop's recipe for treacherous times?
I tell 'em fast cars, danger, fire and knives, lets go
Fast cars, danger, fire and knives...

I got her majesty Athena riding shotty wide-eyed
Its like never mind the bullocks. Like every other week these hipster tabloids jumping on and off my sex pistol's bullets. Like every other week he spins the bottle. Like every other week these fucking fanzines forget if they spit or swallow. Too bad your inner sheep never forgets to follow, 'cause my inner greed to feed your hate for loving us is hostile. Fortunate for me it coincides with what comes natural, so the mongrels that I run with turn the 'fuck you's into fast food. Like a little freak sick of the 3 o'clock bully knuckle dust, nursing his last shiner, finds the shoebox in his smother's truck. Tomorrow's extra curricular punching bag will finger daddy's widow maker out a brown lunch bag (bang!). This is where the hunch back snake oil peddlers stuck under the burgundy sky of spaghetti westerns tend to bubble up. Weathermen huddle up. Today the son of one too many 'yes sir's kings his checkers, watch the double jump. Back with a platter of hot leeches that'll drink up-every bloody drop down to the last diseases, it's A-E-S-O-P-R-O-C-K, the peak twister. Defender of the son of Vaughn Bode's Cheech Wizard. I used to pray the treatments got easier with my aging like serotonin weekends was merely comedic hazing. Wrong, but along his travels located the key to world peace: kill every motherfucker but me. You cool with that? Cool. Bang. You? Cool. Hang. You? No? Uh... bang? Cool. Sorry, dog, rules are rules. And too long have I followed yours. I'm trying to get them years back, and walk through every cipher with dynamite

in a beer hat.
Who's that walking with a hole in his head?
Bazooka Tooth Krueger, I came to break bread.
What's a troop's recipe for treacherous times?
I tell 'em fast cars, danger, fire and knives.
Fast cars, danger, fire and knives...
I got her majesty Athena riding shotty wide-eyed

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