Drawbridge (feat. DoseOne)

Aesop Rock

[Aesop Rock and Dose One]
This is not your ordinary ballad
With a perfect little bow around the middle
And a black man on a white horse
Or a white man on a black horse
It's got all these tired parts where
We don't even sing at random
Princess, raise the drawbridge
We don't serve your kind
It ends where it begins
And the beginning isn't pretty
Can't forget that not-so-perfect
Bow around the middle ('round the middle, 'round the middle...)
Har-bour (???) [said like har-bow?]
And it goes a little something like this..
[Aesop Rock]
New walk in a broken sole (???), pedigree incessant
Got (Gut?) the cruddy (???) frame
The zealots enveloped inside the belly of the blame
Cut-throats the result of pope jokes soaked in poacher constants
And now the jewel emits cold, wander prominent.. honour (honour)
I bought up silkworms by the bucket like starter kits
So you first bought a stitch
Joined damaged mammoth brigading caper
Nurse the tantrum with a fantasy chaser
I keep the spare wings strapped to my fuses
In case the hackers snatch the plumage
[Dose One]
So you mean these things are worth money
Now drifting off
This is the who-you-calling-homeless
Mock me fearful
Twisted ???? ???? and I got front row seats at the d-d-d-d-dead concert
And you're in it, Ichabod (???)
Running out of most (???) from the Alamo (???) we're moseying
My kind of people ???? ???? ???? ???? moseying (???)
With my eyes patched ???? ???? ???? universe
So I back it and gave my verdict (???) ???? ???? ???? ????
[Aesop Rock]

Oh it'll be soon (real soon)
???? ???? immune to doom blends
I eat ditch (???) in the kitchen 'til every spoon bends
A glance along tomorrow, sorry
Looking not at hopefuls (???), where's the raindance
My little flint never dreamed would flood unpotable
See I sanitize nothing for the sake of contemporary taste
Contemporary taste made my lip drop in the first place (incoming)
Hmm, yo why not be a czar, analyze fallen heroics
Recognize root of the worship, search and hold it
Who put the fun in dysfunctional? I..
Chronicle sun combustible, donkey-punching pinholes
In uncomfortables and conjunctionals for good (good)
Dr-rink up, slop a goblet of dirt wine (???),
I nurse a single application of introvert, serpentine
[Dose One]
Now a sunset without a scrape of red an-an-and plastic bag
Now sunk around his head (???) sick-sick-sick-sick... (???)
???? ???? ????
The sickness likeness in the roofer's eyes and his alone
And nothing terrible happened to the bag
???? ???? ???? ???? ????...
And brought on out...
And clouds...
The hiss cuts out... (???)
Suppose it's noise...
And the piano...
And the window frrraame... (???)
Sky and dirt that's fresh... kept
From where I'm going... holy other
Holy other, holy other, holy other...
[Aesop Rock]
be-be-be-be-be-But
I've got charcoals in my heart, I've got charcoals in my heart
I've got charcoals by the armfuls that burn my armor apart
I've got charcoals in my heart, but I've got charcoals in my heart
I've got charcoals by the armfuls that burn my armor apart
[Dose One]
And before, when I said 'Shut the fuck up, it's none of your business'
That was to be in vain
You shoulda locked that up when you're all finished
Finished yet? Now uhm...
I usually finish this number with uh... my skull up (???)
[Aesop Rock]
Everybody rally around the novel burners, spit, murder the matches

Where the junkies trade diseases and the gullible trade passions
Then the masses want to lean on me like 'O Captain, my Captain'
Not considering maybe this oarman hosts orbit attachments...
[Dose One]
Button, button, who's got the button (???)
Take my name, please...
Button, button, who's got the button (???)
Leaks the little checker-men made out of lightning in my ????
Oh, you like to help with goats (?!?) see what I got in this here locket
[Aesop Rock and Dose One]
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With a perfect little bow around the middle
And a black man on a white horse
Or a white man on a black horse
And I can't forget the not-so-perfect bow around the middle
Har-bour (???)

Songwriters
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