

Catacomb Kids (prod. by Aesop Rock)

Aesop Rock

I was a dark dumb student, no hokey rookie daytrippin on visions of chickens that looked like R Crumb drew em. They grew em in the royal dirt of Suffolk Countys flooring with the blood of an alcoholic clergyman in his forearms. Long Island was porn stars and puppies pushing sniffles, fit into the eighth dimension or slipped through the pin holes, ?zoop? slipped through the pin holes, ?crisped into god cinder?. Who thunk over a quarter plunked a local ?mortal con? vendor.

Who broke the verbal squad sensor? Root down, feelers out across the marsh before it was Awesome Car! I called in car cavalry cooked in an 85 Dodge Aries, gas for Huntington and back barely. Equipped with super soakers full of piss and an uncanny knack for constantly upsetting pigs by doing stupid shit. The kid ?bartered? his ring king dummies to King Cullen where they hollered Fuck the World from a parking lot of the suburbs. A couple spray cans and a little litter, but theyd look at us like swindlers with them Ricky Kasso jitters. So fuck em, a glutton sunk into the alley for props but things will still go bump when them halogens pop. Believe. Ill be there when it happens so shake another place off the mantel, snake another flames off the candle, lady of the lake off the answers, admitting their mistakes to their ?deplaning? cadavers. Now its rest in peace when Peters ?sinner heaters sung? disturbingly referred to reevaluate your beast of burdens urgency. Damn doggy, good times, thanks. I wrote your name in wet cement by the Brooklyn banks.

Chorus

?...Smack? for later. Made a fire, made a wheel, made a snack for later. Catacomb kids cuddle up and test the paper. When the town's speed freaks sleep, trap the traitor. He will ask for papers. ?See Im a nice invader?, made a roof, made a weapon, made a flag from paper by the snotty little nuzzle of a latchkey neighbor. When the ?pope does shaggy? over some dap from gators, he will catch the vapors.

Couple Playboy mudflaps and hell on his heels. Blew the plea echoed in a pace with your shovelers meals, like not a farmer among us had a harvest survive the winter. So dinner is split a lima bean in triplets. Pick a winner.

We took a couple of summers puking pills behind the dumpster, it was the largest Pez dispenser on record recouped his numbers. One shoe in the soupy gutter, one shoe in the velvet heaven. When the mermaids haul em, shake em up the lake with a ?melted weapon secret?. Dance ?Prudey? with the rule of a nation, who will be patient, awaiting zookeeper facelift extra. The days of your pain and similar uber apeshit, we merely updated the ancient apage. Yeah, dumber than a gal on a roof in a flood, whos not as dumb as the watered down beef from the burgers that jumped. Im dumber than a Taz on a beach chair with a Martini, whos not as dumb as a tat with the same scenery. ?Walking female? pig stigmata for all good sport. Garbage Pail Kids unite at the mall food court. Chase cheese fries with binaca. They had shut the school down early, there were bombs inside the lockers. No concept of the problem, we responded like a snow day, it was clobber shit to flotsam but the cops said it was OK. OK so the squadrons back into their boxes like its breakfast club of hotheads show no progress to the doctors.

And I walk into the office, cough an awful ether often, flood a parking meter fever, knuckle up the love and rockets. It was reign of the razor laser, day of the cloudy howdy, flight of the shelter melter, you can bow without me.

Chorus

Knock em out the box, Aes.

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>