

# No City

## Aesop Rock

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 guardI 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  
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