

# Labor

## Aesop Rock

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Who put the monkey wrench in well oiled prefectionist emblem

Just to watch these moniters spit white noise

through your office space?

Automate.

I infect jolly gene pool descendent cloud clusters

starving art revolution sound jugglers.

Delinquent fan for brick habitat.

Bob, weave, stick, move, fence

and pause somewhere in the middle for slick invention.

This years brain crops spread spectacular.

I ain't mad at cha, don't stay mad at the caliber.

I twist characters like twist characters.

Tally up the alley cat aggresion

in this Doug E. Fresh infested mess up bass line lust.

An automatic B-boy krylon can combust circuits

Working these war picked cyphers

with Ted Stryker stability and kamakazi chivalry.

I alone noble in a warm food feud

Walking dead generation.

Ain't nobody asking for your patience.

The grand opening holding me to the fact

that I knew myself and didn't have to ask nobody else.(Talk about labor)

Fantastic planet urchin puting work in.

Searching for pertinent verse minus the murderous diversion.

Apologies won't lore me to the communal sob story

nor would I sacrifice lifestyle to benefit jury temperament.

This whole Green Goblin web cutter butts up against

crayola daydream landscapes spittin bedlam, dead 'em.

Charge the villagers nickles and nicotine

to watch him fed to one disgruntled kraken at high noon.

We'll sell popcorn, beer and balloons

I got an inkling this gon be the one children bicker over.

Its that warriors vs. baseball fury element  
to glitch his motor sensory development

I am a star, really.

The big bang bastard's back  
with a one way ticket to Beat Street.

This all is like relevant to human kind supply/demand ratios  
man, learn it.

I work past the surface

I work on what I love, I work to service all my burdens  
And I'll work until this here little flat line closes the curtains

Lyrics provided by

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