Boombox

Aesop Rock

Raw, I'm going to give it to you
With no trivia
Raw like that Aesop rock iron-fisted list militia
While bent funny bone grown community
Spit a thousand and 1 ripples to cripple the continuity
Tap water builds character
Right I irrigate it straight to mainline
You want to do the same? Fine
These pretty profit grommet teams solidify the clot to slippery city salt piston pump drain
But hold those incredible console with the Russian roulette baboon spin-off
Where everyday a thousand strangers pray for empty chambers
One-sixth buckle
Five Sixths sweat bullets trying to keep it subtle
But I'll get you (I'm going to get you)
Wobbly rope bridge
Broke inches tired of dry land
But duck skull stepping-stones suit the mix-down well
Well, when the rumor spreads that y'all stupid
I'll be the cat with guilty look on face and shirt that reads: I didn't do it!
Is it on, is it beyond basic
Does it ice grill you or is every song faceless?
Does it have a title? If didn't would you name it?
Does it babble about nothing like a drunken atheist?
We could run that Orwells '84 war
For the room 1 on 1 z-tour
Till he try and fidgets with his or her own work spear specifics
Swerve around the cobra kisses
See if the venom overloads this vision
I'm going to suck the poison out and spit it
Stole my sneakers but your features never fit in
Servers you right for trying to walk a mile outside your limits
I'm going to tiptoe across this yo-yo string
Until you walk the dog out from under my feet and skip town, sit down(Chorus)
It goes boom boom boom
BoomboxEarth to a-r vertical burden has increased at an alarming rate
Bliss is down a point
Murder up, glee down and still falling
Still crawling out of bed at 2 on Saturdays
Came this blind soldier-burning confessional

Ease back; let a heart thump echo normalcy for 10
Let the back burner boiling point descend
I race the derby in the first heat (strike personal)
Strike personal space with the most utterly putrid version of grace
Spit the gimmick, sit and fidget
While we try and jump through hoops
Like Coney Island freak show midgets
Want to be a fighter pilot
Driving that childish early Wright brothers experiment
Prototypic model fossil
Sit and sweat bullets on a console
Busting accidental dirt bike donuts
Outside the most ridiculous poison tongue brain silo
Dead before the chubby debutaunt conquered the high note
Schooled by the cruel intention inventions pensive sideshow
See contrary to popular certainty
I alone advance without an earthly poem
And dance on a handful of zoning fans
Holding every chance to own the land I roam
With dome in hands
Truly be its only camper happy with the scrap heap
See I convinced myself it's on
Therefore it is and the melody settles
Beneath the fact that I'm just spitting for these kids
I tried to get them all open
And once I quit and said I didn't care
Thats when they all threw their hands in the air(Chorus)
It goes boom boom boom
Boombox

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/