The Tugboat Complex, Pt. 3

Aesop Rock

Aesop Rock - The Tugboat Complex Pt. 3I could make 'em all dance, or I could sleep
I could walk with a limp and make your step feel incomplete
people are made of match sticks, life is but a flame
note at the craftwork door the last smirk of the the Damien mainframe
my box cost siphon third rail juice from lost poets
inhabit ocean bottoms with a bitter rotten scapegoat pardons (note to self)
don't bargain at martyr parliament rallies
where participants squeeze your last giggle then whittle sacrificial finalies
I can tie my new faces alone, save your knee deep offerings
sorta bring puke coughing bunk persona to light (I might)
build anti-malignant railroads, find you, and lay tracks adjacent
just to scream "fuck off" as the engine pulls out the station
what should we do with a thousand drunken sailors?
"kill 'em all, locate their family address, release a mailer"(dear sir or madam, your son or daughter's embarrassed human kind
consuming booze and gut fuel, till they cruised across the line)I spin gold, your raps are dirty lapsed
towards the nursery class act impression of a bubble
(yeah I could of been more subtle when polluting paradise gene puddle)
man huddles make us look like cool peeps and I'm trying to school sheep
towards the right idea {*c'ya* - 5X}
this basic divine subsidiary bust center syllable logic, fold origami
plantation shut this picket fence
*TANGLED THROUGH your dream kitten, you'll probably never hear this song
let alone sip the mission long enough to listen(I smoke cigarettes down to filter, smoke the filter down to space
now I'm gonna roll this question tight and smoke that shit up in your face
now if you were to alter masks every time fame circus approaches
do you really think your maker wouldn't notice? *THINK ABOUT IT)Okay, I've died a thousand, and I'll die a thousand more,
I leave footprints in fours, two for bi-peds, two more to break the door
practically caress the utterings of crushed by drudgery brothers and sisters
mothering stickler cabin and madden shit
I'll fix the wing for a penny and a *PARABLE, yeah but this friendship
sunk with a barrel full of ?? pull
I seen guys harbor bad shiners
then wonder why the culprits sitting at the their rainbows ending
rocks garbage bag liners
with out the apple seed it's useless (I sat for greed)
patched for boredom crafts a castle out of toothpicks (I sat to breath)
I breath to hard nearly metamorph castle loose pins

now I stand to breath as not to disturb the*PLUMMAGE
and I know that's not a story, it no longer turns my stomach
hollering wolves in the form of one frustrated culprit
but a love tap full of washed up stardom melted trying to milk it
win a ticket to right white lines highway sideways melt it smelt it
one love to the rungs in my ladder, one love to the gathering of
laughter bats that hung from my rafters
see the jackal met the badger, they were both such fucking bad asses
that clashing wouldn't make sense (hence my tape deck)
now I ain't gonna name name's, and I ain't gonna drag others in
but I ain't about to say that I'm the only cat you got bubbling
your lucky, somehow you managed to befriend some good people
who will sit and soak the evils you secrete, but why? I'm not really sure(knock the fuck off, kicking his lip across the floor
'til the archival vinyl venom soak the lure
anti-clarity mechanism spit flattery burners
fusing a million majesty murders then stole the crown)oh wait that's right, you discovered me right?
offered up the peace pipe, and oh
It's all cotton candy when Aesop Rock the B line
he's actin foolish left in the middle of laying bricks
(oh we weren't building nothing but a great wall around these stones and sticks)
oh and for the record I've been rhyming since me and Andre thought we could freestyle
built foundation out of passion and brother dusty tasking
studied dope rappers, vocab expansion, poems and syllable placement
your just mad 'cause somewhere in there you came and went (I ain't the type to dwell)
dismissed it as casually non compatible and bounced
obtained status where I could straight objectively critique your after projects like
(damn that sounds fresh) or (damn that shit is garbage, what happened?
I'm not even laughing)
yeah, but the barriers were broken (you choked)
you made comments to the wrong ?? who out of respect and honor leaked your program
now like were both trying to sit and breath another dawn so my advice
to you is when I say just "move on" {*move on* - 5X}

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