

# Dokken Rules (feat. Rob Sonic)

## Aesop Rock

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Aesop Rock)

I spell 666 star six nine click  
Give his telephone a Viking funeral, bye bitch  
Treble hook two birds, cheap thrills, free meal  
Vacate Jellystone Park with your brie wheel(Rob Sonic)  
Now he sell Laker \_\_\_\_\_?  
Half his life was likely to be Nikes on the L-train  
Gnawin' on his dog toy, pocket full of deer blood  
The only thing that's stoppin' him was Dokken in his earbuds(Aesop Rock)  
Up around noon  
Found everything he loved crushed down to a cube  
The new Kowloon chowline, two leads routing medicine and gruel  
One is hemorrhaging money, the other jettisoning fuel  
Identical water-separated pools  
It was clever  
But it wasn't ever neighborhood-degenerate approved  
In swooped jukebox Fonzie, promptly  
Bolts on his neck, one tubesock wonky(Rob Sonic)  
16-panel head mutton chop and Ambulax  
Double pits to chesty got the ESPY on a camel's back  
Handle that Huffy wit' a timely parry  
And get all up in your kitchen, money, Guy Fieri  
There is a wildly elusive moment of bliss  
In the spaces between being told you are shit  
I would openly suggest identifying the closest  
And collectively agreeing to meet if the sky opens  
Ma'am? x 16 I'd like to speak to a supervisor(Rob Sonic)  
Back alley brawl over party guests who want a  
Steak tartare but we're hardly pet food  
Charlie check booth, Brody's right  
You're gonna need a bigger boat and a Holy Diver(Aesop Rock)  
Aggravated people driving lemons over limits  
With a neck bop stemming and a cartoon physics  
Smart move taught never broadcast holes in his armor

End up another poached foriegnner(Rob Sonic)  
Handcuffed down to a toothless tease  
Who got an X-marked mouth and a hooch machine  
With eyes that tell the story of the woods that fetter  
And a chest that sells the ending when it's pushed together  
Been through the desert on a horse that's nameless  
Now I'm driving through the city in the Porsche naked  
Shores invaded by the new marines  
That tear the roof off this mother like Buford T(Aesop Rock)  
Untrained pet with a pen name  
Chest pain, bet he outlive his own endgame, anyway  
Step around the rhythm of the red rain  
Getaway car horn, stand by, tenth frame(Rob Sonic)  
Spare me the dramatics to ratchets, smile purdy (pretty)  
Flashlight strapped to the calf of a wild turkey  
Package of mild jerky, captain to aisle 30  
There's a man with a mask an an app that can dial Fergie  
Sir? x 16I'd like to speak to a supervisor

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