BIG BANG

FANTASTIC BABY

[Aesop Rock]Well, so we meet again
(He said he's grown spiritually since the last TIME)
Ok, this is the dawning of the book of bitter aspects
Where the jackals sit and watch the PEDAGOGUES last flesh
Poison functions accompanied by six armorclad
Black horse and buggy mechanism
Tugged a portion of my severed vision
The gathering of loose ends in a bucket
Wit a shoestring budget
Every man's got a field to plow (I know that now)
But it's like, man I really can't afford the oxen
Fee fie et cetera
I smell the warm blood of the bill collector knockin
I get awkwardly sturdy with a frigid liquid backbone
I get swept in the pressure cooker tryin to paddle back home
I get sprung with a vibe and alliance of clean intention
By eclipsing doom midigons hatched to bash these picket fences
Now I'll attend the wedding of the open SORE AND festering
Now when the groom presents the ring
The bride commence to blistering
This textbook magnificently crude
Prototype king beserker MODULE
INSERTED vertical thirst, burst horizontal
Treasure, loose cannons span the STARBOARD BOW OF
The clippership dipped in truth famine pressure
Cabin fever meter pegging ludicrous
Beautiful cartoon troopers
swallow brutal futility with a teaspoon full of sugar
I rock ready aim fire, while y'all rock ready fire aim
Then blame the stationary target WHILE the prey escapes the frame
Merit badge marksman, OR poacher, it's all the same
So I lay across the woods perpendicular to the grain
[Chorus] *rapped in doubletime*
I WANNA be a big bang, gotta be
Never BOTTLE ME UP IN A probably, I wanna see a "Yes sir, sir"
YES SIR!
Armed with a tone, cross, sword to the bone
Warn the other brothers that was born forlorn
Big bang, SHOVEL IN A BIG DIG

HUDDLED IN A tunnel of big dreams I think big things
I'ma burn with this little light of mind
and a prime concern to earn thanks, I'ma be a big bang
repeat
[Aesop Rock]I'm just a survivor of the wooly mammoth population
Bottle neck effect, sorta born deaf
Alien of shallow alchemy
If you gon' metamorph the basemetal to precious
Might as well steal from the rich, bewitch the peseants
I'm floating the hoaming pigeon out hell's kitchen window
Left an SOS infested bottle nestled in his grip so
With a prayer circle release party and hardy wild bellow
I observed him fly ten feet then dropped the bottles to the devils

Fertile circle turn FERTILE crescent via bad investment
Despised every second, but I GUESS I LEARNED MY LESSON!
If I made an angel in the snow for every rotted victim
There'd be wings to float this mothership up out the godless system
Sticky panoramic CONTAMINANT planet
In conjunction with phantom assumption
Gutterbug alumnus candidates
Well, I promise you I'LL man the lighthouse
Just to help guide in your ship
If you promise to help pull this hook out my lip (bitch)
Godspeed, straitjacket and ragged approach
To circle suns via folklore pollutants DERIVED strictly
From a BC generation disgust (might be disscused)
Community movement alluding to a
"No blood given, no recognition"
Life matter, I was us up all night with a rusty hammer
Trying to build a fence around these magic beans my dreams are gathered
But uh, that CERTAIN LACK of avail
I sail a choppy lie with bouancy like a bucket of rocks (a bucket of rocks)
Chorus 2x
[Aesop Rock]Big bang, bi-big bang
It's gettin bigger by the second
Check it
Ok, I'm here to rock the tugboat and BID the others farewell
I shook the buddy system wisdom till the similairs repel
I sell a barrel of spirit to dummy dimwits syndicate jackals
I'm broken arrow to the fuckin bone (broken poem)
I don't really believe in God
But God, I'm scared to death of God?!?
I swear to God, I never meant to spill the beans
Nor tear the pod

It's like I hike an acre unimpressed
And slept on the sabre's edge
Enough times to splice anti-Christ's favorite pledge
I wanna know myself
Sorta solo sheep amidst wolves
And still my shepherd can't administer the proper push and pulls
I push the ghouls to man overboard
Pull the bulls onto my sword
And buckle down in a corner chair OF THE round table floor
Got an angel on my left shoulder, a devil on the polar
Got a mug a frigid, got a mug a solar, sliiidde over
The recipe's design unplug the appetite for continuity
By stitching together AN esteemed CONGRUANCE (beautifully)
I peel back HEARTS and lodge GRIEF physics in the chambers
Cuartarize the wound and heads like "Gimme gimme something major"
Road side prophetic, ascend well
enveloped in a mummy ribbon system
Blistering in a wishing well
BIG BANG!

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