

# 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 peasants  
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 discussed)  
Community movement alluding to a  
"No blood given, no recognition"  
Life matter, I was 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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