

# Aesop Rock, Boombox

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 101 z-tour  
Till he try and fidgets with his or her own worst fear 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 feet just 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  
Boombox

Earth 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  
I swear they all threw their hands up in the air

(Chorus)  
It goes boom boom boom  
Boombox