

ZZZ Top

Aesop Rock

Somebody in a cultivated moment of distress
Composed himself to artfully carve Zoso in his desk
They was probably thinking fuck you fuck you fuck you in they head
With a hell bound arm and a acydy wash
Homemade curfew a thousand o'clock
And a pot leaf tattoo his friend did drunk
Like a badge of mystique that technically sucked
Taking the name of the father in vain
On the way to the blade in his locker, it's strange
A switch he lifted from a siblings Skippy jar
Who branched off into ninja stars
And never knew his shit was sharp
To here with a higher purpose
And a prime alert to juvenile beserkers
Like kush Van Morrison an Arcade Drop Floor
Down to the valley time for miss Ahkmar, watch
Capital Z(ed), slowly maneuver the O
S is the most difficult to control
Finally O
Into the eye of Goliath you goes
That levee crushing percussion
Will pull the monkey up right
Twelve or ghetto blaster
Blacken her technicolor telecaster
Lecture at a faster rate
The class was making them develop backwards
It would appear you spelled out all the answers
Somebody in a cultivated moment of distrust
composed themselves enough to magic-marker "Zulu" on these chucks
they was tryin to do the buckle font from 'renegades of funk'
in a 3d frame of exploding brick, and whiz-lines for the locally motion sick
Beyond gross but evoked a host of "oh dip" where a social neurosis owned the whole
strip,Heart of a cat with a lark in his mouth in the marrow of waiting his guardians out,
Flashlight, chisel tips, milked venom, pistol grip, images relocated from milled vellum to
scissor kick,
silent agreement at hand, king of the hill for a queen of the damned,
she in the doorway seething began
"that clean white pair had a 3-year plan!"
Oops, capital "zed", radical "u" in the cut, truly to beautiful loser it
up, and he done, collateral damage a future alum, that key to Shambala, planet rocking
Bambaatta, sample chop, churning out a cancer for the vandal squad, analog, and he
finds, animated colors on a page, like synthesized cultures on a stage

Somebody in a cultivated moment of resolve
composed themselves enough to publicize "the Zeros" in this stall
they was scoping every dog and pony previously scrawled
with a festering hate for the gum drop edge, 'disco sucks' tee
punk's not dead, but a transient teen unsung godsend, via 3 bar chords and a mugshot
grin, cheese, sign of a runaway tone in the face of authority thumbing nose, cutting
it's teeth
pretzled up in special order vinyl
and birds that dip their belts in little metal porcupine quills
2 dutch at a show in the front
low-key to the can for a smoke and a fuck, Trixie
fixing her lipstick up, when his mitts got bit by the mischief bug
snatchl, capital "zed", terrible "e" in vermilion red
gimme an "0" and a slippery "s", over a web of the shittiest bands
that beat your heart out, never bleeped your favorite parts out from a learned curve
of bird fingers bursting out of germs burns, urgently
offered through the circuits of an earlier plot, I'll see you at the
When they ask how you, feeling you, tell em you
feeling like, something important died screaming, you, tell em you, feeling like
something even more important arrived breathing
something you should probably try feeding
When they as how you, living you, tell em you, living like
something important died hissing, you, tell em you
living like, something even more important arrived giving
something you should probably try willing

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>