

Coordinates

Aesop Rock

STUDENT ONE

Platoon of sappers advancing toward the barricade!

STUDENT TWO

Troops behind them, fifty men or more!

I target the cruks of all that's considered sin
The lost child venomous neck that spittles off my chin
Color me what?
Spell-bound man hunting hell-hound
Special investigations set king pin
Bounce and of course your happy
Mic activist
Axis pivotal point spun all to often
Now walk and spin cycle
Dug psychadelic syndrome jabs your abdomen
I'm adamant with disperse and curse across
You're playing your chances broken branches
Scattered around your mainframe type uproot it
My hand saluted eastward compass is spinning
Magnetic field my metal mind driven
Threshold fresh coke crush and affect
Mic check and spin a rec conglomerate
The all absorbing metamorphing monument
Not that average once upon a glock, glock, glock
Dot, dot, dot, etcetera
The heated mass of fire and gas threatens your retina
Burning you back to immobile twitchin fetal position
Itching for what could have been if not for who

This is Aesop Rock

I'm with 50 million troops upon my side

Flying towards the fraudulence coordinates

One hand on my mic

While the other drove my flag into your sidewalk

My sprouts stalks pawns and then I'm gone

Close encounters of the first kind

Contact cursed minds skies red

Stuck sitting spinning world wide webs

Over whim and worry flurried on your sidesteps

My pride treads thick

Utilize wide lens I slide strength in

Tell her gently we utilize mic like skeller

Tanky evidently all is not well

In a metra pot sell

Automatic hell habitat

Tainted polutin it's toxic to me

The melancholy-olly-oxygen free on the night watch

Boo signs reduced y'all troops to tragedy

Radically millions morphing the orphans

Spitting distortion

Piteous portions lacked a guiding light

Overiding and striding through the night

Story army extends mics like dendrites

I blend life

Dark then gray shapes

Till the splays made illustrate my views on sanity

If you're feeling famished we are family
Aesop Rock the canopy seek shelter
I have weaved a web across the sky hovering covering all
Night crawling audio visual veterans
Spreading like spores to the homes of all average Americans
50 million poets screaming all on the run
That's 50 million hearts beating as one

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