

Cook It Up (feat. P.F.A.C.)

Aesop Rock & P.F.A.C.

Cook it up, Spooky, Salute, Look
'Zook'll hook it up to shoop the local Wendy Cooper loopy
Low brow, low brim, she asked me, "What's the name?"
I flashed the grossest fang in show biz
Young Valkyrie's open, "What's yours?"
"Um, Jenny, um..."
body clocked in a ten-penny sum
Sprung colossal, miss, may I process your Pentium?
But Ae is hesitating, "My princess,
The pigeon holing roles that your predecessor's lunacy in the kismet"
Her eyes googled back as that of one unfortunate breed
Plus a new kink in the posture
"Just don't get all barnacley
Or Get P.T. Barnumed in 3D THX sound stereo dismissal
Sorry hun, it's just the last few have been a fistful
Like, like, them girls you bump into out dumb luck
get high innocently kiss once when she's punch drunk
Watch her misinterpret the moment tongues touch
Crazy Miss Cling-a-lot claim instant one love
And you gotta beg your friends to take 'em off your hands like thumbcuffs
Or them barbies you'll vibe for a sexy second (lovely)
Give it a month; Hyde Heckles Jekyl and she makes Hitler look cuddly
But Jenny in the sky with emerald eyes
You're so different, so delicious, so the fish
I'd be willing to walk the limb with!
So let's just get a few things out the way: (okay)
I'm clinically bonkers and hate just about everyone God's great earth offers
I won't be getting dressed up to impress your family, dear
And if I can't wear jeans and sneakers then I won't be lamping there
Nope, aggro-pimp, sinfully, finicky nova, back it up no-diggity soldier
Magic-touch fingertip donor
Own up to your dirty debutant animalistic instincts
Ritual courting dance and breeding behaviours (like what?)
Like, "I dream of Jeannie and fucking her obscenely"
But Jenny could be Jeannie so easily if you'd let me
Hell, the bad tact daddy-o Merlin-- 'e' for effort
Most of these high-post Fabio world motherfucks make my head hurt
Dead up-- I got death in the skull but you'll get used to it ma
Dinner and cinema, yes, just cough the bread up
Sure, he schleps with naked pockets but I carry dreams
Like I wanna be an astronaut after you marry me"
(WHAAAAT?)

"You're rushing this I feel smothered it's crowding me awfully, dolly
I love you, Get the fuck off me! Sorry." (Call me)
And I'm circling her like a tiger shark frenzied but friendly
"I'm cool, how you feeling Jenny?" (Jenny) Jenny (Jenny) Jenny
"So quiet, ooh I like that, so mysterious, I dig it
The way you haven't made eye contact with me once in ten minutes
I'm just saying girl, I'm dirty-dog raw vintage mixed with mega-low society
Mister gutter-fuck etiquette, try me
So there it is. game. I mean it's not like I'm sweating you
'Cause when it comes down to it, most y'all females are the same
But now it's your turn baby, spit it out
"Okay," she punched me dead in the fuckin mouth and walked away
Watch out ladies cause you know he don't love ya
Bazooka Tooth is one bad motherfucker
He's a low life pimp with a low life game
He needs a no life dame with a strobe light frameCook it up now.
No ring on the finger
There ain't no strings attached
But if you love television and
manic depression
Get a carton of cigarettes
And we can make it happen
Get to mackin'
Just leave your bag up on the curb with the trashcan
It ain't like I seen you in maxim
Relax with the tap dance
Lights, camera, lap dancecook it up now.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>