

# None Shall Pass

## Aesop Rock

Flash that buttery gold, jittery zeitgeist  
Wither by the watering hole, what a patrol  
What are we, to heart huckabee, art fuckery suddenly  
Not enough young in his lung for the water wing  
Colorfully vulgar poacher at a mulch like  
'Ima pull the pulse out a soldier and bolt.' (Fine)  
Sign of the time we elapsed  
When a primate climb up the spine and attach  
Eye for an eye, by the bog's life swamps and vines  
They get a rise out of frogs and flies  
So when a dog fights hog-tied prize sorta costs a life  
The mouths water on a fork and knife  
And the allure isn't right  
No score on a war-torn beach  
Where the cash cows actually beef  
Blood turns wine when I leak for police  
Like 'That's not a riot, it's a feast, let's eat.'  
And I will remember your name and face  
On the day you were judged by the funhouse cast  
And I will rejoice in your fall from grace  
With a cane to the sky like 'None shall pass.'  
None shall pass, none shall pass Now if you never had a day a snow cone couldn't fix  
you wouldn't relate to the rogue vocoder blitz  
How he spoke through a no-doze, motor on the fritz  
'Cause he wouldn't play roll over, fetch, like a bitch  
And express no regrets though he isn't worth the homeowners piss  
To the jokers who pose by the glitz (Fine)  
Sign of the swine and the swarm  
When a king is a whore who comply and conform  
Miles outside of the eye of the storm  
With a siphon to lure and a prize and award  
While avoiding the vile and bizarre that is violence and war  
True blue triumph is more  
Like wait, let it snake up outta the centerfold  
Let it break the walls of Jericho. Ready? Go.  
Sat where the old cardboard city folks  
Swap tails with heads like every other penny throw  
And I will remember your name and face  
On the day you were judged by the funhouse cast  
And I will rejoice in your fall from grace  
With a cane to the sky like 'None shall pass.'  
None shall pass, none shall pass Okay, woke to a grocery list

Goes like this: duty and death  
Anyone object, come stand in the way  
You can be my little Snake River Canyon today  
And I ran with a chain of commands  
And a jetpack strap where the backstab lands if it can. (Fine)  
Sign of the vibe in the crowd  
When I cut a belly open to find what climb out  
What a bit of gusto he muster up  
To make a dark horse rush like enough's enough  
It must'a struck a nerve so they huff and puff  
Till all the king's men fluster and clusterfuck  
And it's a beautiful thing  
To my people who keep an impressive wing span  
Even when the cubicle shrink  
You gotta pull up the intruder by the root of the weed  
NY chew thru the machine And I will remember your name and face  
On the day you were judged by the funhouse cast  
And I will rejoice in your fall from grace  
With a cane to the sky like 'None shall pass.'  
None shall pass, none shall pass You tried, you tried, you tried to trick me  
You've got a, you've, you've got a, a lot of nerve  
I'm, I'm not, I'm not, trying to trick you  
I'm (trust me) I'm (trust me) I'm trying to help Okay, woke to a grocery list

Goes like this:

Duty and death

Anyone object, come stand in the way  
You could be my little Snake River Canyon today  
And I ran with a chain of commands  
And a jetpack strapped where the backstab lands if it can  
Fine  
Sign of the vibe in the crowd  
When I cut a belly open to find what climb out  
That's quite a bit of gusto he muster up  
To make a dark horse rush like, "Enough's enough!"  
It must've... struck a nerve so they huff and puff  
Till all the king's men fluster and clusterfuck  
And it's a beautiful thing  
To my people who keep an impressive wingspan even when the cubicle shrink  
You got to pull up the intruder by the root of the weed  
NY chew through the machine And I will remember your name and face  
On the day you were judged by the funhouse cast  
And I will rejoice in your fall from grace  
With a cane to the sky like 'None shall pass.'  
None shall pass, none shall pass I'm (trust me) I'm (trust me) I'm trying to help  
I'm (trust me) I'm (trust me) I'm trying to help  
I'm (trust me) I'm (trust me) I'm trying to help  
I'm (trust me) I'm (trust me) I'm trying to help  
Help, help, help, help...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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