

# Five Fingers

## Aesop Rock

Take-take the medicine, tastes great  
Got 'ta keep in the city, I'm way baked  
Way before the media shitting or 12 zip of ganked paint  
The origin of a thievery leader will take place  
Two coke bottles adorn the rogue toddler  
Grapple a refrigerator, gaffle a Nilla wafer  
And no role model provoke him to shift focus  
'Cause he noticed that a cookie tastes better when it's stolen  
Kids got the darnedest quirks  
So 11's arms skip jars for his momma's purse  
And bought enough fireworks from the bullies to blow up a small barn  
Which he kept in a box in the yard  
And the bark isn't carved from a klepto-anthem  
But a klepto-tangent prefaced the grand canvas  
Dance to the dirge, stand up  
Celebrate the natural need to own what ain't earned  
See it rolls off the tongue  
Like a smoke ring rolls off a lung 'til it's done  
Ready, set, kept petty theft on a post-it  
Later apply the motives to a moment on some grown shit  
"Hey, you with the sharpie and BM!"  
Did you foreplay the GM, or you carpe the diem?  
Whore play the porn game, fornicate the sure way to freedom  
Or correlate with the swordplay and heathens?  
Trickery and backtalk, fresh outta high school  
On the prickly catwalk of the modern grind slide rule  
Every last number in its history  
Got its own little hustle to nuzzle up with the victory  
Thanks  
Bathe in a bottle of your finest  
Tackleberry sift through the piss looking for diamonds  
'Fore the hell appears to put the chemi in the climate  
Get your money from the richest, seek your pussy from the flyest  
Slow and low, do or die calm, suicide king in the tuck of the palm  
Slow and low, do or die stuck, two to five cans in the tuck of the trunk  
And these are the five fingers that are stealing from you  
And these are the five fingers that are stealing from you  
And these are the five fingers that are stealing from you...  
(Capture the flag)  
One by one like  
little confused penguins  
Larceny's yes-men ooze for used weapons  
Like a bitter little burglar jaded up out the bucket seat  
Is dumb enough to feel like the public owe him a fucking thing  
Nope, gotta configure the five  
finger  
So the hot-wired vehicular skill is applicable  
If an eye's on the prize and the itch ain't flushed  
I hope the fruits of your labor outlive the initial rush, like  
Step on the abysmal cusp  
With matchmakers trying to make the mixed signals fuck  
Then incubate the mutt baby through his stigma's crutch  
Like he will learn to walk after he lifts the drums  
And this is certified milk by the New York

Department of Skullduggery  
Shoplift quicker than your shutter speed (click!)  
Missed, he dipped with dumb cutlery  
In and out of muddy river water 'til the rudder bleed  
Skip around the money pillar, color me  
bunny killer  
Hovering where the mother feed, gutter greed king  
And a crummy motherfucker breed fuck with me  
It go knock knock rummy at a bruckner speed  
The seed's all grows up playing grown people  
games  
Evil aims grown, encompass the whole steeple chase  
Grip, mitigate the master plan  
So when the workers are asleep, ruffraff expands  
Yes a pig is a cop, but gotta fill up the flock  
So when I rake in the bacon I hope the kiddies'll watch  
I hope the flipping of the system will be heavily clocked  
'Cause opportunity's fickle, after it trickle it stop  
Capture the flag, drag that crass little bastard  
Flat through the hazmat glass  
Laugh when he ask for it back; scratch that:  
welcome to the magic in a basket of cash.  
Slow and low, do or die calm, suicide king in the tuck  
of the palm  
Slow and low, do or die stuck, two to five cans in the tuck of the trunk  
And these are the five fingers that are stealing from you  
And these are the five fingers that are stealing from you  
And these are the five fingers that are stealing from you...(Capture the flag)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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