

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, riffraff 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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