

# TUFF

## Aesop Rock

Dumb diggy, bump Biggie  
Til the landlady holler, "Get a haircut, hippie!"  
The death knell generator entertain a fresh kill  
Breath quell dressed like a bloated sack of dead cells  
Shedding, purple tape, purple hawk ape  
A single flower through the permafrost  
Pick himself and learn to walk in furry pants  
War paint circling a duralog  
Four-faced devil by his side like a service dog  
Shlock purists watch the block burneth  
One o clock prophets in the parking lot at perkins  
The perfect politician's thirty clicks outside of Sturgis  
Doggy bag doctors, military deserters  
Who still shop surplus and can't hold jobs  
I look like I'm wearing a ghillie suit but I'm not  
Roll out ghost of Camu on the pegs  
Might pedal by the police  
Tough with two F's  
Ah fuck that shit look  
Can't tell if I'm a little withdrawn  
Or dead dogs set to quote unquote live on a farm  
The coke bottles tint film noir  
Trippin' out the milk bar  
Poison horchata cup  
Milf in a zip car  
Six arms six hand styles like ships on scrimshaw  
Part Def Jam part Dischord  
My wig picker threw me out of her office  
Had the cold turkey benzo summer was awesome  
Onion a benzie's[?]  
Summer was awesome  
Got brats on the grill  
Wormwood in a cauldron  
Horse hoof in the dog's mouth  
Cholera in a well  
Make money periodically vomiting on himself  
I read Nat Geo craft and crack geodes  
Lift party hats out of Craft Depot  
Unleaded mire blood pumped through his neck  
Came down from the mountain  
Tough with two F's: ...  
TUFF

TUFF(What's so funny?  
You, what are you laughing at?  
I said what are you laughing at?)Before player ever met his omega  
They were effectively reducing his behavior into data  
With plans to build a dais where the  
People grow potatoes and cabbage  
Don't make him raise the gate between the bettas  
In a spectacle display in the nature of strange neighbors  
I paint caves til the rage campaign tapers  
Show a new crop how he used to moonwalk  
Out of breath like a seven day old balloon dog  
I still hang band posters and buy black lights  
Crib decorated like a dorm room at Brandeis  
Still pretend I'm gonna build another half-pipe  
Nevermind the fort era christening in pantsize  
Man, who could've guessed the future of abominal imagery  
Would also share a birthday with Kenny G? None  
The ninety-nine cent two cents keeps two arms folded  
Tough with two F'sYeah, let's do it like thatUnh I pay a guy to lean over steeped fingers  
Then convince me to pay him for his teas and tinctures  
The string cheese dinner kid speak Cheech wizard  
Fore I'm gone like Gossamer under number three clippers  
Three forged in various pulp channels  
Even his prized horse rides a wolf into battle  
Even his blood and body couldn't pick him out a line up  
Or his name off the paper  
It's Aes pronounced "why us"  
First learn the high art of eyeing a mark  
Buying nickels for a dime at the park  
I learned to rhyme in New York  
I learned to breathe underwater  
I learned to walk with a ghost  
Adidas reeking of sulfur  
A children's cemetery font  
When home is a bleeding ulcer  
Everything you've ever stood up for is keeling over  
Moon set beautifying  
Cartoon death catfish on a farm  
And tough with two F's  
Yeah

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