

Aesop Rock, Babies With Guns

radio, check check, video, check check
this is how the city folk and mole people connect
somebody warp the message right i'll pass it to the next
now the perforated county's making you upset

harvest all brand x clark kents to worm pool
carbon heart
buried his nozzle in fossil marker art
pardon
cadaver had a legitimate pulse
and littered volts are with the village
where the skittish pigeons molt
bastard poacher gasped
with the pigeon with lazarus billy goat whiskers
he rose to see salt in the open blisters but
blind anarchy slips through the cracks,
see naked martyrs with Bubblicious on fishing rods
itching to pull it back
with that organic invention incubated to hatch
some can try to make it fructose on paper now
allow the details later and the crews will taper out
of wooly mayors ousts?
through piggy jammy happy shooting at the bladed mouth
bazooka tooth who keep the paper route
with janky funds and favors
cradled by twelve empty Zelda heart containers
man, it's freezing in this brick bitch
winter forever
like Punxsutawney Phil down with his four furry wrists severed
i walk face first through the sex, guns, and church
with wild things that make Maurice Syndek question his early works
but no hostages no promises
out the claw of corporate cogs and sprockets,
now clogs off gromits
running from a rabid ring wraith click, basilisk, serpentine
in and out of traffic jam and murder scenes
scrub blood off the AF1 fifty two pick up first degree
some toddler's smuggled tommy guns and crack into the nurseries
doggy, there's a fucking baby at the door asking for wallets
and those ain't twin beanie babies inside his pockets
2010 sonograms show the magnums form directly off the fetus
evolution for the young killer convenience

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magazine, check check, paper route, check check
this is how the hermit inc. and busy bee connect
somebody's losing track of their flesh and blood in arrests
polka dotted landscapes what did you expect?
now-a-days even the babies got guns
diaper snipers having clock-tower fun
misplace the bottle might catch a bad one
have a mid-life crisis when you're ten years young

hold up
if the jesus piece around your neck is bigger than your pistol
it makes homicide okie-dokie and your god will forgive you
just show the saints at heaven's gate you should be on the list
i hear overlooks manslaughter for a tattooed crucifix
twisty, fidgety, contradicting
wild animal shit bleed off the slide of born doctor?
to mister turnable mind bought?

somewhere to laminate dry bones in cool water and ease medulla
after you thumb sucking diaper chains
give birth and shoot the school up
i duel, too, but only to exploit no-brainers
teenager beef past alligator teeth
and extra-curricular flagpole scrappin'
amongst tadpoles that have yellow backbones
team mechanism brought airborne shrapnel scraps to hassle captain
by the itchy index of an umbilically garped fraggle baby
fragile, maybe, ya think
chop shop and a misled maladjusty crusty lock box
hiding clips that light the sky in seconds
like dueling communal hopscotch gives them leverage
cut 'em with mortars
while i mumble in the immortal slang of Mush Mouth
for the anti-lead nirvana
i used to think i'd get hit by a bus or something dumb and dumber
now the bus is slugs plugged by the newest kiddie thug wonder
suffered through kingsley
rep a wide pride dosage
for tomorrow the holsters are bound to outnumber the roaches
not a coach, but that'll even jolt the immobile
when global terrorism's all the rage your folk get smoked local
block[head], if you need me, i had to bounce to d.c.
to bullet-proof mom's flower garden
before the war cheats me
if i'm not back in a week tell the crew i said "peace, and lay low"
strains don't vacate slow

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aboard the battleship, gray sky, the day i
got the phone call Jam Master Jay died
so, no, i'll probably never write another daylight
because the stingers tend to cling more than a portable hay rides
it adds up when a pioneer fall
in comparison to your ninety-nine bottles of beer wall
there's banana peels in your hamster wheels
hand cannons in your shoebox, please
mine's got adidas, rest in peace.....get at me.