

## Less Than Jake "Babies with Guns"

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Radio check check  
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This is how the city-folk and mole-people connect-nect  
Somebody warped the message, tried to pass it to the  
next next  
Data-perforated counties making you upset-set

Harvest all Brand-X Clark Kents to worm food  
Carbon heart, buried his nozzle in fossil marker art  
Pardon, cadaver had a legitimate pulse  
And littered volts all over the village where the skittish  
pigeons molt  
Bastard polter-gasps when the pigeon with Lazarus  
billy-goat whiskers  
He roasted sea-salt in the open blisters  
But blind anarchy slips through the cracks  
See naked martyrs with Bubblelicious on fishing rods  
itching to pull it back  
With that organic invention incubated to have some ??  
to make it through  
?? on paper now, a lot of details later  
And lot of crews will taper out  
A wooly mayor souse, who ?? happy shooting at the  
bladed mouth  
Bazooka Tooth zoo-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 Punxatawny Phil found with his four furry wrists  
severed  
I walk face-first through the sex, drugs, and church  
With wild things that make Maurice Sendak question  
his early works  
But no hostages, no promises  
Out the clock corporate constant sprockets  
Now clocked-off grommets  
Running from a rabid ring-wraith click basilisk  
Serpentine, in and out of traffic jam and murder  
scenes  
Scrub blood of the AF-152, pick up first degrees  
Some toddlers smuggled Tommy guns and crack into

the nurseries  
Dog, there's a fucking baby at the door asking for  
wallets (yeah?)  
And those ain't twin Beanie Babies inside his pockets  
(nope!)  
2010 sonograms showed the Magnum formed directly  
out the fetus  
Evolution for the young killer convenience

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Magazine check check  
Paper route check check  
This is how the hermit and the busy bee connect-nect  
Somebody's losing track of their flesh-and-bloods and  
arrests-rests  
Polka-dotted landscapes, what did you expect-pect?

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

If this 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 heard he overlooks manslaughter for a tattooed  
crucifix"  
Twisty, fishy, contradicty, wild animal ship fleet  
Off the sliding board dock of the Mr. Turtle pool mom  
bought  
Somewhere they laminate dry bones and cool water  
and ease medulla  
After you thumb-suck and diaper-change get burped  
and shoot the school up  
I'd do it too, but only to exploit no-brainers  
Teenager beef passed alligator teeth and extra-  
curricular flagpole scrapping  
Amongst tadpoles that have yellow backbones  
De-mechanism brought airborne shrapnel scraps to  
hassle captains  
By the itchy index of an umbilically-garped fraggle  
baby

Fragile maybe, you think?  
Chopped shop and a mislead, maladjustee trustee  
locked box  
Hiding clips that light the sky in seconds  
like newly communal hop-scotch gives them leverage  
Cut them with mortars while I mumble  
in the immortal slang of mushmouth for the anti-led  
Nirvana  
I used to think I'd get hit by a bus or something dumb  
and dumber  
That or bust the slugs plugged by the newest kiddie  
thug wonder  
Self-victim kings who rep a wide pride dosage  
For tomorrow the holsters are bound to outnumber the  
roaches  
I'm not a coach  
But that won't even jolt the immobile  
when global terrorism's all the rage and folk get  
smoked local  
Block, if you need me (yeah?)  
I had to bounce to DC (yeah?)  
To bullet-proof mom's flower garden before the war  
cheats me (yeah?)  
If I'm not back in a week tell the crew I said "peace" and  
lay low  
Strays don't vacate slow

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Video check check  
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New flash check check  
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Aboard the battleship grey sky  
The day I got the phone call Jam Master Jay died  
So now I'll probably never write another "Daylight"  
Because the stingers ?? a ?? into the portable hay-rides  
It adds it up when a pioneer fall, in comparison to your

99 bottle of beer wall  
There's banana peels in your hamster wheels, hand  
cannons in your shoebox, please  
Mine's got Adidas, rest in peace

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