

Less Than Jake

"Mars Attacks"

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These lil', lil' fuckin' Martians
you gotta love em' though

Mars attacks wit' electric gats
Not for sapien abduction (what's up then?!)
Billy took a laser to the mug piece; hallowed out the
mandible
Channel headquarters order the cannonballs (Mars
attacksssss)
FBI demands column to this pigeon ankle
And boomeranging' our harvest; 51st area sickness
Not a threat, an area witness won't injure the promise
Monster lead- carry your ligament fanged in the mosh
pit

Dodge vapor, labor days are major A sir
Cater the alien decomposer soldier platter like
cabbage check eight
I told her "go for C4 magic's"
Smolder as the Bazooka Tooth holster fabric
(This fucker's rabid and still breathing!) (Hiding
cabbage!)
Oh, the heater claps to leave me
I'ma ninja this shit wit' sugar in the fuel tank of a saucer
Buddy up and head down to the metal corporate
tunnels
Ice pick the soldered ship wiring; pissed of the mother
and um
I'd be lying if I said I knew your intentions
See my sexy sabotage thinks defensive action to save
the race

You land in hand on board to mention magma (Blaze
the place!)
Red five revival there's wires in the bible
Obviously, ultra take advance when I point counterpoint
Comparison of ET verse little old freak me (She be on
somethin')
Hey riddle sweet peas wit' your nickel PCs; fickle CDs,
miserable TV sitcom (typical!)
Pathetic. Ritual. Collective slackership
Beautiful establishment; you ain't established shit! I
consider you foul

Keeping me alive is the vibe with the Vulcan's (hope!)
Tangle the vine catapult (Catapult!)
I break it down to the bunk for the crooks wit' the goals
of a angel
Eat. Sleep. Fuck
Structural droids; more bangs for the buck
But they want a last stegosaurus - thorns in the glove
(buck wit' it!)
Pre-stork land shark business, cradling the arms of the
car man kidney
Swarm to the sickly thawed out the glacier
Beggin' for the freezer burn; back every day sir!
Sir, your science loves to fuck nature
Sir, your right to the dawn of my day sir
Sir, your violent laugh homing beacon is sad; who
chase till we all catch vapors
Don't call it a sound-off, 'Mars Attacks" be the malarkey
downfall
It's not a game no more, run from the flash, leave your
penny at the door
A lotta of magic gadgets; give em all back just to
nullify the savage
Mic's crumble we be rockin' right - in the year of the
dropper tight
Saw a grey mouse rabied poured on a board
to the dull morose world like a lull in a storm
And I know you was hopin' that the piece for the ox was
a dull sword, ah
(Guess what, it's not!) Guess what else, I transmit from
the block!
T-Rex - X-Ray with triple X Hexen (give it up!)
For the yesterdays, or the next I can assure you if there
is I got the sword
(dead flesh!)

Aint no time left. (Keep ya head up now)
Maaaaarrrrrrrssss wins! (I thought you would like it)
(Random thoughts until end)*

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