

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

Prowl back to the numbers under burnt pride in the dark (sup yall!)

They want us dead or alive without the 'aliiivee' Part
The sun rose over a body bag shortage
Last week I was like 'god bless the saint that invented
the cordless'

This week I saw the re-wrap of the bull's-eye of my worship

Temple body slash bull-cabinet Mastermind diversions (Fuck yall!)

Lets do this shit, my movement soothes any space invader practice

Stomped under enemy like "Hey what now, bitch!?" Hiding human hear me rise above material and cardinal sin

They shot me in the face

Mars wins. Mars wins. Mars wins. Mars wins

(Jet-black smoke on the horizon) Black smoke in the air Maaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrsssss wins! (I thought you would like it)

Who you screaming at dog? I got this! (Lets go)

Zig zag zookah, pinnacle stitch
Unleash the unlimited edish primitive piss
I'm singin' cynical maybe the most military ops
Monkey! Here's elephant, and it drops
We on a three-ringed prong ancient elephant tusk
Bitter, at fully (break bread!) you shruggin' it off
Keep it electric, sure, But NY Electra's not about electric
wars

Never seen a poor man's glimpse set fake (Last page!) Three, two, one, domesticate!

The dawning of the cave man who invented the wheel and roll out funny

Sittin' on a bundle rolled with twenties, subtle Sippin' Saber tooth blood puddle-

I could roll with the lackey's, that's if we hustle Knuckle in the mud, hell's bells in the jungle Red-berried face means smugger round the muzzle I'm allergic to the now-born solo panel cutters stole quo to the core (dirt mess!)

Stone cold's hands out core cryogenics, stubborn
Can't talk shit wit' a tongue full a' rubber!
Bad cholesterol through blood sugar
Four-piece heartbeats wit' a subwoofer!
I'm not asking you to act like you notice (Oh Aesop's SO Mesozoic.)

Now what if in the cabin built the old pulping? Opened the mirror, stole a pulse with the voltage 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 stegosaurs - 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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