

Aesop Rock "Babies With Guns"

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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 perferrated county's making you upset

harvest all brand x clark kents to worm pool
carbon heart
burried his nozzle in fossil marker art
pardon
cadaver had a legitimate pulse
and littered volts are with the village
where the skiddish pigeons molt
bastard poacher gasped
with the pigeon with lazerus 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
suome 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 zoo keep the paper route
with janky funds and favors
cradled by twelve empty sell the heart containers
man, it's freezing in this brick bitch
winter forever
like pucks that tawny felt down with his sore furry wrist
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
dogg, 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 magnum's worn directly out
the fetus
evolution for the young killer convenience

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now the perferrated county's making you upset
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 okey dokey 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 tatoed 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 madula
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 commutal hopscotch gives them leverage

cut 'em with mortars
while i mumble in the immortal slang of "must-not
[sleep]"
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
incompares 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.

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