

## **Aesop Rock "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)  
We have high 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 seeks 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 aint established shit! I  
consider you foul  
Prowl back to the numbers under burnt pride in the



Opened the mirror, stole a pulse with the voltage  
Keeping me alive is the vibe with the Vulcan's (hope!)  
I'm the divine 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!)  
Prehistoric land shark business, cradling the arms of  
the car man's 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's never set;  
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 lot of magic gadgets; give em' all back just to nullify  
the savage  
Mic's crumble we be rockin' right; in the year of the  
Troglodyte  
Saw a grey mouse rabid 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 Hex (give it up!)  
For the yesterdays, or the next I can assure you if the  
RZA got the sword, (dead flesh!)

Aint no time left. (Keep ya head up now)  
Maaaaarrrrrrrrssss wins! (I thought you would like it)  
Your head will be down in the dirt  
We'll end it real quick  
Maaaaarrrrrrrrssss wins! (See how strong you are  
then..)  
Your head down with a mouth full of pebbles  
That's it man, no time left.  
Ya'll keep talkin'. It'll get you nowhere...

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