

Aesop Rock f/ John Danielle**"Coffee"**

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[Chorus]

We don't need no walkie-talkies
Nope, no walkie-talkies
We don't need your coughing when offing the morning
coffee, no
We don't need no walkie-talkies
Nope, no walkie-talkies
We just want our hermitry to stay and our coffee to go

[Verse I/III] (Aesop Rock)

And the last shall be..
First to immerse in the pass-out heat
Face in the mud where the moxie melt
Till he woke up drowning in Tchotchke hell
More in a cave with a torch on the wall
Than a window arrangement of porcelain dolls
On a brand new day, saw what he saw:
Property owners who crawl to the mall
With a bad toupee and a face like he authored a law;
Pace like he mourning a loss
Right hand on a can of worms
Left full of gold he will trade for turf
I mean, that's okay
You got to answer to you at the end of the volatile day
But a model of mercy and might? No way!
Marionette who will clap and obey!
Dude, look... all that noise?
Call that flight of the water boys
Meet and greet and they all slap five
Cheek to cheek when they colonize
And a grown ass man shall abide as he wish
Walk that path with a dime and a stick
Walk that path with a diamond and wine
Walk that path to the firing line
Just walk... (walk...)
Pay no mind to the new recruit with the Play-Doh spine
Let's be friends from opposite ends
Wave to the kid, don't hop on the fence
Play to the radius far and away
Orbit wide, don't park in his space
One little martyr who talk in his face

Make one little Weathermen sharpen the blades

[Chorus]

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Nope, no walkie-talkies

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[Verse II/III] (Aesop Rock)

And the last shall be..

First to the curb with the mad cow meat

Face in the bars of a regular cell

When he woke up high in collectible hell

Boom town kid who was taught by the binge

That a man who expire with the most shit win

That's warpy American nonsense penned by the rich

Not a routine friend in a pinch

Still not used to the stench

How it throws off, otherwise, lucid events

In the case the afraid observe

I got a Pro-Keds box full of layman's terms

It goes, "Hey! Peace! Pray for the plagued!

Major relief and capacious rains."

But just 'cause I don't want to war with you

It don't mean go warm up the barbecue

I'm like, "Pardon you!"

Sawed off limit

My high noon is a quick little minute

I don't wanna spend it sitting with a critic

Who simply isn't going to ever really get it

This HQ is alive and alone

No driveway no sign of a home

No dial tone, no line for the phone

No "World's Tiniest Violin Song."

And I might just lie to them all

Lie in the morgue with a deep breath hiding and bored;

Fighting a smile, highly annoyed

When the timing is right I will rise and record

Call for the monster beats

And Blockhead got animal drums, like he's Doctor

Teeth

It goes red light, green light, one, two, three

One large coffee, fuck you, peace

[Bridge]

T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S

T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S

T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S

T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S
T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S

[Verse III/III] (John Danielle)

I crawled down to the basement when the weather got
cold

Like a lost lamb returning to the fold

And when the outside world recedes from view

It's just a year's supply of make-up and memories of
you

Nineteen sixty-seven, colt forty-five

Holding back the vampires, keeping me alive

There's an envelope with some cash in it out by the
front door

This is what they make you take the medication for

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