

Babies With Guns

Aesop Rock

Radio check check

Video check check

This is how the city-folk and mole-people connect-nect
Somebody warped the message, tried to pass it to the next next
Data-perforated counties making you upset-set

Harvest all Brand-X Clark Kents to worm food
Carbon heart, buried his nozzle in fossil marker art
Pardon, cadaver had a legitimate pulse
And littered volts all over the village where the skittish pigeons molt
Bastard polter-gasps when the pigeon with Lazarus billy-goat whiskers
He roasted sea-salt in the open blisters
But blind anarchy slips through the cracks
See naked martyrs with Bubblelicious on fishing rods itching to pull it back
With that organic invention incubated to have some to make it through
on paper now, a lot of details later
And lot of crews will taper out
A wooly mayor souse, who happy shooting at the bladed mouth
Bazooka Tooth zoo-keep the paper route with janky funds and favors
Cradled by twelve empty Zelda heart containers
Man, it's freezing in this brick bitch, winter forever
Like Punxatawny Phil found with his four furry wrists severed
I walk face-first through the sex, drugs, and church
With wild things that make Maurice Sendak question his early works
But no hostages, no promises
Out the clock corporate constant sprockets
Now clocked-off grommets
Running from a rabid ring-wraith click basilisk
Serpentine, in and out of traffic jam and murder scenes
Scrub blood of the AF-152, pick up first degrees
Some toddlers smuggled Tommy guns and crack into the nurseries
Dog, there's a fucking baby at the door asking for wallets (yeah?)
And those ain't twin Beanie Babies inside his pockets (nope!)
2010 sonograms showed the Magnum formed directly out the fetus
Evolution for the young killer convenience

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Magazine check check

Paper route check check

This is how the hermit and the busy bee connect-nect
Somebody's losing track of their flesh-and-bloods and arrests-rests
Polka-dotted landscapes, what did you expect-pect?

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

If this Jesus piece around your neck is bigger than your pistol
It makes homicide okie-dokie and your god will forgive you
Just show the saints at Heaven's gate you should be on the list
"I heard he overlooks manslaughter for a tattooed crucifix"

Twisty, fishy, contradicty, wild animal ship fleet
Off the sliding board dock of the Mr. Turtle pool mom bought
Somewhere they laminate dry bones and cool water and ease medulla
After you thumb-suck and diaper-change get burped and shoot the school up
I'd do it too, but only to exploit no-brainers
Teenager beef passed alligator teeth and extra-curricular flagpole scrapping
Amongst tadpoles that have yellow backbones
De-mechanism brought airborne shrapnel scraps to hassle captains
By the itchy index of an umbilically-garped fraggle baby
Fragile maybe, you think?
Chopped shop and a mislead, maladjustee trustee locked box
Hiding clips that light the sky in seconds
like newly communal hop-scotch gives them leverage
Cut them with mortars while I mumble
in the immortal slang of mushmouth for the anti-led Nirvana
I used to think I'd get hit by a bus or something dumb and dumber
That or bust the slugs plugged by the newest kiddie thug wonder
Self-victim kings who rep a wide pride dosage
For tomorrow the holsters are bound to outnumber the roaches
I'm not a coach
But that won't even jolt the immobile
when global terrorism's all the rage and folk get smoked local
Block, if you need me (yeah?)
I had to bounce to DC (yeah?)
To bullet-proof mom's flower garden before the war cheats me (yeah?)
If I'm not back in a week tell the crew I said "peace" and lay low
Strays don't vacate slow

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Aboard the battleship grey sky
The day I got the phone call Jam Master Jay died
So now I'll probably never write another "Daylight"
Because the stingers into the portable hay-rides
It adds it up when a pioneer fall, in comparison to your 99 bottle of beer w
all
There's banana peels in your hamster wheels, hand cannons in your shoebox, p
lease
Mine's got Adidas, rest in peace