

Coffee

Aesop Rock

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

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

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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

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

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