

# No Jumper Cables

Aesop Rock

Burn train buffers  
My fancy  
Up jumps the boogie delivering eye jammies  
Walk through the muck with a clutch on a trident  
Never give a fuck how far Pi went  
You are dealing with a reborn icicle age poltergeist

Uprock, sidewalk cycles stuck at the bus stop  
Wookie foot must not sleep  
Under the invaders  
No batteries  
No jumper cables

Wired underagers play box cutter facelift  
Rock utter makeshift spirit  
To y'all I'm just a funny moniker with a couple of fresh records  
And a bangin' hand style to put the jukies On the guest list

Walk for that  
Metal train graf brainiac  
Walk for them  
Not a limelight  
more to blush alizarin crimson  
when the multi million  
Tin men suck traditional rituals  
Out the homes of starving children  
And I bet they can see the city bleeding from the satellites  
Formed by the corporate war drums recorded poorly  
Dirty dub vamp.  
Bruised by the hues of wicked pallets  
Chewed by the tooth of livid maggots  
Dino DNA and cola, straight no chaser  
Mars attacks colorfulness  
I piss raptors on motherships

Hazy days will stay purple  
Cause Cips with a Z bargain  
Like Crazy Eddie commercials

Go Ah AH AHH AHHH  
network with a dirt devil  
Burn train buffers.  
Hi!  
Cute the way your little parasol spins.  
Bye!  
Suck my Neanderthal dick.  
Catapults spit.  
Losing the screws and bolts  
and all they heard's crews gulp in bulk and sulk in volts  
Zap!  
Radio m-m-m-m-mayhem, fine.  
Suicidal eye full of plastic nine.  
Bang!

No batteries  
Come on

Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No batteries  
Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No cables

They only came to buff the name stuck the train  
That's a textbook page  
for my seed up in flames

Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No batteries  
Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No cables

Curators cater to killers of innovators  
I'm a staple  
No batteries no jumper cables

Choke train buffers like a headlocked Ed Koch  
Nurture the craft of concrete visionaries  
Cave painters screaming "Loosen the cuffs!"  
Cave paintings get the natural history feather dust  
Pick a lust.

Limo tint stretch delorian chrome sittin on twenties  
Then I walk to the stouge, burning my laundry  
Lo Pro, fucked up jeans back at the party spinning Kane meets Flight of the  
Valkryies in a heartbeat.  
Saber tooth, catalog, city art, liturgy  
Ranger Ricks endanger the clique maximum efficiency  
And isn't that dope?  
The line of blind winged Pygars and how they wallow planks into the matmos.  
Binder bibles and a graphite prison violator  
with Joshua for the war gamer systems.

Now the architects are rioting cause we built something different  
I'm like how the fuck sure shot evolution not my business?

My elephant television was on.  
Grape soda, Grape ape, Great space coaster,  
DnD, GI Joe, Transformer, Herculioid, ThunderCat, Voltron, Speed Racer, Space  
Ghoster.  
Kiss the flickering images with Carroll Ann fingertips,  
C-4 to four chamber skips,  
Ohh shit...

They say his eyes were spiraling back when he hit the mat  
Woke first words: "Oh it's like that?"  
Started bendin spoons and rippin arrows outa lady hawks  
With a C3P unit tryin to interpret the baby talk

Burn train buffers  
Right turn woulda missed the iceberg, fine.  
But you don't like our kind. Do you?  
Junkyard Dog. Hot tin roofs cradle kittens with them sub par flaws.  
Rappin is my radio, graffiti is my TV.  
B-boys keep them windmills breezy.

Catapult

Jump motherfuckers  
No batteries  
Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No cables

They only came to buff the name stuck the train  
That's a textbook page  
for my seed up in flames

Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No batteries  
Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No cables  
Curators cater to killers of innovators  
I'm a staple.

No batteries no jumper cables

Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No batteries  
Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No cables

They only came to buff the name stuck the train  
That's a textbook page  
for my seed up in flames

Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No batteries  
Catapult  
Jump motherfuckers  
No cables  
Curators cater to killers of innovators  
I'm a staple.

No batteries no jumper cables

Don't get cooked by the pilot light  
I can smell metal in the air tonight  
I can smell metal in the air tonight  
I can smell metal in the air tonight  
Don't get cooked by the pilot light  
I can smell metal in the air tonight  
I can smell metal in the air tonight  
I can smell metal in the air tonight