

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 etc
Come on
Catapult
Jump motherfuckers
No batteries
Catapult
Jump motherfuckers
No cables
They only came to buff the name stuck to 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 Valkyries 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.
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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
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Don't get cooked by the pilot light
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