

# Mars Attacks (Unconventional Science Remix)

## Aesop Rock

These lil', lil' fuckin' Martians

You gotta love em' though Mars attacks wit' electric gats  
Not for sapien abduction (what's up then?!)

Billy took a laser to the mug piece; hallowed out the mandible  
Channel headquarters order the cannonballs (Mars attacksssss)  
We have high demands column to this pigeon ankle  
And boomeranging' our harvest; 51st area sickness  
Not a threat, an area witness won't injure the promise  
Monster lead- carry your ligament fanged in the mosh pit  
Dodge vapor, labor days are major A sir  
Cater the alien decomposer soldier platter like cabbage check eight  
I told her "go for C4 magic's"

Smolder as the Bazooka Tooth holster fabric  
(This fucker's rabid and still breathing!) (Hiding cabbage!)

Oh, the heater claps to leave me  
I'ma ninja this shit wit' sugar in the fuel tank of a saucer  
Buddy up and head down to the metal corporate tunnels  
Ice pick the soldered ship wiring; pissed of the mother and um,  
I'd be lying if I said I knew your intentions  
See my sexy sabotage seeks defensive action to save the race  
You land in hand on board to mention magma (Blaze the place!)

Red five revival there's wires in the bible  
Obviously, ultra take advance when I point counterpoint  
Comparison of ET verse little old freak me (She be on somethin')

Hey riddle sweet peas wit' your nickel PCs; fickle CDs, miserable TV sitcom (typical!)  
Pathetic. Ritual. Collective slackership  
Beautiful establishment; you aint established shit! I consider you foul  
Prowl back to the numbers under burnt pride in the dark (sup yall!)  
They want us dead or alive without the 'aliivee' Part  
The sun rose over a body bag shortage  
Last week I was like 'god bless the saint that invented the cordless'  
This week I saw the re-wrap of the bull's-eye of my worship  
Temple body slash bull-cabinet Mastermind diversions (Fuck yall!)  
Lets do this shit, my movement soothes any space invader practice  
Stomped under enemy like "Hey what now, bitch!?"  
Hiding human hear me rise above material and cardinal sin  
They shot me in the face Mars wins (X5)(Puffin' smoke) Run around with your face on fire  
(Jet-black smoke on the horizon) Black smoke in the air.  
Maaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr ssss wins! (I thought you would like it)

(We gon' make it) Who you screaming at dog?  
I got this! (Lets go)Zig zag zookah, pinnacle stitch  
Unleash the unlimited edish primitive piss  
I'm singin' cynical maybe the most military ops  
Monkey! Here's elephant, and it drops  
We on a three-ringed prong ancient elephant tusk  
Bitter, at fully (break bread!) you shruggin' it off  
Keep it electric, sure, But NY Electra's not about electric wars  
Never seen a poor man's glimpse set fake (Last page!)  
Three, two, one, domesticate!  
In the corner of the cave reinventing the wheel and roll out funny  
Sittin' on them Barney Rubble twenties, subtle  
Sippin' Saber tooth blood puddle-  
I could roll with the lackey's, that's if we hustle  
Knuckle in the mud, hell's bells in the chuckle..  
Red-berried face means smugger round the muzzle  
I'm allergic to the now-born solo panel cutters stole quo to the core (dirt mess!)  
Stone cold's hands out core cryogenics, stubborn  
Can't talk shit wit' a tongue full a' rug burn!  
Bad cholesterol through blood sugar  
Four-piece heartbeats wit' a subwoofer!  
I'm not asking you to act like you notice (Oh Aesop's SO Mesozoic.)  
Now what if in the cabin built the old pulping?  
Opened the mirror, stole a pulse with the voltage  
Keeping me alive is the vibe with the Vulcan's (hope!)  
I'm the divine catapult (Catapult!)  
I break it down to the bunk for the crooks wit' the goals of a angel  
Eat. Sleep. Fuck.  
Structural droids; more bangs for the buck  
But they want a last stegosaurus - thorns in the glove (buck wit' it!)  
Prehistoric land shark business, cradling the arms of the car man's kidney  
Swarm to the sickly thawed out the glacier  
Beggin' for the freezer burn; back every day sir!  
Sir, your science loves to fuck nature  
Sir, your right to the dawn of my day sir  
Sir, your violent laugh homing beacon's never set;  
Who chase till we all catch vapors  
Don't call it a sound-off, "Mars Attacks" be the malarkey downfall  
It's not a game no more, run from the flash, leave your penny at the door  
A lot of magic gadgets; give em' all back just to nullify the savage  
Mic's crumble we be rockin' right; in the year of the Troglodyte  
Saw a grey mouse rabid poured on a board to the dull morose world like a lull in a storm  
And I know you was hopin' that the piece for the ox was a dull sword, ah  
(Guess what, it's not!) Guess what else, I transmit from the block!  
T-Rex - X-Ray with triple X Hex (give it up!)

For the yesterdays, or the next I can assure you if the RZA got the sword, (dead flesh!)Aint no time left. (Keep  
ya head up now)  
Maaaaarrrrrrrrssss wins! (I thought you would like it)  
Your head will be down in the dirt  
We'll end it real quick  
Maaaaarrrrrrrrssss wins! (See how strong you are then..)  
Your head down with a mouth full of pebbles  
That's it man, no time left.  
Ya'll keep talkin'. It'll get you nowhere...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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