# Mars Attacks

## Bigredrobot

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 'aliiivee' 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.
Maaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrsssss 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 stegosaurs - 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...

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