

## 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