

# El-P, Accidents Don't Happen

(El-P) (official)

Yo, I touch with rusted clutch, then spun out of the dust  
and careen into the temples of automated destruct  
nanotech bugs in the blood get unplugged  
fishing for the fly shit hybrid  
I run among the mudskipper swarms through warnings and good morning Beirut  
Little Billy Blunderbuss looking for more recruits  
city life is practiceasket truancy  
that's the rule of you and me, brash unmasked lunacy  
friends used to laugh fast, grasped little truth from me  
now they check their bags with a staff claspin' Uzis  
who deserves the wrath without warning  
the same sky for the martyr with a spork scorch New York forfeits  
run among the poppy fields order some more clips  
store trips are weird but the fear is forceless  
Bloomey bought the city of Lego and shitty metal hull  
jitters to the floor boards burnt almost aborted  
flight of the accidental tourist, morbid  
the advertising gods so oddly courtship  
godly corporate squads plot these tortures  
holiness is hard and it's costing god fortunes  
(guess he took a second job on the force to afford it)  
I don't want a part of these self fulfilled prophecies  
man it's too much for my stubbornness, I hate the people runnin' shit  
now if you sleep at ground o below, wishing you peaceful sleep  
where horror on the surface emerges less frequently,  
metal bars of ancient Rome dissolved from the scenery (now what the fuck)  
I'll take a hostage and walk through the mosh pit  
pristine untouched, NB703's untouched  
trust is a commodity crushed by Pol Pottery  
your cookie cutter laws contain flaws in philosophy  
tumbling down a flight of Escher bach steps delight  
cause the man who raped my sister wont sleep right tonight  
now I suppose the pretty horses in fours could love more  
but I'm exhausted by the scope of this dark god on opiates  
breakfast for dystopian ruthless hope movements  
seasonal and festive the butchery's lookin good  
and now writers block is a prison camp where free press regress  
now you can hypnotize the herd  
I'm alive with fly visions that attack like Alfred Hitchcock raising rabid carrier pigeons  
true the only form of com not tapped is trapped strong  
in the cranium of future rebel infants whistling the song  
I know you're listening, get down with this bitch, whistle along.

(Cage)

It's like the Bilderburgs came to dinner with filthy birds  
they pussy all infected I'm lookin for milky words  
they pulled my third eye out then they let it dry out  
had to pour my belief in Chrst to find out  
what I look like with no skin  
who mandated while the back of my paper is still luminated  
even your no flipped egyptian Euro  
got my website shut down by the Bureau  
Can't kick it with the dead until my life stop  
but Bush got a ouija to talk to Adam Weishaupt  
I breath artist time fans the artist  
put a couple G's together before harvest light  
I'll take all this  
the hell I'm doin?  
Dippin this whole fuckin' pound in enbalmin fluids  
you think I rhyme to do it? if it's (?on point?) shot is  
If you can't help but sleep peel off your eyelids.

(CamuTao)

It's the year 2010, you can say what you want  
But I bet if you light this blunt, dummy, the feds'll come runnin'  
Lock you up, lock you out, you ain't tryin' to listen  
Cameras in your food, dude, look they're trying to listen  
Lock you up, lock you out, we got bugs in the house  
We're being monitored, they know we got thugs in the house  
Don't light your blunt, bitch, they'll hit you with a switch  
Hit you with a beam, hit you in the brain, make you go totally insane  
Wild out, guns in the spot, flippin' on you niggas  
They take you out, then the Feds push guns on the roof  
They take 'em out, melt you out 'cause you know too much  
After that you know your ho's get touched  
Look, Then the meaning starts  
Download your chip to a memory card  
Give your chips and send 'em to a city job