

El-P, Dead Disnee

to Get retarded on a boom box frame (frame!)
When all the funny little games are dead (dead!)
Rush said he didn't like the name (name!)
Try to tell me that my peoples aren't Def? (Def!)
Rebels spill the pattern thats dusty (dusty!)
Uprock with a mad hatter thought (thought!)
Tryin to act live on Mr Toad's Wild Ride
Get ingested without prejudice daddy's revenge on Oedipus

Standing on a precipice holding hands with Gepetto the lecherous
Manipulator of oak, the sick joke
liars want to be real and conceal the nose growth
in the first row a the show, try to front you get choked
Slayed Bambi, sprayed his whole family
Try to act cute, got his hoofs in my pantry
Frolic through the woods destitute and mad aggy
Brainwashed badly, the propaganda had me
When the design of modern culture is modeled after new (Sodom)
Bottle and packaged with emotions for kiddies to get robotic
I come with damage thats fantastically uncomfortable, kill the paradigm
vomiting rotted language addict, thorns for Brer rabbit

When the city burns down I'm gonna go to Disney World, world world world world

Front now, you got a cheshire cat grin
eerie malevolence of commerce combined with backspins
I'm just a kid, tryin' to do good for my friends whose lives end
While the queen of radio play painting the carnations red
Fantasia 2000, was a number one flick
The housing development built to collapse quick
arousing the relevant faith to berate this
Dousing the machine, gasoline and flame fists
I'm full blown, apocaloid perp needle dirt
Born to make a thumper that warns the scorched earth
Anarchist chef, make napalm from Nerf
Put the propane to the fertilizer watch it convert
Penny... ante, cheaply imitated
the dead dis rotary blade persuade many
But look a little closer, the jails are not empty
the rabbit hole, made for the meek and re-entry
You're on the wrong side of the looking glass now Paw, face it
My brainiac drums make computers lose patience
Decepticon era kid, scream Zulu Nation
A hundred and forty nine stay high battle cadence

Live among the merchants of blood (blood!)
but all the power and control means shit (shit!)
now you can frolic with the demons in the mud (mud!)
But motherfucker you don't want to match wits (wits!)

Spit on a corporate lackey, unhand me
Hand me the contract and back away slowly
Spit shit distorted if wack, I'm disbanding
Either feel the hellfire, or pay what you owe me
Top of the world mom, and all these lights are so bright
the Epcot center of the industry, snorting snow white
Tryin to find a happy thought, dwarves wanna fly
And naked lethal weapon plunge off a high rise
Up against the Weathermen? you're an adult in never neverland
Dumbos that step on toes with that fly shit contraband
veteran straight from the nang death cookie
duely compensated by saturation of rookies
No self pity and no savin' the children
No romance, dancin' and group hugs

No tolerance for internet wars or soft beats
Lord of the island where Piggy got stuck

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(Dead Disney motherfuckers... ha, El Producto
Yo... 2002 shit, bring your kids, bring the family
Weathermen, Def Jux, ha, ha)