

El-P, Lazerfaces' Warning

Don't make politics out of what I say
It's just a something that you hear
It used to be what kept us going

What can you do?

Culminated case city limits to murky acreage
Johnny Carter infected commands all for some basic nit
Advanced style's slit deep into the custom minds
New York state of emergency Pamela's probably facin lies
Cling to the toon world bare into the amateur
cater to the linoleum motion and text damagers
I burn backlands back from planned path war
Mushrooms in the blood while they're mega pluggin some bad thought
I've come across laws, feelings stop, mind blinded
Might wake up naked at the fuck factory
where the crabs are (woop! woop!)
Eyes up blue people tiptoe in your area
Quick with the bong arm wasn't designed to carry ya
More like the child act kool-aid schoolyard
3 o'clock my life bruises for which their jail loses
For nights you get import brass spillage
Black lung exhaust drunk thug love in a village
Nasty and left is dust and bad x
Little girl trapped in a cage copied suicide breath
For us actin our age means talkin like sex
And the weatherman's too drugged out to tell you where the sun sets
Label rock that man stars street props
By grabbin together old freestyles and radio drops
But when they pick up the album when the dead man walk
In fact A & R's love it when the artist can't talk
People like us may confuse drugs screw
And revel in the static electric pain of payin dues
who breath some pro blood and unrelated
I hover above the scrap trying to analyze with the base shit
But phase the actual matter your child supported
Layin the crease like Eve on a Steven Segal forehead
This Sunday with my lazerface ways
Will stab a germ right in the heart with his motherfucking Malays like

lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface nights
lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface feelin all right
lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface days
lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface lazerface New York

I got a born again lust for the neon funk
Bright lights burning my mind tonight
I got a fly ass crew with a taste for fame
Bright lights burning my mind tonight
I got a wizard on the break mutilation cut
Bright lights burning my mind tonight
I got a hundred thousand kids who respect the game
Bright lights! Bright lights! ah!

Girl

I been wonderin

See I.. I've come to realize me and you girl

We've been holdin onto this thing too tight see

Those blinking lights that we been staring at

I think they might be broken

I think we've been waiting for something that isn't gonna come

And if that's the case... I'd rather cut my losses right now

Guess I'm afraid, afraid that if we don't stop

I think these lasers in my head might just spill out and fuckin melt something

And when there's nothing left but smoldering rubble and glass
When everything is silent like a hovercraft filled with dead actors in zip lock bags
When nothing left but a faint echo of our own beautiful broken legs
Well All I can say is that I tried to warn you..
I tried to warn you..

What can you do?

Picture a virus, a frat-o-matic of sponsors
Little girl better flash nipples or the cameras might wander
This is your shot, close the moment slash facial splat
Thanks a lot, be say, be on, be sex
Be outward stock kumbaya be wet belong be raped
Be quite bitch oh my god controversy MTV's concerned now
Pick the bait, ratings drop, thanks a lot
Back to spring break, baby, ratings hit top!
Ratings hit top!
Ratings hit top!
Ratings hit top!
Yo, it's your... centerfold dream
These lights can unfold to show you such a beautiful thing
Such a beautiful thing, such a beautiful thing
Centerfold dream
These lights can unfold to show you such a beautiful thing
Beautiful thing such a beautiful thing