

# El-P, Smithereens (Stop Cryin')

Fell asleep late, neon buzz  
P.T.S. stress, we do drugs  
city air strange, sticky lungs  
Mayor Doomburg gives no funds  
and i'm cryin (cryin')

call out with a fiendish ring  
broken into smithereens  
every thing's exactly how it seems and it would seem that i am  
cryin

in a world of super duper whores the kids just want a little more,  
little tycos do the bloody mind sex with a veteran's decor  
so when i step in the stop frame i became pure BK  
cause i grew up around the Krazy Kings and inhaled second hand spray  
where the walls talk your defiances and alliances were made  
with a fugitive dash after class to harass the gods of fame  
and the goons that I collude with on this rude shit same way  
and will break a crab down in public just to manipulate they pain  
why should I be sober when God is so clearly dusted out his mind  
with cherubs puffin above him tryna remember why he even tried  
down here its 30% every year to fund the worlds end  
but I'm broke on Atlantic Ave. tryna cop the bootleg instead  
pure savage established hard rock talk circa 93 proof  
walk the high road to infinity with simile truant moves  
when the wandering ration line derail I steal food  
maybe tread where the sidewalk hawks look alive and hide tools  
on a bed that someone else made, tryna wait for the next boot  
and it drops when you took prime-time hellemundo off mute  
old folks say "time to build", but demolition pays more loot  
rip patch from your hazmat suit, slip past with an odd bop (woop)  
El-Producto sorta strange they say he stares at you long range  
perhaps he's lookin at us all with his thousand yard gaze  
and he sees how mc's became contorted with their own lies  
and went from battle rap to gun talk like we ain't notice the change (yeah right)

it's the city i broke down in, the velour couture township  
where they lost the rock box batteries and forgot how shit was founded and i'm  
cryin  
and critics all see me twisted, they don't get my whole existence  
an actual b boy brainiac who'll smack you out your mittens

now i feel that motherfuckers owe me dap for contributing actual raps  
thats not a construct for the radio on that plasticine path  
i'll be your homie, bust through the Dolby lonely, all cast aside and homely  
wildly pour chrome heat of vigilante words, insert hurt in a dome-piece  
and the last of all i have is yours now surrendered nice and calmly  
as a tot played on a block of bricks and double dutched with the zombies  
i'll rip your squad with nothing but a cock ring on and a pair of puerto-rock dunks  
i built the bag that cats will drown in when the water's colored rust  
and the last thought that i had in the back of the little bus  
was of a Oklahoma City flair through kiddy flesh fade to dust  
move with me little soldier bitty, we'll cloak and dagger the city  
we'll hope to stagger magnificence till the pattern of blasphemy's quitting  
and i keep my meaning tucked deep so y'all creepers give me some privacy  
dont ask for something literal from a child of secret society  
there's a position to be filled you fuckin assholes, keep your eye on me  
but save your precious advice cause all my life everyones lied to me and im cryin

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