

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 helle mundo 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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