

# El-P, The Nang, The Front..

(Pass me the tiger piss)

I tunnel rat into the hidden habits of collage dog inferno  
No turning paths back(charlie attack!)  
The half man have orders to burn the village  
And come out with both hands intact  
I'm not a mechanism born from disdain, I had to be trained  
Now I catcall with dead walkers  
I'll send a postcard from the Nang  
If I can get onto the roof in time to hang  
From the leg of this last chopper

Son of an obese burner perturbed to grow in a row  
Of rotating blood colors on brick textures  
And others modified climates make nasty tongue plunge  
(head shots)  
With opposite of chameleon blends from cartoon dreadnoughts  
There was this parasite inside my wide intestinal tract  
That took over my bark box before I had a chance to take my life back  
And his deformed banter surprised me (where at?)  
At the recruiters office, learning how to get a head in advertising  
He said:  
&quot;Sure, others have passed, this is a gate to definition  
But thats not the singular attraction to the setup  
Not the action or the sacrifice of past draftees  
Actually more of a layaway ducats plan  
For the young get up and go out motivators  
See the new soldiers smolder different  
From that antiquated taste of stately hatred&quot;  
Well I came from melting options on the D train to the lobby  
See academics played second in my life  
To unmatriculated brain hobbies  
And I admire the dedication to you ranks  
Plus want the training  
Loss is not a big problem it's all about what I'd be gaining,  
&quot;Well you'll get power, respect, an audience, a check, a car, Money for  
school, honey with uniform fetish on your tool,  
You'll travel, form bonds, be a part of something  
have a structure, catch bullets...&quot;  
(catch bullets?)  
&quot;...I meant cash bonus  
See this gold plaque, you could own it  
After killing half a million  
It's such a good feeling  
To earn your country's respect and love  
So what do you say son, are you my man?&quot;  
Fuck it, sign me up

Rock rock b boy, rock rock nang  
The nang, the nang, the nang, the nang  
Rock rock b boy, rock rock nang  
The nang, the nang, the nang, the nang

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Emerson Lake Palmer aka dirty larva spray harder  
What a marvellous martyr maker  
50 gig tone hold old dusty digital makeup  
Melt with me slower this round  
Technical retardation sound round one sound the hardest  
Heartless

Heartless harvest, farthest, fahrenheit allotted  
The hot shit, hopped up and shifty  
Shift shit sickly, monster  
ancient makeshift ministry mic on Nervous slur  
bomb teleprompter, sights on  
Laser head looks like a linguist  
fighter lights flurry down Rounds like a ration  
Allied force stranded  
Stranded like a lord of the bugs and disbanded  
Better bring the band aids  
Hustle shit fantasy gun talk  
Erotic logic walks out of boxes  
Dead thug hug slug, metal like molten  
De-evolve thug, crawl back in the ocean  
Hoppy Horatio choke on broke potion  
Broke and most potent to float, flank the facts  
Face the fucks with flak jackets  
Jack of all trade  
Embargos, faded like '88 Kane fashion  
I'm back like packers  
Mongoloid melody tracked backwards, broken into fragments  
With terpentine flows that broke down biblical tablets  
Broken down handicapped cats leave in traction  
The breath of sick death leaves a chest convexed with no F  
Six steps to infected waste container misery  
Fat thighs chafe in the summer from humidity, humid unhuman  
Brains that bloom tulips  
Caught between animal thoughts and what was taught by Confucious B-boy  
lucid, ugly motherfucker for faces of art addicts  
Just for my people  
Persecute plagiarist dangerous at a close range  
Dose brains close to the range  
To rope frames for the celebrity roast  
Most celebrity aspirations get tossed in the moat  
With the mackerel, actual track catapult  
Corpses act animate  
Walk around the back yard munching on brain cabinets  
Sad but erratic  
Irregular predator with bad brain magic  
Magic is a Siegfried and Roy with boy special  
Batter the tapestry with bruises  
Born to leak from alpine box in hot cruiser (straight bruiser)  
With chain mail coats and bullet proof chokers  
The most you can hope is to only get half choked  
That's half a joke  
I'm adamant, AWOL to the last atom  
Active ax handler, handle hurt merchandise  
Flirt, with inert word device devised  
Formed pertinent ties  
Tied to word commando kids, rise  
Show me those New York eyes  
Isolation eats at the face of phrase biters  
Bite bleak void, small world big noise  
Swallowed by void, wallow with toys  
Hollow metal slugs penetrated  
Just demonstrated  
Fuck your fake face I hate it