

El-P, Tuned Mass Damper

I took this photograph soaking wet
After an 8-ball cataract broken jazz bass frett
The same touch to the chest of a young musician
He wrote his own eulogy with cocaine hands
Heroin arms, Novocaine memories
Lost since dropped into room from pink mammaries
Off of the dome, shit I'm off of the phone
Off of the couch, off track
Out at OTB with a stub and a heart murmur
A flask in a fanny pack
A bastard on any track
(C'mon) Daddy needs a new Megatron
Cause the die cast was metal and blasted his left arm
You should've viewed how it affected John, cause
He erected bubble truths that burst loose from a glass bear hug
Cannonballing from mattresses for kitty litter fragments
Gleaming white under the black light
Well that's a random journal entry from scissor-hand nostalgia
Powers down to transfers
To some elected methodology of bare-knuckle compassion
A train wreck waiting to happen
Spelled out with refrigerator magnets
G-R-O-W-N-A-S-S-M-A-N, ducking his own death threats
And stay fresh (What?)
Microscopic Sally Struthers with a lobster bib,
Munching on white platelets
Epiphanies leap out and surprise
Off of a batch of dead friends, the hardest way to get zen
You motherfuckers don't have grit,
You're all teenage poetry, martyrs without causes
Alarmists and opinions (get taxed)
Motherfucker, did I sound abstract?
I hope it sounded more confusing than that
Cause my clarity was found under the arm
Of an economy sized mouse trap
I dedicate this to Matt Doo (thank you)
My name is El-P, I produce and I rap too

You're not promised tomorrow
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Yo, yo

I'm bottle rocket conflicted, all dirty with flame on wic nit
Lookin for a hero in stores, looking for heart of gold whores
I swear the lust monkey sweat soaks in my pores
And this is one step from a junky liver breaking in doors
They playing global thermal nucleus games
Lets rearrange the whole complaint
Who the fuck is down to steal me some paint?
We could get ancient with this shit
on some cavernous wall Description, I'm lit
Trying to draw this figure eight with a twig
As if the symmetry alone is a prescription to live
The rusty touch the rubble convert working plummeting MIG
Cause its a dogfight for the privilege of hope as a fix
And I'mma rally round the family till the quota conflicts
My generation is beautiful coma, REM hold the bliss

And the answer that just eluded you my friend don't exist
Unless we torch our own entrapments and exact our own scripts
Tuned mass damper baby, yeah that's the shit