

Run the Jewels, Lie, Cheat, Steal

Smoke from the loosie drift
Hold it like a crucifix
Blow from the nose I'm a dragon to a gnome
Got a average of bein' excellent the median just dope
Like the ratio of heroin to laxative that's sold
Authorities have spoken, demanded your pure devotion
Get magnetized to the ground while the falcons of murder close in
I chose to go guano, y'all know, kinda bat shit
The bright lights of fuckery stuck in me automatic
I'll tea bag a piranha tank, heart barely beatin'
A wild one who'll swim like directly after he's eaten
While holding a toaster oven that's plugged with a fork in it
Cause death by electrocution's like life in New York, isn't it?
Shoulda been a dentist, mom said it
Pain's the way that my craft expresses
Born in a little shop of horrors that I can't even afford to rent in
Where's the exit?
Wanna talk shop I can chop it up with exacto touch, whats the rush?
Autograph skin flaps, tag em up
I don't brag enough you defacto suck
A lotta you new to the El Producto milieu
Kinda like "fuck is you?"
I'm a little black spot on a sun of lies
But I'm not too high to say I'm the truth
I line the booth to catch blood like a Bateman
Nathan sacred I'll mace a play pen
Jewel runner bitch make the name stick
Not for sale but I'm takin payments

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I'm fly as a pegasus, that's no embellishment
I'm here to pain the whole game, where the Excedrin
Good pussy, good marijuana that be my medicine
And I'm a mixture of MJG and the Weathermen
A revolutionary bangin' on my adversaries
And I love Dr. King but violence might be necessary
Cause when you live on MLK and it gets very scary
You might have to pull your AK, send one to the cemetery
We overworked, underpaid, and we underprivileged
They love us, they love us (why?)
Because we feed the village
You really made it or just became a prisoner of privilege?
You willing to share that information that you've been given?
Like who really run this?
Like who really run that man that say he run this?
Who who really run that man that say he run this, run run run run this?
Like who really fund this?
Like who really fund who say he fund this?
Like who in the world gon' tell Donald Sterl who to put on the "you can't come" list?
Now don't be silly
Who the fuck gon' bully me if I got a billi?
If I got a billi and the bitch recording me I'm like who cares
What I wouldn't be is on TV stutterin' ta-ta-talkin' scared
So the question is when Don's at home with that traitor ass bitch alone
Who's that voice on the side of the phone that shakes and rattles his bones?
Could it be the man behind the man behind the man behind the throne?
Gone

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