

El-P, Deep Space 9mm

One two

you're behind the walls of new Roma, you wanna buy the farm (you wanna kill yourself)

But the land's not yours to own (but your life's not yours to take)

Who owns Police? Who holds fold green, sold sand to beach?

Blood beach

Dance with the land sharks clutchin' heat, ugly

monks hung halo teach

Hung by the math where the cable reach

A hundred and sixty-six channels lit

To train that animal shit

Where the mind's eye redefines

Where's God?

Buy car, Kick tires

Back in Eighty-Six I lived

for the four-course artistry

Metal worms took turns showin' off colors and shit

Like I invaded a mating dance ritual

Criminal now

Why the things we find beautiful undermine power?

El Product flash vet text, motherfuckers is like "Al, why haven't we lept yet?"

dithering sine wave twang for youth and brain management truth

Then vanish like "poof";

You can't touch the Krush Groove

I live on the lunch table

Touched fables

Ducked labels

cafeter one heat em live for the terrordome stables

Sign to Rawkus?

I'd rather be mouth-fucked by Nazis unconscious

Callin' all bomb threats

the Radio re-activator, caress

Under hellafied missile defense

Fenced in, better blame it on fame's shitty grin

Walk with a bag full of kittens

Take me to the river and throw yourself in

In about four seconds the ether will begin to leak

Who wanna hold hands with this sicko malnutritionist

Soaked in newspeak?

Dissolve into the syncopated fragments of vinyl

splashed on loose leaf

We can embrace on the business end of my face first

Joe vs. the Volcano suicide leap

Dance with the vinyl monster

Devil in a blue sky flyin' with clean conscience

Save the gesture

you can't save the children, we weren't worth the effort

I'm a Caveman

Your modern ways frighten and confuse me

I watch your spirit box with the blinking lights and think

Are those little people trapped in that box? (No, Caveman)

But I do know converted mic digital 8-bus Mackie Avalon compression

Combined with 8-step perfected

Dirty words paralyze crumbs and infect shit

Infectious

Insofar as the ineffectual beg for the lectures

Development arrested

Trapped in the Cuckoo's nest

Looking for the nexus

If it's wild like that child fire 'em

infrared scope in the clutch of a tyrant

New World lullaby, Sirens

Stuck migrants, lust and blind violence

It's all bad timing
Getting murked on a Tram over Roosevelt Island
You think that's spacey?
Deep Space 9 millimeter, son, keep smiling

Existence on the fringes and such

my generation just sit like ducks

see the rubble glisten that what I trust

tell the historians I'm right here holding my nuts
Right here holdin' my nuts
Right here holdin' my nuts
Right here holdin' my nuts
Right here holdin' my nuts

Existence on the fringes and such

My generation make friends with slugs

Thank god for the drugs and drums

Tell history that I'll be right here hiding from guns

right here hidin' from guns
Right here hidin' from guns
Right here hidin' from guns

For the love of god, run