

El-P, Dr. Hell No Vs. The Praying Mantus

(Vast Aire)

What the deal Nasa? Touching yourself

Uh, 1-2, what

Def Jukies, stabbing bitches in the nookie like, what

"This is no big deal! Take the zucchini!!"

(Vast Aire)

Don't make me bite ya face (come on)

'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste

It's more of a psychological thing

My heart pace'll never change

But your cabbage'll get rearranged

Don't make me bite ya face (your face)

'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste (the taste)

It's more of a psychological thing

My heart pace'll never change

But your cabbage'll get rearranged

And I don't even pack no gat

I'd rather run up on you and your crew with a Great Adventure bat

(oh my God)

And when the deed's done it goes up the sleeve

And when the one time comes I'll be in the breeze

You may be different, but you a poetic front

The difference between us is that we say what we want (suckers)

Especially after we light the blunt

Some of us like to pull cards, I pull stunts

I broke up with my ex on some bachelor shit (why?)

Now I'm killin two birds with the same dick

And isn't it ironic? Don't ya think?

The same cat that left the mic smokin, left the man of steel's
back broken

Chillin with Lois Lane, and she's open

Cause I could suck a cookie out a pussy when it's soaking

(El-P)

Chick bit my head off, but the ass was magic

Should've seen the tattoo on her back of a praying mantis

Clutched my chest like Fred Sanford

And splashed her crack on some man shit

Now baby girl's amped, trying to walk on both hands backwards

Moaning fantastic damage with her grill sunk in the mattress

(that's my language)

Rode at insane angles, all tangled up and damaged

Star spangled mangler fuckbot add a money shot

Hit her in the shitter i'm in it with, K-Y liquid and

Double kitchen gloves, love's lovin it

Comfortable naked and takes it like a patriot

I'm wearin a dookie rope and some oven mitts!

Suck clits like Vast Aire Vs. mother reminder

And that's my b-boy alpha numeric vagina diner amalgam

Chick screamed so loud I could hear it on my last album!

(on info kill)

And smell her in the shower

While we fucked to Chill Rob G's version of 'I've got the Power'

It's getting kinda hectic

The house pets seem alert and confused,

And the neighbors leaving messages

Get on your stomach and I'll plug you in all your entrances

And one exit

Whispering quotes from The Tempest

Dr. Hell No, (oh yes I did)

With a surgical scrub on a baby arm inserted from fist to elbow
I drank her bath water in a shot glass
Then ran my tongue up the crack of her ass
Til our future children hatched
The mushrooms had me seeing some sort of deep organic math
On some primal altered state sex, I felt connected to the past
Collapse, nasty, wet, wept into her neck
Suckling on her swollen nipples
Then I drifted into R.E.M.
Where I dreamt of little bouncing cherubs
With clit rings and sexy woodnips
And crotchless liederhosen begging to get bent

(Vast Aire)
Don't make me bite ya face
'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste
It's more of a psychological thing
My heart pace'll never change
But your cabbage'll get rearranged

Don't make me bite ya face (your face)
'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste (the taste)
It's more of a psychological thing
My heart pace'll never change (suckerrrrrrs)
But your cabbage'll get rearranged

I usually, bust raps for fun
And if six was nine, I'd probably bust a machine gun (he's got a gun!)
Niggas hate me
Cause I scribbled the Cold Vein, ice grilled Medusa and I'm stone free
Well actually I was purple hazed, chew on the lasers
Froze in a Hendrix maze
Look at these sloppy cats
With they copied raps
Our shit is too hard to study
Ox is brilliant, our ying is colorful, but our yang is muddy
And if you ever thought you had one up on me, that had to be a projection
from R2D2
Cause I am not see through
I'm more like, you cross the line and I'll see you
In intensive...
You think I care if your titties are sensitive?
Niggas beware!

Don't make me bite ya face (face)
'Cuz it ain't like I like the taste (the taste)
It's more of a psychological thing
My heart pace'll never change
But your cabbage'll get rearranged

Rearranged, ranged, ranged ranged
Rearranged, ranged ranged ranged
Motherfuckers look strange
Yeah.. Cannibal O, will, handle you slow
What, Def Jux

(EI-P)
Once again
File that in your "This must be underground!" Category
Hey, why don't you write a review, of my ass?