

EI-P, EMG

(Intro)

We had some fire and smoke and water and that troubled us a lot
Now we're marking down our prices and they're really, really hot

Everything must go
You wanna get on some fly shit
Get on some butterfly to the fire shit
Everything must go
I wanna sell you the dream
I wanna watch you come apart at the seams
Everything must go
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Heart of an altar boy molested in confession
Who plotted for 20 years then slit the throat of a reverend
And half of this thought is young vandal the system
Contraption of credo drift sick shit and spit at your heaven
I'm grabbin' my dick again
Foot on the wall
Pose down
I'm drinkin' that piss again
Back at the train hometown
Starscream the system
Ninja star the cassette deck
Lazerface is back in effect!
Focus like a worker ant live
Get with hive mind fly shit
Shut your little mind crime hybrid
Eyelids pinned back flat
We had a focus group of lab rats clappin'
At last you got dap
Automaton bells rock well from death valley
Shit, we all mingle in ditch
Mass grave for the kids
Clash with the combat rap set
A weathermen funk breath
The last rebels left?
Slide off or get the digipack slashed in your neck
You're figitin' with 28 day simian
Yeah, dog
Him again
The bad touch destruct militant
Drum percussion lust diligent
The surface that gave birth to the style is NY
The jihad recipient sky is too fly
The roof of the witnessing spot was BK
A cloud of asbestos - I guess it's d-day
Now you want me to move and do how you say
Or look into my brain through this glass toupee
Fuck this, how 'bout I just smack you bitch?
Save that 4th reich boogie for them plastic twits
Or the old women of fate stichin' the casket nits
I'll be drunk on the back of the train takin' a piss
Bumpin' BDP through a raheem kit
With double d duracel destiny megamix like

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Get over here and buy, you hoe

Excuse me, little child
Why the devious smile?
Well, I've become what I've forsaken and the irony's wild
Are you in charge of this outfit?
Nah, not me, cousin
I wrestle distinction from the chompers of a buzzard
Is my mommy in heaven?
Well, she's definitely not here
Now run away and go play with this hatchet and flaming spear
I'm tryna mix up this molotov then peel the fuck off
I've got a windmill to tackle, son
Polish my gun off
My hot pink milimeter space heater
Duck down
Pulled out from the crevice of a triple fat duck down
Horse hooves and meat I'm glued to the beat - grindin'
Stolen hovercraft draggin' a bass stab behind it
Every little phrase is designed for y'all to rewind it
Every brittle phase has an expiration assignment
Eyes wide
The bad man walks alive with five dimes of sticky the bush and no 9
Who was trained by Ed Koch to hop a turnstyle
See cop smile
Peep cops gun
Now see little juvenile me in reeboks run
Through the projected transformation of the catacombs, son
Makin' it home's so fun
If you're alone, don't sweat
'Cause you're alone with the best
The underrated phrase mason who's leakin' pain to cassette
If you hate lies, don't fret
'Cause I can't lie about this
At least I'm honest when I tell you my mind's full of shit
And sick of skippin' on electrified hop scotch grid
We're double dutchin' to percussion with this barbed wire rope choker
The most floatinist spoke dope spit
Get lit
You're with an ambulance chaser, I strive design sick

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