

# El-P, Fantastic Damage

(now the evening has come to a close  
and I've had my last dance with you  
so on to the empty streets with me  
and it might be my last chance with you  
so I might as well get it over with  
the things I have to say  
won't wait until another day)

Shut up  
Whooooooo  
Whooooooo  
Whooooooo  
Check this out

The Fabulous structure that's coaxed out of rubbles puddles splash  
Mechanisms burn with beeping sounds that own their humans sold as  
ruthless rounds of radio dust, Cranial mush, men get flattened out  
radials spun on dusted combatant joust  
after house of the dead heads fled, it's just the city moans  
Malignant kid in it with sentence of sinister conferred  
Magna-funk asbestos, the best at closed-quarters shit  
Some will gravitate to the falcon and burn in wordlessness  
hangin' with the herd is my joy  
we buoy ordertake employ  
When the farmers feed the murder rate ploy  
we stow collected rebel factions in dirt and just follow  
the citizens all love to be loved, we just follow  
figure they ate the kids, homey  
so fuck em save the adults  
Kids are patriotic, robotic, operate catapults  
And goose-step over innocence  
Vagrant of Reaganomics phasing  
Read the books that will burn at the barn raising  
(Independent like a fuck) (Oh, Jesus)  
You misinterpreted that Funcrush shit  
So man, funcrush this  
spectacular dawning of the herd-thinner faction where distraction is bliss  
Tyrell took a sabbatical but back for the new semester (rockin that)  
class action suit from the Laundromat of velour and pressed polyester  
American history exo-bytes cypher with the tainted offspring, gimme no-doz quick  
you need to haul that mega-dumb style to the antique roadshow, bitch  
the system bleeds for the radio angry, rock that wound aesthetic  
the name of this routine is live at man you just don't get it  
please try to compartmentalize my dick  
with a little bit a that bitch hubris  
when the ritalin starts to fade I might get lucid  
every mindfuck i handout comes with a free month of internet access  
and an updated year 2003 version of the mega clapper (you know the drill, clap off)  
this is the third installment of a prequel that was never written right  
filmed with that classic Brooklyn magic, without Lucasarts graphics  
rendered cuddly comic relief creatures or terrible child actors  
get off that jade elephant, you're stoned, and remember everything backwards