

# El-P, No Kings

(El-P)

And the kids say  
Watch your man  
I think he's faking the band  
Y'all will either run the world or destroy it while holding hands  
Architect, terrible vet with bent flashback  
Me clutchin' a 30 od, burn village laughing  
Gas mask latched in  
Signal for the whirly  
Worm killer bird on the set  
I flex early  
Got to beat the rush and report it all to the hive mind  
Weathermen and such, motherfucks, try to malign mine  
Let's digress now  
Kings, put your cans up  
Paint the city scope with the prettiest type of cancer  
Watch 'em laser surg every tumor like a fatal relic  
New York is the truancy burg, sate of hysterica  
It's a brutalized lab bunny jumpin' the fence  
Grab the money and the charger for the microchip embedded in head  
Brooklyn is the life  
Equal parts joy, strife  
I sit up in the cribbo and carve these 'noid kites out of lead  
The same weight of the monkey on my neck  
Who crawled off my back and tried to make friends  
Now I'm walkin' 'round lit like the fun never ends  
But someone ran their key on my whip, plus left dents  
Welcome to my bastard delight night, gents  
Where everything has a meaning but none of it makes sense  
Living is so demeaning but rappers still wanna offer  
Fake aliens...from lying saucers  
I don't have the time, man  
I'm searching for bigger answers  
The beat is so sick  
Made with real bits of panther  
The clay of the city streets don't take to these broken cleats  
But I hold my johnson and walk it retarded  
It's just me  
what up, Tame?

(Tame One)

Desperate men do dangerous things  
Full alarm system, New York with No Kings  
Desperate kids do dangerous shit  
Full alarm system, it's on where you live

(El-P)

My name is El-Producto, my friend  
I walk rawly  
Oddly, bent pood beast  
Fiends try to draw me  
Another close copy but not the god hardly  
Sex shit sloppily  
Fuck yourself (Pardon me)  
Look, here comes the scientists  
Here they come to cure us all  
Mind is on your money, sonny  
Brain is on the curtain call  
Give the kid a sack a D  
Pass the child a bag of C  
Even in the tenement residence there's a pharmacy  
Deadly young people  
Deadly new day  
Young deadly dumb kick snare pattern play

Dignity for criminals  
Science for religion  
War stole the future  
Peace is for bitches  
Everything's a felony  
Relatively hellishly  
Cops make guns whistle like "Here, check the melody"  
You need to learn to worship the warships  
Anything made of steel, of course, can leave corpses  
Cops on four horses  
Hot to draw quarters  
The morbidist thoughts are mad laws and enforced quick  
Don't lift your foot off of that land mine switch  
Till I make the 20 yard dash and cover my eyelid  
We don't need no education  
There's no patience  
My team is on the food line  
Blicker in the waist and  
Walkies all connected  
Gotta wait for the signal  
Weathermen are the lefties that burn to the bone gristle  
Insight is disease  
Feed the criminal rotary  
All over the world it's the same skull fuck locally  
Alpha flight airs the are rare we rock openly  
Feeling like a kid again, umbilical choking you  
Never shit on my faction of bastards  
Not openly  
Don't you even whisper shit  
Not even if jokingly  
Straight out of poisenville  
Comin' up for air again  
Nah, the air is poisonous  
Environment choking me  
Do it again

(Tame One)

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