

El-P, Poisenville Kids No Wins / Reprise (This Mu

when a live wire lights little metal rail right,
when a marvel of engineering steered me clear in to the plight,
right before the bodegas open, after the peak of night before the paper's delivered
i sat on the corner and sparked a light
the same corner i perched when i zone dropped on the block first,
at almost 5 o'clock watching for sun spots or store clerks,
alone spot, almost kinda like the zone was forgot,
as if the grid had been reset and couldnt catch to the clock
or the stoop was stuck in the past a half minute and i sat in it,
with a loosie Newpy drift out of my lips, taste: half minted

and i felt like a hundred bucks in the pocket of a gambling lush
at a wondershowzen flow with the droids of destructo luck,
fugitoid on the run again, the sky gleamed the maroonist coloring,
layered against the bluest tone from where the thunder lived,
and there i was directly under it,
like some dejected little grey they told to stay and wait for the mothership,
a cotton ball in a blizzard of mischief or brain prison,
with a thought that rode on the bus and came for conjugal visits,
and fucked its way into my grey matter the tattered territory,
stayed chattering and nagging till it demanded it yell it for me,
and i tried to hold the thing back but the meditation was otherly,
fixated on what a friend said and relating it to my struggling,
"metropoloid void so damn smothering";
but we were children of poisenville and saw the seduction less repugnant,
and reserved the right as the triggerman with the back up plan of self destruction,
and i touched the type of chemicals that could pull me towards that function
its the stuff i find hard for discussion
how the fuck do you explain your own self destruction and still remain trusted?

to answer the question, yes... the city wants you gone
and thats the only thing connecting us, but the connection is so strong
so how dare you assume that i'll sleep when you're dead, this is well outside the boundries of acce
i will not give you the go ahead and you will not be remembered fondly,
i'm throwing down the gauntlet, fuck you this isnt your decision,
and for all the holy fuck i give your little spectacle is ended,
but dont think for just one second you've honored your obligations to me,
i'm serious look in my eyes, i dont find this funny
or whatever you imagine poetry and justice feels like when you combine them,
i am not going to allow this on my watch buddy, nobodies impressed
with your imagined sacrifice device or insurmountable regret,
you are not uniquely pained and if you go we wont be sorry
and who the hell are you to me through the banality of watching this,
cause many better men have gone for clearly better reasons and i
starkly must remind you that you have not even been trying,
and thats the only thing remarkable about you, stop me if im lying

we are always outnumbered but we were never out militiad,
theres no dignity for criminals, no ministry for the wicked,
in this town if you make a sound you're the leper with the most fingers,
the league of extraordinary nobodies the other teams bringing in ringers,
no faith in the majority, no hope for the little ones,
sally pulled a pistol out, billy got a blunderbous,
so what the fuck are you feeling that makes your struggle so wonderous?
enough to arrogantly pull whats left of the rug out from under us?
i think not, youre in the same barrel all us other crabs are caught,
and if i have to live, you have to live... whether you like this shit or not.

dedicated to the drowning, and the noble futility of the desperate friends forced to watch,
and to my good friends who refused to allow it to happen to me,
you know who you are, you know what im talking about
believe me, man
i promise

i'm never ever ever gonna get that way again.