El-P, Smithereens

Fell asleep late, neon buzz
PTS stress, we do drugs
City air strange, sticky lungs
Mayor Doomburg gives no funds
And I'm crying
Call out with a fiendish ring
Broken into smithereens
Everything's exactly how it seems
And it would seem that I am crying

In a world super duper whores the kids just want a little more
Little tycos do the bloody mind sex with a veteran's decor
And I'm crying
So when I step in the stop frame I became pure BK
'Cause I grew up on the krazy kings and inhaled second hand spray
And I'm crying
Where the walls talk your defiances and alliances were made
With a fugitive dash after class to harass the gods of fame
And I'm crying
And the goons that I collude with on this rude shit same way
And will break a crab down in public just to manipulate their pain
And I'm crying
Lyrics

Why should I be sober when god is so clearly dusted out his mind?
With cherubs puffing a bundle tryna remember why he even tried
Down here it's 30% every year to fund the world's end
But I'm broke on atlantic ave tryna cop the bootleg instead
Pure savage established hard rock talk circa '93 proof
Walked the high road to infinity with simily truant moves
When the wandering ration line derails, I steal food
Maybe tread where the sidewalk hawks look alive and hide tools
On a bed that someone else made
Tryna wait for the next boot
And it drops when you took prime-time hellemundo off mute
Old folks say "time to build"
But demolition pays more loot
Rip patch from your hazmat suit
Slip past with an odd bop (woop!)
El-Producto, sorta strange
They say he stares at you, long range
Perhaps he's looking past us all with his thousand yard gaze
And I'm crying
And he sees how MC's became contorted with their own lives
And went from battle rap to gun talk
Like we ain't notice the change (yeah, right)

It's the city I broke down in
The velour couture township
Where they lost the rock box batteries and forgot how shit was founded
And I'm crying
Critics all see me twisted
They don't get my whole existence
An actual b-boy brainiac who'll slap you out your mittens
And I'm crying

Now, I feel that motherfuckers owe me dap for contributing actual raps
That's not a construct for the radio on that plasticince path
I'll be your homie
Bust through the dolby lonely
All cast aside and homely
Wildly pour chrome eat of vigilante words
Insert hurt in a dome-piece
And the last of all I have is yours, now surrendered nice and calmly

As a tot played on a block of bricks and double dutched with the zombies
I'll rip your squad in nothing but a cock ring a pair of puerto-rock dunks
I built the bag that cats will drown in when the water's colored rust
And the last thought that I had in the back of the little bus
Was of a Oklahoma city flair through kiddy flesh, fade to dust
Move me with, little soldier bitty
We'll cloak and dagger the city
We'll hope to stagger magnificence till the pattern of blasphemy's quitting
And I keep my meaning tucked deep so y'all creepers give me some privacy
Don't ask for something literal from a child of secrety society
There's a position to be filled, you fucking assholes
Keep your eye on me
But save your precious advice
'Cause all my life everyone's lied to me
And I'm crying

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