

# El-P, The League Of Extraordinary Nobodies

I just counted in my head how many people in this room I'm talking to that I would never give the time  
Here we are, being vain and looking at ourselves in mirrors very closely nodding straight up in a line  
All the funny little stories that are told are being fueled by what amounts to nothing more than minor details  
But I'm a whore, I'm exploring territory with a party and a pussy both a number and a dime

I've been thinkin' that the frozen glue I've chosen is a candidate to lead me to a very sudden end  
Another room up in the tomb, an ugly substance, but the grave diggers are shoveling that dirt up in  
The very fact is that I'm sitting here with zombies talking endlessly but couldn't tell you one thing that  
I get surrounded by the friendliest of strangers who would sooner kill themselves than give a fuck if

I just realized the tragedy of this is that her hand is on my leg and she so clearly wants to fuck  
I know I'm wide, and I would certainly oblige, I can't continue getting high and then confusing it for love  
I'm not an angel, but the baggie we unfolded and just split to give a lick is dripping out me colored red  
And you seem nice but I still hate you for the moment 'cause I'm too smart to be open, this is artificial

I've been noticing the fact that nothing glorious can happen anymore, we've run the gamut of our film  
But here I am again, pretending spontaneity exists with idiots all lifted out their little gills  
Aren't you disturbed that everything you did tonight is something else you did already and its meaning  
And all the people in your presence are just weapons, it's just simple as the theory that the dying love

Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody  
Everybody here is so alive

Oh, what a night  
Oh, what a night  
Oh, what a night  
You would tell me if I was crazy, right?

I've been wondering how arrogant it is for me to keep doing the things that killed so many that we know  
I've been noticing how quickly motherfuckers have the answers to existence just as soon as someone asks  
We change the channel for a week or so of cleansing and reflecting on ourselves, but then it's back to  
I hear the cackles of the crowd, they're laughing at us, and we haven't even gotten to the part where