

## Dear Sirs

El-P

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If the pavement comes alive on Flatbush Ave with toothy smiles  
Comprised of traffic cones and manholes become eyes  
And birds burst into flames while singing Satan's praises  
And fold into the sky and rain down ashy danger

If every office empties and all slaves walk in dazes  
To a pool of liquid money where they bathe blissfully naked  
And drugs no longer taunt me and flooze around my conscience  
And every woman beating rapist is securely in their coffins

If every open hydrant in a Brooklyn time summer moment  
Is opened up by cops and folds out into an ocean  
And rent is paid by bread literally and parking isn't paid for  
And food stamps can be planted and childhoods can't be damaged

If fire could power space ships that safely ship the creators  
Of dynamite and gun powder to the graves of all who faced it  
And the slurping nerf of bureaucrat life and bean counting slave owners  
Is twisted in on itself 'til they shave off their own faces

If all the coke and crack in the nation is collected in a top hat  
And force fed to the children of every CIA agent  
And dust heads get an angel and an acres worth of rainbow  
And the projects turn to clouds and the stupid aren't so proud

And the snivelling grimace mongrels of infected money  
Slobbering pestocrats ignite into a brilliant beam of light  
And mercy is the rule and the exception's mercy too  
And the desert comes in Brooklyn and the president goes to school

Time flows in reverse, death becomes my birth  
Me fighting in your war is still, by a large margin  
The least likely thing that will ever f\*\*king happen, ever