

P - Deep Space 9mm

El-P

One two

Get behind the walls of new Roma, wanna buy the farm
But the land's not yours to own?
Who owns Police? Who holds floor grease on a sandy beach?
Blood beach
Dance with a man he starts clutching, he ugly
Punks hung halo teach
Hugged by the math with the cable reach
A hundred and sixty-six channels lit
To train that animal shit
Where the mind's eye redefined
Where's God?
Buy a car, Kick tires

Back in Eighty-Six I lived
With a four-course artistry
Metal ones took turns showin' off colors and shit
Like I invaded the mating dance ritual
Criminal now
Wild things defined beautiful under my power
El Producto flash-fest-iss
Motherfuckers be like, "Ow, why haven't we left yet"
Blithering sideways twang, the youth and brain management troupe
The man is like BOOOP
You can't touch the Krush Groove
I live by the lunch table
Touched fables
Ducked labels
Lookout for the one he'd abide with the terrible stables
Signed to Rawkus
I'd rather be mouth fucked by Nazis unconscious
Callin' all bomb threats
Radio re-activated, caress
Under hellified missile defense
Fenced in, better blame it on fame shit and grin
Walk with a bag full of kittens
Take it to the river and throw yourself in
In about four seconds the ether will begin to leak

Who wanna hold hands with this sicko malnutritionist
Soaked in newspeak?
Dissolve into the syncopated fragments of vinyl
splashed on loose leaf
We can embrace on the business end of my face first
Joe vs. the Volcano suicide beef
Dance with the vinyl monster
Devil in a blue skyline with clean conscience
Save the gesture
But can't save the children, weren't worth the effort
I'm a Caveman
Your modern ways frighten and confuse me
I watch your spirit box with the blinking lights and think
Are those little people trapped in that box? (No, Caveman)
But I do know converted mic digital 8-bus Mackie Avalon compression
Combined with 8-step effected
Dirty words paralyze words and infect shit
Infectious

Insofar as the ineffectual bed for elections
Development arrested
Trapped in the Cuckoo's nest
Looking for the nexus
If it's wild like that y'all found
infrared scope in the clutch of a tyrant
New World lullaby Sirens
Stuck migrants, bust 'em by violence
It's all bad timing
Getting merked on a Tram over Roosevelt Island
You think that's spacey?
Deep Space 9 millimeter, son, keep smiling

This is for the fringes and such
My generation just sit like dust
Feed 'em off of us and ask what I trust
Tell these stories, I'm right here holdin' my nuts
Right here holdin' my nuts
Right here holdin' my nuts
Right here holdin' my nuts
Right here holdin' my nuts

This is for the fringes and such
My generation ain't friends with slugs
Thank god for the drugs and drums
Tell these to read it, I'll be right here hidin' from guns
Right here hidin' from guns
Right here hidin' from guns