

# 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 sideway twang, the youth and brain management troupe

The man is like BOOP

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 hella-ified missle 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

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