

P - Drones Over BKLYN

El-P

You better stay aloof when the troops move or suicide booths soothe
The who's who of looters shoot, the bullets go zoom zoom
Your pain is the porn, pal, they pay to pop plain shit
It's faded, it's more foul than famous, it's hot sin
Hollywood off the bus fucked, tender little destruct tucked
In the waist with a gold face, feed the greedy with dum dum
You and me in the butane, supe a lame and he puffs up
Little dragons of fad rap, suture their face the fuck up
Walk in the zone or get less, wake in the fog of fright night
Eat where the sifters sell trash, sleep where the orphan's hell hatch
ed
Pardon me son I'm zoned out, cloned out
No doubt home is, blowed out
Sold out without extra man bonus
Tragedy smurf smirks, a middle man's shirt bursts
Wetted up, wet work, you get it up, get murked
A wabbit in crosshairs, mechanical fox hunt
Be quiet they're hunting now, the method is awesome

And I can see them in my eyes when they're closed, I can feel them at
night
I can feel them plot a course through the sky, I believe in their fli
ght
Drones over Brooklyn
Dr-Drones over Brooklyn
[X8]

You can hear calico ultimate point at you
Click clack and back 'em to bunny dust point of view
Hardy har, funny stuff, tough cookie boy
I'll be sure to bring my bitch-bib-sloppy-eat-flop-around-clown-
shoe getup
Kids sing along, this is all we have left bitch, sing a song
I was born conjoined to howlers of the siren age
Lion cage meat life sacrifice, nothing left
Tell me if it matters that I sing it wrong
Another DJ yells "Lick the balls"
Another Brooklyn kite delivered in his crooked paws
I'd sooner wash my dick in acid than ask what you think
I'll fuck myself with a stun gun before gassing your team
You patch me in and I'll dumb out with a channeled disease
It sucks to be nothing, nobody struts when they're down on their knee
s
This whole rackets for the bees, fuck my life already
Fuck the law, fuck the sun, say goodnight already
You fucking spam-bots selling shit, alright already
We get it you getting that fetti, oh Jesus Christ already

And I can see them in my eyes when they're closed, I can feel them at
night
I can feel them plot a course through the sky, I believe in their fli
ght

Drones over Brooklyn
Dr-Drones over Brooklyn
[X8]