

P - Request Denied

El-P

Intro (William S. Burroughs):

This is war to extermination

Fight cell by cell through bodies and mind screens of the Earth

Souls rotten from the orgasm drug

Flesh shuddering from the ovens

Prisoners of the Earth, come out

Storm the studio

Live on a hot metal big-burner Bunsen

Combustion or something and so on, fuck it

See how the wrong side of tracks

Made the dusted-est trash that intellect

Dash to the wormhole, talk shit

Walk with a holy heart raised

In a dog shit, bitch, click chatter box, duck

I'm a "holy fuck, what did he just utter?" marksman

Orphan, a whore-born, war-torn life for the harvest

A fair-trade target of air raid, starter kit

Used heart plucked from the bargain bin

I don't give a fraction of fractal of fucks

I'm a Garbage Pail Kid calamity artist

Pardon the pain puffs, smoke float ring

Around martyrs, sing along, sat at piano

Lap of my father, watching him talk harmonic

Each key tapped to the BPM of the sirens

Sound like a raining of notes in a protest pose

Like a right string weaved on the keys

Could relieve us of doom

Give the room some silence, stop violence

Pop bounced and a mom with her three survivors

Got gone from the island, hopped to the

County of kings where the bounty of things

Not framed in past might last 'til the hatching

Of manhood's timing, hop in the timeline

See the turnstile young hopper, not for the rock

For the talk good science alliance

Drunk and defiant, sunset started up all night

Crawl through the cracks in the halls

Of the battered-up, scattered-up

Middle finger, dick held, brick kids

Screaming at the top of our airbags

"This is our timing, we are not dying"

Not for you, not for you (7x)

Not for you, not, not, not for you