

## Request Denied

El-P

Live on a hot metal big burner bunsen  
Combustion or something and so on, f\*\*k it  
See how the wrong side of the tracks  
Made the dustedest flash that intellect  
Dash to the wormhole, talk shit  
Walk with a holy hawk raised  
In a dog shit, bitch, click chatter box, duck  
I'm a "holy f\*\*k 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 or fractal of f\*\*ks  
I'm a garbage pail kid calamity artist  
Pardon the pain puffs, smoke floats 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 turn style 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  
Not for you, not for you  
Not for you, not for you  
Not for you, not for you  
Not for you, not for you  
Not for you, not for you  
Not for you, not for you  
Not for you, not, not, not for you