

El-P, Run The Numbers

2 out of the five of these fuses are wired live, if I wanna survive I gotta
FIND THOSE DETONATORS!

(Verse 1: El-P)

Broken and bleeding writer dash of the brooklynite vagrant
Half a robotic monkey ugly born of viral agent
Vandal tarantula know to handle the phaser drunken
Scripted on city park benches under the fritz tungsten
Son of urban confusion hatched in a pit where the brutes live
Put the stogie out in my palm and then grin (I'm the rudest)
Serotonin deficient living the poisonous promise
The boys and girls club of unemployable liars squadren
Silly peasant pathetic plus dirty mutt of the ages
OK dystopia, these fuckers are ripe for containment
Half dead man slut ever ready to love my leader
Servitude is contagious (FIND THOSE DETONATORS!)
CCWM a rain of the dead confetti
The laughing stock of the karma corrupted emissaries
Captain of industry, partly magnet of larcen, arsony
Captured in loser-vision I bop so retardedly artily

(Verse 2: Aesop Rock)

Ask me about our specials, I'd go for the razor chicken
Hope his delivery radius play to Gracy Mansion
Fly the curmudgeon banner, my liberty army cheering
Limbo the philistine art police on the armor piercing
Marker to garden weasel, he's usually mucho woozy
Brutally feuding, call your Pluto, Goofy, Cujo, Snoopy
Moody mammal division, Weatherville is better faded
The world is yours, money, now (FIND THOSE DETONATORS!)
Some of the city pissy, itchin' them lottery numbers
My 40 thieves enjoy your banquet of property owners
We were probably stoney eye to glassy game face
Still save the princess with no slippage in the frame rate
Chew his way through the muzzle, tussle with the 'gimme gimme'
Nothing in common with prominent modern city envy
Subtly bloodied up, what a seedy media frenzy
I found a cure for cancer but it wasn't radio friendly

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FIND THOSE DETONATORS!

"Nows the fucking time"
Burn the building down, show me what it sounds like to organize and get really loud
"Nows the fucking time"
Lets get it movin, you suckers

(Verse 3: El-P)

Down at the labor camp, they make a drone of men
Mamas boy once but now I've learned to speak draconian
And this is all for you, another tattered kite
I feel it too this is a beautiful and tragic night
All I covet is honor, reaching in murky waters
And barely blinked when piranha teeth turned my hand to schwarma
Your bad land buddy, animal ear they tagged me
Digi the cause acoster kid capture the flaggy braggy
Tragedy man Cassandra, actually raised by women
My father skated but he left me with latent addiction
One of the breed of bonkers, I wouldn't dare to lecture

I don't know how to lead, there's got to be somebody better
Weak in the kneesy species, dreaming of future faded
Seen where the suture stiches nitted, slipped? I'm with you baby
Lets get obnoxious with it, I wanna know what brave is
I'm tired of sitting here pretending im not fucking dangerous

Sitting on the front lines you can hear the soldiers say...

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Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah (FIND THOSE DETONATORS!)

"What happened what happened?"
"Degradation, degradation"
"What happened what happened?"
"Explosion Explosion Explosion"
"What happened what happened?"
It always comes back to a bush

(EI-P) {Bridge} {X2}
2 were the haunted vessels that miraculously aimed
3 were the holy carcasses that started up in flames
1 and 2 had a patsy the was factually plane
7 out of envy must have wanted just the same
And in 6.5 seconds science floated out to space
On the most virginal of physics drifted a truly wondrous day
And if the party tells me 5 fingers then 5 is what I'll say
No matter that the 4 displayed are waving in my face

No matter that the 4 displayed are waving in my face {X3}

"And, and we were standing here when... when there was some sorta"