

# 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!

"Now's the fucking time"  
Burn the building down, show me what it sounds like to organize and get really loud  
"Now's the fucking time"  
Let's 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 stitches 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!)

&quot;What happened what happened?&quot;  
&quot;Degradation, degradation&quot;  
&quot;What happened what happened?&quot;  
&quot;Explosion Explosion Explosion&quot;  
&quot;What happened what happened?&quot;  
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}

&quot;And, and we were standing here when... when there was some sorta&quot;