Dear Sirs

El-P

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If the pavement comes alive on Flatbush Ave with toothy smiles
Comprised of traffic cones and manholes become eyes
And birds burst into flames while singing Satan's praises
And fold into the sky and rain down ashy dangerIf every office empties and all slaves walk in dazes
To a pool of liquid money where they bathe blissfully naked
And drugs no longer taunt me and flooze around my conscience
And every woman beating rapist is securely in their coffinsIf every open hydrant in a Brooklyn time summer moment
Is opened up by cops and folds out into an ocean
And rent is paid by bread literally and parking isn't paid for
And food stamps can be planted and childhoods can't be damagedIf fire could power space ships that safely ship the creators
Of dynamite and gun powder to the graves of all who faced it
And the slurping nerf of bureaucrat life and bean counting slave owners
Is twisted in on itself 'til they shave off their own facesIf all the coke and crack in the nation is collected in a top hat
And force fed to the children of every CIA agent
And dust heads get an angel and an acres worth of rainbow
And the projects turn to clouds and the stupid aren't so proudAnd the snivelling grimace mongrels of infected money
Slobbing pesticrats ignite into a brilliant beam of light
And mercy is the rule and the exception's mercy too
And the desert comes in Brooklyn and the president goes to schoolTime flows in reverse, death becomes my birth
Me fighting in your war is still, by a large margin
The least likely thing that will ever fucking happen, ever

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