

# 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 danger  
If 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 coffins  
If 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 damaged  
If 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 faces  
If 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 proud  
And the snivelling grimace mongrels of infected  
money  
Slobbering pesticroats 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 school  
Time 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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