Ridiculoid

Cannibal Ox

[El-P]
Shutup... Yo, yo, yo, yo
My life's not right [check one]
My life's not right [check two]
My life's not right [check three]
Are you ready?[El-P] (you know this was supposed to be for my album though...?)
[Vast Aire] (oh... whateva)
[El-P] (its ok...)When I send a sickness (ease down) dark soldiers
fallin in with flying debris
and bad programs of landmines
that remind me of the sexiest of slow jams
I pull a glock or fiver murder the group by numbers
I was nursed by the biggest of buildings
and had the sonic volcanic cap
that the butcher have attached to his dead mother
now this material might walk with a twitch and live for the twisted shit
images of *boy scouts* getting pistol whipped
electronic talents fold
the realest television is the one that talks out loud to you
when the plug is corroded out
and they say productivity is up this month but I've lost my passion
sick of waiting in line for my weekly chocolate ration
its bad health and industrial sadness
never helped by tofu franks or sadistic maggots
this addiction is more random
I walk door to door Mormon style spitting my sick tantrums
because I wasn't born handsome
now that my life's complete with a capacity to push greatness buttons
with beats that have to be registered
as sex offenders represented to the public
I'll exfoliate your face with the acid inside my stomach
Binge and purge, we live in thirty second blurbs
and if consumers stopped existing we'd forget how to use words
just fuckin' eat each other til the next *ice age* occurs
or at the source awards scratchin our heads like "what happened??"
if the kids would've disclosed that you all lost if you just ask them
out to plant life that sits and looks pretty
to attract curious intersection angels when in the city
that's below any self-respecting actress in a german schiester film

who gobbled doggie dick and human feces
my fingers tap buttons with sanctified awareness
from heart scan to pulse readings
this a voice from a dead dimension without astral projection
the sluggish rugged discuss bunk that hovers
Acme lab rat escape barely breathing through the heating vents
I'll try to come back for my family before the poison feeding commence
but if I should exhaust God's patience on *someone* better take my place nigga
tell 'em it's the love that got me this far
and it's in my dreams I see their faces and...[Vordul]
Murderers is like handles that clap sandals
hand sand off tools and I can't stand on two
amped off booze wheelie with my ancle bruised
on the block silly with a mint ?ellie?
watch young ladies hop scotch with the pink jellies
that's me trying to wop vetti
with the longness and pot-bellied
til it's nauseous a raw dog orphan straight out of the orphanage often
lost in a realm tryin to find cells
strapped like a marksman with raps that'll off kids mad hi
got my mind wrapped in a coffin resurrect thoughts in amorphous
morph into Aquaman polyin in waters talkin to dolphins
to get that bilingual spittin ?charm? tryin to get it on
and spit a thorn that'll split a form in half studyin math
light 'dro Eaton's love mixed with ash
spit bats that stick to DAT's
sip snapples and twist off caps when you fuckin with the sickest cats[Vast Aire]
Yo
My life's not right [check one]
My life's not right [check two]
My life's not right [check three]
Are you ready???See I exist
iron fist
metal speech
scientist
came out the womb of a phoenix expect nothin less
then a mature flame velocity's my plane my thought is my train
the galaxy's the body sun is the heart and the black hole's the brain
heard my verse, *ain't nothin the same*.
I leave your mouth open when you're standin
(the word's the midget) esophagus is the cannon
cipher unknown the upper hand on overstandin watch the landin
believe it or not I'm walkin on air
last of America's heroes here to close the circle
I still remember the days of Coleco

a daily struggle but I hold onto the vision
hip hop at it's best when it lacked television
and everybody wasn't an emcee
you know where the flows be and if you check the rhyme slowly
you'll find out cats is unseen like Jarobi
and most likely openin doors with the psyche
if it's a Mikey, they'll eat anything
starving but hack or crush anything
not stars from the songs we sing this shit's ridiculoid

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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