

# Banana Clipper

## Run The Jewels

I move with the elegance of an African elephant  
I presented the evidence  
Eloquent as the president  
Evident is the emphasis  
I deserve me a championship  
But before I banana clip  
I'mma chill so my man can rip Little man against Hellion  
With the heart of an orphan  
I got the words of a murderer  
And an eye for distortion  
You take a slice of my portion  
I'll take a piece of your profit  
I'll drive at illegal speeds  
Keep an oz in my pocket We run the jewels in your town  
A quarter pound on my person  
I'm known for pounding the stage  
I'm talking burning and cursing  
Producer gave me a beat  
Said it's the beat of the year  
I said El-P didn't do it  
So get the fuck outta here You wanna hang, bring your throat  
I got stools and a rope  
I'mma slang pope  
Haranguing the land with a man's flow  
A new edition to the art of the old code  
That's fully retarded and put a part in your bold dome Ay El  
We the villains, we antagonist bad guys  
Mercy me, merciless me putting pain in they sad eyes  
It's time for Skywalker talk 'cause meet the true Darth Vader  
I hit your mom in '03, but a G ain't ate her  
So baby boy, you should tighten up and show some respect  
Before I Melvin on you Jody, put my arm on your neck  
Or worse yet be the reason your girl want a divorce  
Be at your crib with your kids saying "fuck your fort  
Lil' nigga!" The style is  
Radiation leak at Mile Island  
Also known as Chernobyl talk  
Listen for the sirens  
For the green I'm a hoarder

You're the poor distorter  
Sorta morbid sonnin' these fuckin' whoredome explorers  
I'm bored. Enough of your bummy shit, it's numb to the core, sure  
You suck a good dick for the fame  
And couldn't resist getting played  
I fuck like I'm headed to war  
I'm really not playing no games  
But tag me god damn it I'll kill the carrier mentions my name  
Hey, I'm a soldier of fortune, a mercenary on beat  
I'm merciless, I'll torture emcees, tie up both of they feet  
If they refuse to run the jewels we beat the bottoms of feet  
I'm talking grip pliers, guys, to the top of your teeth  
Hey me and Jaime killed the competition, top of the heap  
Is where we staying when they corpses resting under our feet  
I sent they mom a little cash and a sympathy letter  
Told her she raised a bunch a fuck boys  
Next time do better  
Bitch We the old Atlanta, new Atlanta, future of the city  
Daddy Fat Saxx don't give a damn 'cause can't nann new niggas get with me  
Now it's true, niggas are simply simple minded simple Simons  
Being dumbed down by the local radio stations by designing  
But what I be rhyming, no payola is required  
My bank account obese as fuck while yours sits on a diet  
Nigga your lease is up, you're fired  
Quiet, that's how the boss talk  
Retain ownership on everything, every car bought  
And paid for, no neighbors 'cause I'm sitting on acres  
Went to Vegas, jumped the broom 'cause I wasn't trippin' on papers  
Or no prenuptial agreement for mama  
If we broke up and she took half I'd still be sitting on commas  
Eight figures nigga

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