

# Job Well Done (feat. U.T.R.B)

## Run the Jewels

Killer Mike and El-P  
Fuck boys know the combination ain't healthy  
Tell me if you smell the  
Marijuana hanging off my breath  
Blowing smoke and I'm coughing like I'm damn near death  
If I died right now I would be so fresh to death  
They would have to say "That fat motherfucker coffin fresh  
God damn fat bastard, where that motherfucker's casket?"  
But naw baby you gon' get this here vertical  
Every word murderous  
Surgical, painful, purposeful  
And I'm taking left off your fuck list personal  
Woo, they done let that fuckin' Mike out  
It's like Tyson in the '80s, nigga snap and punch your lights out  
It's like Tyson in the '90s, if I'm losing take a bite out  
I'm so motherfuckin' grimy  
So mutherfuckin' greedy, gritty  
Mama said she couldn't breast feed 'cause I was bitin' at the titty  
(Beast) So I think we've burned our bridges, but it's difficult to tell  
I've been walking through the ashes, saying "Didn't we do well?"  
So I think we'll have to pay for this, but I'm not afraid of hell  
I've been walking through the ashes, saying "Didn't we do well?" Killer Mike and El-P, fuck boys think about it  
Fuck you gonna sell me, you don't know a thing about us  
Women dosed with ayahuasca drum circle and sing about us  
Dolphins prone to rape, will hear the tape and start to think about it  
Monks won't immolate themselves until the record hits the shelves  
Yetis walk right out the woods to cop it without thinkin' 'bout it  
Workers at the sweatshop kill they boss to how the vets drop  
Worker ants surround their queen and chew the bitch's head off  
Drug dogs bark at the tour bus when it park  
Priests take the cock out of their mouths to hum along when the chorus drop  
At the least we are the most beef and broc on your fuckin' block  
The bass make a whale off of the coast scream "Ya'll gotta stop!"  
Used to be the new kid 'till I grew into that new shit  
Emperors that hear the tunes admit that they are nudists  
Move, we coming through 'em, we are ruthless  
Mama said I wouldn't leave the womb without a Yankee and some new kicks  
So I think we've burned our  
bridges, but it's difficult to tell  
I've been walking through the ashes, saying "Didn't we do well?"

So I think we'll have to pay for this, but I'm not afraid of hell  
I've been walking through the ashes, saying "Didn't we do well?"

Songwriters

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