

# A Christmas Fucking Miracle

## Run The Jewels

That was me in BK on Atlantic  
Never looked both ways, ran in traffic  
Pops went away but I stayed, vagrant  
Placed where the steel and cement became nature  
Love what you did with the place, it looks gorgeous  
City-scape where the blood of good men courses  
And the dreamers are bull trapped in porcelain  
Take a knee to the Gods and get horse shit  
Wanna live for the thrill? They'll arrange it  
Got a bevy of imps to spit hatred  
Shit will get in your head and 'cause panic  
Have you desperately begging to get famous  
Get your dignity dirty and left orphaned  
Sanity on the fringe of distorted  
Who are they to just take shit and hoard it?  
Who am I that I don't get my portion?  
The most impressionable minds get molested and informed by manipulating forces  
Don't fret little man, don't cry  
They can never take the energy inside you were born with  
Knowing that, understand you could never be poor  
You already won the war, you were born rich  
You can only take the energy you had going back  
To the realm or the home where your lord is  
Whoever whatever that lord is couldn't give a fuck if you ever made fortunes  
Fuck anyone ever trying to run that bum shit  
Send 'em to the flames where the orcs live  
Them and the lost minds thinking they're  
Smarter than us don't understand love's importance  
And we can weaponize that, bring 'em back to  
The truth where the ashes and dust got formed in  
The beat breaks and your teeth break  
Keep your canines embedded in my knuckles as a keepsake  
It would seem your veneers just mere souvenirs  
Falling out your mouth and on to the landscape  
Me and El-P do the secret handshake  
Then I pummel punch a pumpkin head punk in his pimple face  
'Till he's punch drunk 'cause he's sweet as a pound cake  
(Ain't he pussy, Mike?) Yeah, El, I'll say  
Into the wild, wild-style ghetto child running wild  
Where the lions and the owls stay

The powers that be even offered up reprieves  
Told us they ain't take us out if we bow to our knees  
But they can give that to the kings and queens  
And the worshipers of idols and followers of things  
'Cause I would rather be in the jungle with the savages  
It's kill or be killed and I'm working with the averages  
My professor Emeritus say we been cursed being brought to the Americas  
How you raise a whole human single parent, no marriages no sense of heritage  
Planned Parenthood helping plan miscarriages  
But I'm lucky mommy already had a narrative  
Product of a teenage love, my arrogance to rise  
From the pride and the job my parents did  
Named Mike I was told it was godlike  
Even danced with the devil, came out alright  
Okay, honor y'all? No way  
Still spell America with the triple K  
Word up to Spice 1 and O'Shea  
And any MC peepin' what I go through  
Real rap, my last line's so true  
Rest in peace to Pimp C and Camu too  
We do it for you

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>