

No Kings (feat. Tame One)

El-P

And the kids say Watch your man, I think he's faking the band
Y'all will either run the world or destroy it while holding hands
Architect, terrible vet with bent flashback
Me clutching a 30 OD, burn village laughing Gas mask latched in, signal for the whirly
Worm killer bird on the set, I flex early
Got to beat the rush and report it all to the hive mind
Weathermen and such, motherfucks, try to malign mine Let's digress now, kings, put your cans up
Paint the city scope with the prettiest type of cancer
Watch 'em laser surg every tumor like a fatal relic
New York is the truancy burg, stte of hysterical It's a brutalized lab bunny jumping the fence
Grab the money and the charger for the microchip embedded in head
Brooklyn is the life, equal parts joy, strife
I sit up in the cribbo and carve these 'noid kites out of lead The same weight of the monkey on my neck
Who crawled off my back and tried to make friends
Now I'm walking 'round lit like the fun never ends
But someone ran their key on my whip, plus left dents Welcome to my bastard delight night, gents
Where everything has a meaning but none of it makes sense
Living is so demeaning but rappers still wanna offer
Fake aliens from lying saucers I don't have the time, man, I'm searching for bigger answers
The beat is so sick, made with real bits of panther
The clay of the city streets, don't take to these broken cleats
But I hold my johnson and walk it retarded, it's just me
What up, Tame? Desperate men do dangerous things
Full alarm system, New York with no kings
Desperate kids do dangerous shit
Full alarm system, it's on where you live [Incomprehensible] My name is El-Producto, my friend, I walk rawly
Oddly bent pod beast, fiends try to draw me
Another close copy but not the God hardly
Sex shit sloppily, fuck yourself, pardon me Look, here comes the scientists, here they come to cure us all
Mind is on your money, sonny, brain is on the curtain call
Give the kid a sack of D, pass the child a bag of C
Even in the tenement residence there's a pharmacy Deadly young people, deadly new day
Young deadly dumb kick snare pattern play
Dignity for criminals, science for religion
War stole the future, peace is for bitches Evey thing's a felony, relatively hellishly
Cops make guns whistle like here, check the melody
You need to learn to worship the warships
Anything made of steel, of course can leave corpses Cops on four horses, hot to draw quarters
The morbidist thoughts are mad laws and enforced quick

Don't lift your foot off of that land mine switch
Till I make the 20 yard dash and cover my eyelid
We don't need no education, there's no patience
My team is on the food line, blinker in the waist and
Walkies all connected, gotta wait for the signal
Weathermen are the lefties that burn to the bone
Insight is disease, feed the criminal rotary
All over the world it's the same skull fuck locally
Alpha Flight airs that are rare, we rock openly
Feeling like a kid again, umbilical choking me
Never shit on my faction of bastards, not openly
Don't you even whisper shit, not even if jokingly
Straight out of poisonville, coming up for air again
Nah, the air is poisonous, environment choking me
Do it again
Desperate men do dangerous things
Full alarm system, New York with no kings
Desperate kids do dangerous shit
Full alarm system, it's on where you live
Yeah, biatches

Songwriters

Jaime Meline
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