

Rubble Kings Theme (Dynamite)

Run The Jewels

[Intro: Killer Mike]

I've seen Ak-47s

I've seen sawed off shotguns

I've seen all of this

I've seen dynamite on the streets[Verse 1: Killer Mike]

Surrounded by violence and murder

Say, we in the streets and we grippin' on heat

You got beef then we fryin' your burger

My shoes on my feet and my words and my balls

Is all I got, fuck with a murda

Will happen to you, I am certain

I'm certain as hell and I'm grippin' the tail Satan himself: the serpent

We pullin' in no social service

We go in the store, they look nervous

So down me to hell, damn me to jail, like fuck you, we robbin' the merchants

The preachers sound silly in service

Convincin' my mama that all of her drama will certainly serve out your purpose

How fightin' could turn into curses

When I tell (?) ain't worth it or worth shit

Man, I believe in my patches, man I believe in my vest

Man, I believe in bandanas and pistols and holdin' down rockin' my set

Born on to the term trouble, I (?) come here to rubble[Hook]

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy dynamite

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy dynamite

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy

Dynamite on the streets

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy dynamite

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy dynamite

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy

Dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy, dy

Dynamite on the streets[Verse 2: El-P]

Everythin' out here is broken, a blemish and battered, and tat of a mind

You let it burn and decay and created the kings of the centered divine

I am done askin' and pleadin' and beggin' you recognize I am alive

You are done walkin' inside of the section your treadin', (?) was a lie
Cement block, hard rock it, don't stop, get it, get it
Your whole block's soft, it comes off like skidish bitches
We're wolves, get a bitter finish
Not full, gotta get it in, get it? get us dinner
Violators tryna finish any little symptom, we will sentence sinners
It all stinks, but where we live's where the set's sinkin'
They say sorry it's unaccepted, same old song that is subjective
Sorry sirs, but we don't sing alone to anthems or your pledges
In your garbage roam the rulers of the restless, do not test us

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