Call Ticketron

Run The Jewels

Run the jewels live at the garden
Lickin' off shots and we aim for the darkness
Make it get hot for a target
Kids cook s'mores off the crotch of our targets
Kumbaya bitch
Buckle up lil' trooper
You can't get past me, I'm stuck in the future
The shit ain't all it's cracked up to be
The hover craft's cool but the air's so putrid
You can tell by the stench to the air
Blood's on the ground, opportunity is here
I'm lookin' into space like, "Is anybody there?
And if aliens are here, please tell me how near
Do you come in peace or should everybody fear?
I'll wait your reply with a blunt and a beer."
I be the high guy with the belly and the beard
Smoke signal ET, ATLiens hereBeggin' your pardon, Run the Jewels live at the garden
Li-li-li-li-li-live from the garden
Li-li-live from the garden
Li-li-li-li-li-live from the garden
Run the Jewels live at the garden
Run the Jewels (live from the garden)
Ru-ru-run the Jewels (live from the garden)
Li-li-li-li-li-live from the garden
Beggin' your pardon, Run the Jewels live at the garden
Last two pirates alive are still yargin (yargin)
My girl got my heart, it's a bargain
Lick from her lips to the crease in her garter
Her ass my religion, her love's why I'm livin'
I smoke farm to face the field full, partner
Life's a shitnado, the smoke my umbrella
The boy's back turnin' his slacks to all yella (Prick)
It's a daily lick, I slit throats with a grin that reek of pure shit
Travel by backflip, eat from the river, the panther heart taught to talk by smart chicks
Sip pure venom and skipped away grinnin'
I put that on mom, she ain't raise a Vic
Lil' fucknuts, sit
I piss on your wit, dismiss your whole shitLive from the stage of the garden
We be the realest of the killers of the fuck shit squadron

Movin' through the streets and we lootin,' robbin'
Mobbin,' marchin', carrying our coffin
Hello everybody, this is now bank robbery
Jesse James gang, we'll walk you through the process
You don't wanna be a hero, do not let that thought process
We will put a bullet where your thoughts get processed
Get that fuck shit straight like a perm or a process
Cause forreal the money money ain't the mother fuckin' object
We just like exitement, gun fights, indigtments
High speed chase through Manhattan in the night winds
Ooh, its the thrill of the kill
Watching kill bill on a pill as I grip steerin' wheel
Cops coulda had the boy jammed I feel
But like Eddie Kane I made it I'm hereBeggin' your pardon, Run the Jewels live at the garden
Li-li-li-li-li-live from the garden
Li-li-live from the garden
Li-li-li-li-li-live from the garden
Run the Jewels live at the garden
Run the Jewels (live from the garden)
Ru-ru-run the Jewels (live from the garden)
Li-li-li-li-li-live from the gardenI'm the shamalama doomalama danger dick'll do your mama
Skeeter with the peter, never eat her, tell her see ya later
Holla 'bout tomorrow, baby, I ain't got to holler (Vroom, vroom)
My Impala pop a pussy, pop a collar
Pop a pill then chill, no pill, no Cosby
Not a raper or a taker, bonafide heartbreaker
Hit her once, hit her twice, then tell her see ya later
Got head, watch Vice at her home in DecaturFull clip, I'm a little bit sick, come equipped
Look at what I did for the grit, got it lit, what a cinch
Brought 'em just a little pinch of the truth, and they flip
Now they hanging from my shit, lil' bit
It's the Mensch, the myth
I do push-ups nude on the edge of cliffs
The jewels come quick, all gold and bricked
Click, click, boxer cutter spit
Brother, what a tripBeggin' your pardon, Run the Jewels live at the garden
Li-li-li-li-li-live from the garden
Li-li-live from the garden
Li-li-li-li-li-live from the garden
Run the Jewels live at the garden
Run the Jewels (live from the garden)
Ru-ru-run the Jewels (live from the garden)
Li-li-li-li-li-live from the gardenTickets are on sale now at the Garden box office
And all Ticketron locations, or charge by phone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/