Tasmanian Pain Coaster

El-P

Do you think that if you were falling in space
That you would slow down after a while
Or go faster and faster?Faster and faster
For a long time you wouldn't feel anything
Then you would burst into fire forever
And the angel's won't help you 'cause they've all gone awayUn, dos, un, dos, tres, quatroI saw this kid walking down the street
I was like waitBumped into this kid I knew, he often would walk strange
So I ignored the blood on his laces so this cat could save face
The dunks and the gaze stayed in an off gray haze
And the lump in his pocket talked to the ox that he clutched safeSo I saluted him there, waiting for the A
Trapped on the empty platform without the option to escape
Gave him the standard, yo, what up man, how you landin'?
And the hypnotized response was no surprise, I maintainYeah, we all do, that's the standardized refrain but on some
Really real man, good to see you, really, what the dealy deal?
Oops, fuck, screwed the pooch, asked too much, knew the truth
On the train now, a caboose in his brain now, no recluse80 blocks to uptown spot, destination vocal booth
Metro-card like, you get what you pay for stupid, no excuse
He pulled his hoody off his cabbage rugged practical
And began to fancy the words I mistakenly jostled looseThe stogie he brazenly lit where he sit looked legit
But when the flame touched to the tip I could smell it's of another nit
He leaned his head back and inhaled the newpie dip and said
"The whole design got my mind cryin' if I'm lyin' I'm dyin', shit"This is the sound of what you don't know killing you
This is the sound of what you don't believe still true
This is the sound of what you don't want still in you
TPC motherfucker, cop a feel or twoThis is the sound of what you don't know killing you
This is the sound of what you don't believe still true
This is the sound of what you don't want still in you
TPC motherfucker, cop a feel or twoThe whole design got my mind cryin'
The whole design got my mind cryin' if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'
Dyin', I'm flyin', the same line, no disguise, guy, I'm bent up
Know the sky's high by coincidence and I'm tied blind insignificant
To the ground function I'm Munsoned, it's the dreaded 7/10 split againThe medic made it out to be, epidemic shaded wow for me
Evidence of pressures mounting, residential shroud, King's County
Brotherhood of the working wounded, wounded working city unit
Taking out the trash and strappin' in, let's get it movin', stupidMany men make moves more useless

Use abuse quick, losers, juiceless
Bitch, either speak the truth or you leave toothless
Two fists of the furiously ruthless
Justice for my very own amusement with no regard for the conclusionI swagger with rats tappin' the glass in a Gov. lab
Pass me the gloves, mask and flask of the cheapest liquor you have
In the back of the Tasmanian path, insane again laughin'
Cacklin' at the randomness of the city and all its factsThe dark art of interrogation agent skippin' class
And at last in a flash on my tip toes walkin' on cracked glass
Gats blast and wiz by fast or just catch in my calves like hold that
In other words, I'm trash, glad you askedThis is the sound of what you don't know killing you
This is the sound of what you don't believe still true
This is the sound of what you don't want still in you
TPC motherfucker, cop a feel or twoThis is the sound of what you don't know killing you
This is the sound of what you don't believe still true
This is the sound of what you don't want still in you
TPC motherfucker, cop a feel or twoYour future's uncertain here now
The plot smears on the wall, wall
Said, your future's uncertain here now
The plot smears on the wallYour future's uncertain here now
The plot smears on the wall, wall
Said, your future's uncertain here now
The plot smears on the wallYour future's uncertain here now
The plot smears on the wall, wall
Said, your future's uncertain here now
The plot smears on the wall

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