

# No Kings

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  
Gristle 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

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