

Job Well Done (feat. Until The Ribbon Breaks)

Run the Jewels

Killer Mike and El-P
Fuck boys know the combination ain't healthy
Tell me if you smell the
Marijuana hanging off my breath
Blowing smoke and I'm coughing like I'm damn near death
If I died right now I would be so fresh to death
They would have to say "That fat motherfucker coffin fresh
God damn fat bastard, where that motherfucker's casket?"
But naw baby you gon' get this here vertical
Every word murderous
Surgical, painful, purposeful
And I'm taking left off your fuck list personal
Woo, they done let that fuckin' Mike out
It's like Tyson in the '80s, nigga snap and punch your lights out
It's like Tyson in the '90s, if I'm losing take a bite out
I'm so motherfuckin' grimy
So mutherfuckin' greedy, gritty
Mama said she couldn't breast feed 'cause I was bitin' at the titty
(Beast) So I think we've burned our bridges, but it's difficult to tell
I've been walking through the ashes, saying "Didn't we do well?"
So I think we'll have to pay for this, but I'm not afraid of hell
I've been walking through the ashes, saying "Didn't we do well?" Killer Mike and El-P, fuck boys think about it
Fuck you gonna sell me, you don't know a thing about us
Women dosed with ayahuasca drum circle and sing about us
Dolphins prone to rape, will hear the tape and start to think about it
Monks won't immolate themselves until the record hits the shelves
Yetis walk right out the woods to cop it without thinkin' 'bout it
Workers at the sweatshop kill they boss to how the vets drop
Worker ants surround their queen and chew the bitch's head off
Drug dogs bark at the tour bus when it park
Priests take the cock out of their mouths to hum along when the chorus drop
At the least we are the most beef and broc on your fuckin' block
The bass make a whale off of the coast scream "Ya'll gotta stop!"
Used to be the new kid 'till I grew into that new shit
Emperors that hear the tunes admit that they are nudists
Move, we coming through 'em, we are ruthless
Mama said I wouldn't leave the womb without a Yankee and some new kicks
So I think we've burned our
bridges, but it's difficult to tell
I've been walking through the ashes, saying "Didn't we do well?"

So I think we'll have to pay for this, but I'm not afraid of hell
I've been walking through the ashes, saying "Didn't we do well?"

Songwriters

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