

EI-P**"Accidents Don't Happen"**Visit "[Accidents Don't Happen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Cage, CamuTao)

[EI-P: official]

Yo, I touch with rusted clutch, then spun out of the dust
and careen into the temples of automated destruct
nanotech bugs in the blood get unplugged
fishing for the fly shit hybrid
I run among the mudskipper swarms through warnings
and good morning Beirut
Little Billy Blunderbuss looking for more recruits
city life is practice casket truancy
that's the rule of you and me, brash unmasked lunacy
friends used to laugh fast, grasped little truth from me
now they check their bags with a staff claspin' Uzis
who deserves the wrath without warning
the same sky for the martyr with a spork scorch New
York forfeits
run among the poppy fields order some more clips
store trips are weird but the fear is forceless
Bloomey bought the city of Lego and shitty metal hull
jitters to the floor boards burnt almost aborted
flight of the accidental tourist, morbid
the advertising gods so oddly courtship
godly corporate squads plot these tortures
holiness is hard and it's costing god fortunes
(guess he took a second job on the force to afford it)
I don't want a part of these self fulfilled prophecies
man it's too much for my stubbornness, I hate the
people runnin' shit
now if you sleep at ground o below, wishing you
peaceful sleep

where horror on the surface emerges less frequently,
metal bars of ancient Rome dissolved from the scenery
(now what the fuck)

I'll take a hostage and walk through the mosh pit
pristine untouched, NB703's untouched
trust is a commodity crushed by Pol Pottery
your cookie cutter laws contain flaws in philosophy
tumbling down a flight of Escher bach steps delight
cause the man who raped my sister wont sleep right

tonight
now I suppose the pretty horses in fours could love
more
but I'm exhausted by the scope of this dark god on
opiates
breakfast for dystopian ruthless hope movements
seasonal and festive the butchery's lookin good
and now writers block is a prison camp where free
press regress
now you can hypnotize the herd
I'm alive with fly visions that attack like Alfred
Hitchcock raising rabid carrier pigeons
true the only form of com not tapped is trapped strong
in the cranium of future rebel infants whistling the song
I know you're listening, get down with this bitch, whistle
along.

[Cage]

It's like the Bilderburgs came to dinner with filthy birds
they pussy all infected I'm lookin for milky words
they pulled my third eye out then they let it dry out
had to pour my belief in Chrst to find out
what I look like with no skin
who mandated while the back of my paper is still
luminated
even your no flipped egyptian Euro
got my website shut down by the Bureau
Can't kick it with the dead until my life stop
but Bush got a ouija to talk to Adam Weishaupt
I breath artist time fans the artist
put a couple G's together before harvest light
I'll take all this
the hell I'm doin?
Dippin this whole fuckin' pound in enbalmin fluids
you think I rhyme to do it? if it's (?on point?)) shot is
If you can't help but sleep peel off your eyelids.

[CamuTao]

It's the year 2010, you can say what you want
But I bet if you light this blunt, dummy, the feds'll come
runnin'
Lock you up, lock you out, you ain't tryin' to listen
Cameras in your food, dude, look they're trying to
listen
Lock you up, lock you out, we got bugs in the house
We're being monitored, they know we got thugs in the
house
Don't light your blunt, bitch, they'll hit you with a switch
Hit you with a beam, hit you in the brain, make you go
totally insane
Wild out, guns in the spot, flippin' on you niggas

They take you out, then the Feds push guns on the roof
They take 'em out, melt you out 'cause you know too
much
After that you know your ho's get touched
Look, Then the meaning starts
Download your chip to a memory card
Give your chips and send 'em to a city job

Visit [E-I-P](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.