

## El-P "Deep Space 9Mm"

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\* send corrections to the typist

One two  
You're behind the walls of new Roma, you wanna buy  
the farm (you wanna kill yourself)  
But the land's not yours to own (but your life's not yours  
to take)  
Who owns Police? Who holds fold green, sold sand to  
beach?  
Blood beach  
Dance with the land sharks clutchin' heat, ugly  
Monks hung halo teach  
Hung by the math where the cable reach  
A hundred and sixty-six channels lit  
The train that animal shit  
Where the mind's eye redefines  
Where's God?  
Buy car, Kick tires

Back in Eighty-Six I lived  
For the four-course artistry  
Metal worms took turns showin' off colors and shit  
Like I invaded a mating dance ritual  
Criminal now  
Why the things we find beautiful undermine power?  
El Product flash vet text, motherfuckers is like "Al, why  
haven't we lept yet?"  
Dithering sine wave twang for youth and brain  
management truth  
Then vanish like "poof"  
You can't touch the Krush Groove  
I live on the lunch table  
Touched fables  
Ducked labels  
Cafeter one heat em live for the terrordome stables  
Signed to Rawkus  
I'd rather be mouth fucked by Nazis unconscious  
Callin' all bomb threats  
The Radio re-activator, caress  
Under hellafied missile defense  
Fenced in, better blame it on fame's shitty grin  
Walk with a bag full of kittens

Take me to the river and throw yourself in  
In about four seconds the ether will begin to leak

Who wanna hold hands with this sicko malnutritionist  
Soaked in newspeak?  
Dissolve into the syncopated fragments of vinyl  
Splashed on loose leaf  
We can embrace on the business end of my face first  
Joe vs. the Volcano suicide leap  
Dance with the vinyl monster  
Devil in a blue sky flyin' with clean conscience  
Save the gesture  
You can't save the children, we weren't worth the effort  
I'm a Caveman  
Your modern ways frighten and confuse me  
I watch your spirit box with the blinking lights and think  
Are those little people trapped in that box? (No,  
Caveman)  
But I do know converted mic digital 8-bus Mackie  
Avalon compression  
Combined with 8-step perfected  
Dirty words paralyze crumbs and infect shit  
Infectious  
Insofar as the ineffectual beg for the lectures  
Development arrested  
Trapped in the Cuckoo's nest  
Looking for the nexus  
If it's wild like that child fire 'em  
Infrared scope in the clutch of a tyrant  
New World lullaby, Sirens  
Stuck migrants, lust and blind violence  
It's all bad timing  
Getting murked on a Tram over Roosevelt Island  
You think that's spacey?  
Deep Space 9 millimeter, son, keep smiling

Existence on the fringes and such

My generation just sit like ducks

See the rubble glisten that what I trust

Tell the historians I'm right here holding my nuts  
Right here holdin' my nuts  
Right here holdin' my nuts  
Right here holdin' my nuts  
Right here holdin' my nuts

Existence on the fringes and such

My generation make friends with slugs

Thank god for the drugs and drums

Tell history that I'll be right here hiding from guns

Right here hidin' from guns

Right here hidin' from guns

Right here hidin' from guns

For the love of god, run

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