

EI-P "EMG"

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We had some fire and smoke and water
And that troubled us a lot
Now we're marking down our prices
And they're really, really hot

Everything must go
You wanna get on some fly shit
Get on some butterfly to the fire shit

Everything must go
I wanna sell you the dream
I wanna watch you come apart at the seams

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Heart of an altar boy molested in confession
Who plotted for 20 years then slit the throat of a
reverend
And half of this thought is young vandal the system
Contraption of credo drift, sick shit and spit at your
heaven

I'm grabbin' my dick again, foot on the wall, pose down
I'm drinkin' that piss again, back at the train hometown
Starscream the system, ninja star the cassette deck
Lazerface is back in effect

Focus like a worker ant live, get with hive mind fly shit
Shut your little mind crime hybrid
Eyelids pinned back flat, we had a focus group
Of lab rats clappin', at last you got dap

Automaton bells rock well from death valley
Shit, we all mingle in ditch, mass grave for the kids
Clash with the combat rap set
A weathermen funk breath, the last rebels left?

Slide off or get the digipack slashed in your neck
You're fidgetin' with 28 day simian
Yeah, dog him again, the bad touch destruct militant
Drum percussion lust diligent

The surface that gave birth to the style is NY
The jihad recipient sky is too fly
The roof of the witnessin' spot was BK
A cloud of asbestos, I guess it's D-day

Now you want me to move and do how you say
Or look into my brain through this glass toupee
Fuck this, how 'bout I just smack you bitch?
Save that 4th Reich boogie for them plastic twits

Or the old women of fate stichin' the casket nits
I'll be drunk on the back of the train takin' a piss
Bumpin' BDP through a Raheem kit
With double d Duracel destiny megamix like

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Get over here and buy, you hoe

Excuse me, little child, why the devious smile?
Well, I've become what I've forsaken and the irony's
wild
Are you in charge of this outfit? Nah, not me, cousin
I wrestle distinction from the chompers of a buzzard

Is my mommy in Heaven? Well, she's definitely not
here
Now run away and go play with this hatchet and
flaming spear
I'm tryna mix up this Molotov, then peel the fuck off
I've got a windmill to tackle, son, polish my gun off

My hot pink millimeter space heater, duck down
Pulled out from the crevice of a triple fat, duck down

Horse hooves and meat I'm glued to the beat grindin'
Stolen hovercraft draggin' a bass stab behind it

Every little phrase is designed for y'all to rewind it
Every brittle phase has an expiration assignment
Eyes wide, the bad man walks alive
With five dimes of sticky, the bush and no 9

Who was trained by Ed Koch to hop a turnstyle
See cop smile, peep cops gun
Now see little juvenile me in Reeboks run
Through the projected transformation of the
catacombs, son
Makin' it home's so fun

If you're alone, don't sweat 'cause you're alone with the
best
The underrated phrase mason who's leakin' pain to
cassette
If you hate lies, don't fret 'cause I can't lie about this
At least I'm honest when I tell you that my mind's full of
shit

And sick of skippin' on electrified hop scotch grid
We're double dutchin' to percussion
With this barbed wire rope choker
The most floatinist spoke dope spit, get lit
You're with an ambulance chaser, I strive design sick

Everything must go

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