

El-P "Smithereens"

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Fell asleep late, Neon Buzz
P.T.S. stress, we do drugs
City air strange, sticky lungs
Mayor Doomberg gives no funds
And I'm cryin', cryin'

Call out with a fiendish ring
Broken into smithereens
Every thing's exactly how it seems
And it would seem
That I am cryin', cryin'

In a world of super duper whores
The kids just want a little more
Little tycos do the bloody mind sex
With a veteran's decor
And I'm cryin', cryin'

So, when I step in the stop frame
I became pure BK
'Cause I grew up around the Krazy Kings
And inhaled second hand spray
I'm cryin', cryin'

Where the walls talk your defiances
And alliances were made
With a fugitive dash after class
To harass the gods of fame
Cryin', cryin'

And the goons that I collude with
On this rude shit same way
And will break a crab down in public
Just to manipulate their pain
Cryin', cryin'

Why should I be sober
When God is so clearly dusted out his mind
With cherubs puffin' a bundle
Trying to remember why he even tried

Down here it's 30 percent every year

To fund the world's end
But I'm broke on Atlantic Ave
Trying to cop the bootleg instead

Pure savage established hard rock talk
Circa 93 proof
Walked the high road to infinity
With simile truant moves

When the wandering ration line derails
I steal food
Maybe, tread where the sidewalk hawks
Look alive and hide tools

On a bed that someone else made
Trying to wait for the next boot
When it dropped you took
Prime-time Hellemundo off mute

Old folks say, "Time to build"
But demolition pays more loot
Rip patch from your Hazmat suit
Slip past with an odd bop

El Producto sort of strange
They say he stares at you, long range
Perhaps he's lookin' past us all
With his thousand yard gaze
Cryin', cryin'

And he sees how MCs
Became contorted with their own lies
And went from battle rap to gun talk
Like we ain't notice the change, yeah right

It's the city I broke down in
The velor couture township
Where they lost the rock box batteries
And forgot how shit was founded
Cryin', cryin'

And critics all see me twisted
They don't get my whole existence
An actual B boy brainiac
Who'll smack you out your mittens
Cryin', cryin'

Now, I feel that motherfuckers owe me dap
For contributing actual raps
That's not a construct for the radio
On that plasticine path

I'll be your homie, bust through the Dolby
Lonely, all cast aside and homely
Wildly pour chrome heat of vigilante words
Insert hurt in a dome-piece

And the last of all I have is yours, now
Surrendered nice and calmly
As a tot played on a block of bricks
And double dutched with the zombies

I'll rip your squad in nothing
But a cock ring and pair of PuertoRoc dunks
I built the bag that cats will drown in
When the water's colored rust

And the last thought that I had
In the back of the little bus
Was of a Oklahoma city flair
Through kiddy flesh fade to dust

Move with me little soldier bitty
We'll cloak and dagger the city
We'll hope to stagger magnificence
Till the pattern of blasphemy's quitting

And I keep my meaning tucked deep
So, y'all creepers give me some privacy
Don't ask for something literal
From a child of secret society

There's a position to be filled
You fuckin' assholes, keep your eye on me
But save your precious advice
'Cause all my life everyones lied to me
And I'm cryin'

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