

El-P "The Full Retard"

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[Hook]

So you should pump this sh*t like they do in the future
[repeat]

[Verse 1]

Got a strain un-contained that could turn parade
zombie
Walk with an army on me, stalked by the harm and
armor posse
Prolly got me on a radar with a dot
These watching, plotting minions of the lower God
scene
Sh*t hawks abound, in the town of bullet dodging
I'm a Rocky, run a hundred mile before my coffee
Sh*tty little sick kid, the Gipper's hitting for dolo, now
I'm rarified
Signal lit verified bossy
F*ck your droid noise, void boys 'noid ploy
Oi oi, I'll rugby kick the sh*t out your groin boy
Oi vey, the slayers of your harmony porn life
Throat f*ck your lucky day, the flight of a torn kite
Holy smokes, city blown to the bone the death server
Fit a Hertz with a burner, whip to the church of murder
sermon
Just a Cassandra too drained to painfully word it further
Future of a gerbil up ass of masochist, that's my word
up

[Hook]

So you should pump this sh*t like they do in the future
[repeat]

[Verse 2]

Pump this sh*t
In your floating whip system
Pump this sh*t
In the bread line, the prison
Pump this sh*t
From the chip under your wrist skin
Pump this sh*t
(You are so f*cking paranoid)

I am Sam, I am known to go H.A.M., the full retard
Playing taps on a keytar, in the Benz or the Beamer
Either, etherlicious or rebel yelling the theme of
Son of forgotten freedom, rebel ariba riba
Metal and man have melted, settle in to the FEMA,
dream a
Your polluted house speaker, leader
Yes indeed a, dawn of the dirt and doom draws nearer
Here's a mirror mirror to peer, fear grows clearer
Steer a path away from the panic of our era
Pyramided ocular, unlided insignia
Weirder here's another burner born and big in ya
Sector, rectified and fly sound selector
I'm a f*cking ill, trill, kill at will etc
BK to the basic DNA math measurer
Better leave the lion alone do not pet him
He'll f*ck start your burp hole, jet in burgundy pleather
Whoa

[Hook]

So you should pump this sh*t like they do in the future
[repeat]

[Verse 3]

Where harmony and love reign
No longer do we live in a society bent on its own
destruction
Children of every race, creed and religion frolic
through fields
Of golden dandelions

Pump this sh*t
Lil b*tch, little b*tch
Pump this sh*t
Little b*tch
That's some Camu sh*t

Those who know lust trust the flow is disgust touch
Producto back rap rush, you'll notice the lad crush
I'm potent, intact, a black hearted and lunged up
Tarded and touched, plus designer of funk rust
Oh El is back on that sh*t, huh?
That Paincave Kid talk, at the end of the painbow, the
permanent stain bop
Maligning my name will holy ark up your squad's face
Viewers of the divine rage learn to worship the hard
way
You get it? I don't fade, just float where the poem slays
At home with a roach hazed, alone or with hoes great
I called but got a tone better boat out the borough post

haste

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