

# El-P "Truancy"

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\* send corrections to the typist

(El-P)

I became toxic allotted in badly shaded cement  
fuselages  
Of juvenile non-approval and loosely smoker's school  
cut abandonment  
Where great expected movement tossed itself to the  
brain otters and shakily  
Faded in my timeline to something honestly hard to  
stand  
(if that's not a booby trap) I would muse, stepping on  
Nike Uptown abuse  
Yeah the darkest blue swoosh and cathartic ruse  
faction of, a B-Boy enacted  
As truly city all-bomber and my thoughts followed the  
color chart on the  
A-train country, hovering under the A-Frame structures  
bloody  
And if I closed my optics I could trace the lines lovely  
they said: You'll  
Start your life between pause tape slices and muddy  
Kicks that lick the salt off your neck  
And it's more than apparent your portable parent with  
the  
Built-in mic might like sinister syllable smart tongue  
more than your  
Teachers do, that's two schools booted from on some  
dumb shit  
Young menace, get the message, bad medicine,  
restless, sad jettison rejection  
Had to endith the lesson  
I used to do an impression of Buff after lunch outside  
the cage, making faces  
Kelley green with envy grimace, that's my gimmick  
Went with truancy and the bad apple, and it slowly  
formed my spirit  
So when I couldn't fit the scholastic structure of my  
peers I didn't fear it  
(and it was) air brush on the pants leg and, name cut in  
the back of the head and  
Cipher in the subway without money in my pocket then

Recognize this is the new truth, we refuse to suckle the  
empires ruse  
Original box-cutter walker who talk to rebuild a new  
living proof  
See me as a banshee, as the illest motherfucker since  
Oedipus  
Monkey number one million with a typewriter, flipping  
tempest text  
Left evidence, simple-headed vagrants try to chase  
where Forest's feather went  
Darts exit us, and still leave enough alive to join the  
exodus  
Fresh as fuck, best of luck, better lead banality rally  
quest  
Stuck writer might flip, vvvvrooom! Excitebike bitch  
Enter the hellafied Fat-Boys-slash-BDP hybrid founder  
of  
Militant anti-mime fraction, operate on the fringes of  
establishment  
Binge on erratic shit, fabric knit, got you riverdancing  
in lederhosen for woodchips  
Step into the Def Jux office auditions like: "sausage"  
Jam Master Jay would've shot you (I stopped him)  
Sorcerer, nitroglycerin in truck driving through  
rainforest unstable  
Rawkus was like, "we're gonna take this label to  
another level"  
(fuck that) I'm gonna take this level to another label  
Anti-pop composer, sonically robbing the nation  
When I strap on a blue cardigan we can be neighbors  
(do lasers)  
Water douse fire now, fire bad, fire blank at bastard  
Bladerunner bliss  
Shotgiven(miss), another bargain bin opportunity  
moment clipped  
I was a B-Boy once, I really gave a fuck (still do)  
When you were trading episodes at laser tag academy  
I was applying  
For most sinister mister brainfuck crown confront  
The loudest son of the transistor rubble box  
Damage and shit like open-handed palm brandishing  
Letting the hurt live where it landed... Like that

(chorus)

This is for New Jacks trying to decide where they fit (get  
busy)  
Destroy the walls when you spit  
For writers with a Krylon image brain print (translate it)  
Leave your name dripping from bricks  
For cats who covet fame with my name on their lips (re-  
think it)

You're sucking poison milk from fake tits  
This is for kids worried about the apocalypse (do  
something)  
Prepare yourself and stop talking shit

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