

El-P "We're Famous"

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I brought that genuine shit in '96
Before you knew the underground or independent
existed
I watched the whole scene straight jump on the dick
After stepping to KCR lit and flexing my shit
No gun talk, no gimmicks, just rounds of raw dogging
Dirty dusty intelligent wit and word murdering
A hardcore poetic informed without burglary
Potent and shook the shit out of rappers who just
learned of me
Everytime I prescribe a new pill, revolution
Quickly defined the standard for indie rap distribution
Arrogant unafraid shit developed riding a train thinking
of brain fucks
Bad Touch Example, that soon became bucks
Had everybody sprung wondering where I came from
Screaming out, Independent as fuck, with an insane
tongue
With an indelible squad of design monsters
Innovating the styles that made biters look like
imposters
So we scripted an album and signed to Rawkus
Selling a hundred thousand without a radio chart hit
Imposterous son is taking the world hostage
Classic hip hop bombage dirty with style progress
Now I've come from the '80s juvenile Brooklyn
Where cats was like Gimme that subway pass, kid.
Good lookin
Now someone else is taking a ride with what's mine
So I had to develop styles with a death device cooked
in
So when I battled in basements I had eight sentences
Waiting ready for the four you had laced in
And I was taught to wait patient, Why?
Only faggots make shit up just to get famous
So when I finally blew up I remained sick
Earning respect in ghettos and 'burbs for word
placement
Back when the independent scene remained faceless
We were the only crew who promised your ass we'd
take it

Mold it, shape it, living outside the matrix
Hold it, make it, more than miniature major labels
Hold it sacred, living it for the culture
Told ya plainly, protected it from the vultures
That's why I always get respect from true soldiers
That laugh at the critics claiming every year Hip hop's
over
FUCK YOU, hip hop just started
It's funny how the most nostalgic cats are the ones
who were never part of it
But true veterans'll give dap to those who started it
Then humbly move the fuck on and come with that new
retarded shit
New slang, new thought, new sound, new heart, you
thought you hang
You clown, you don't, you drown
I won't dumb it down, I'm dumbing now for these
rounds
I'm a live mothefucker plus I'm gunning for clowns
You're a mime motherfucker, don't be coming for
pounds
Till you can break out of that invisible box, you're not
down
My favorite ones are the ones who started out young
rappin about
Comic books, spaceships, and Omnicron 1
And even though they were soft they had fun
But they couldn't break out the frame of the town they
came from
Some of these faggots used to send me their demos
Keeping their puppy styles in the Company Flow
kennels
But since they had no identity from the start
They started to resent the scene when they couldn't
become a part

They've been failing for years and call themselves
Vets, that's bold
Motherfucker, you're not a Vet you're just old
I'll slap the shit out you to continue my nerd rap
Making this money fist over fist, fuck what you heard
Rookie cats talk about boom bap and golden ages
Pat themselves on the back for making that new
outdated shit
But i've been putting out vinyl since '93 and never
looked back once
At ya'll trying to chase me
You don't innovate because you can't innovate
It's not a choice despite what you might tell your boys
Keep your identity crisis under the table
I always knew who I was and I'll always be more famous

Check it
For the best in the bend or biz
1 800 Lazerface
Leave the last CE, Off for crabs and bobbin hatorade
Dig it, daddy dug his own tunnel under the gutters
where the numbers bleed
Hunters froze up and exposed Rapunzel weeds
Tugboat, tug a rut out brutal dirt first
The fuedals fuming oodles, it was right under your
poodle skirt
Welcome to Bazooka Works, halogen halo eyesore
The revolution will not be apologized for
Warbucks exlex megaphone on the fashion piggy
pageant
While my dick's raw dogg in a style magnet
Fraggle rock your four figure watch
I clock ninety nine cent wristbands
And still know the time when you record flops
And this is on a sick with it factor
Exhibit A, E, S, Genesis of the klepto reactor
Wanna burgle the buzz over definitive cast
After a life of labor camps starts paying innovaters
back
Baby, you ain't felt the collect?, Cooool
Stuck running bases with little bears under the wing
of punchdrunk butter makers
That engine sputters while the hound dogs wire cutter
mechanical
Rabbit bantomweight puppies ain't rabid enough to
snatch him
Poplock dynamos, is approached with a golden focal
point
Come soak in it, resume sturdy composer soldier bliss
Wrong name by a molar can often expose your phobias
Watch a cobra grow hands to hold his own tongue
when he notices
All city legity critter, bark with me
All filthy documents, cats piss on their kittie litter
moccasins
Welcome to mi casa, Monsters Inc, dropping bangers
out the rocket ships
Your own private apocalypse

Honor it

For fuck's sake

Original

Wild fly

You wanna read the nile, I twitch easy reader

Father it

I will, dog

Original

Wide open with banged out cutlery from a slang mouth
teacher

And money is an ugly god we all fall for

I got land mammal, cannibal, natural survival
squackbox

That means when I wake up and decide to comprise the
new shit

It's not some watered down version of what my favorite
crews did

Puff the magic komodo bitch

Rappers stuffed komonos and shark fame at a perfect
working unit

Look, I'm done

B boy, feed that to the needy

Shut your liquor hole, fuck you in 3D

Easy

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