

El-P f/ Tame One**"No Kings"**

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[El-P]

And the kids say
Watch your man
I think he's faking the band
Y'all will either run the world or destroy it while holding
hands
Architect, terrible vet with bent flashback
Me clutchin' a 30 od, burn village laughing
Gas mask latched in
Signal for the whirly
Worm killer bird on the set
I flex early
Got to beat the rush and report it all to the hive mind
Weathermen and such, motherfucks, try to malign
mine
Let's digress now
Kings, put your cans up
Paint the city scope with the prettiest type of cancer
Watch 'em laser surg every tumor like a fatal relic
New York is the truancy burg, sate of hysterica
It's a brutalized lab bunny jumpin' the fence
Grab the money and the charger for the microchip
embedded in head
Brooklyn is the life
Equal parts joy, strife
I sit up in the cribbo and carve these 'noid kites out of
lead
The same weight of the monkey on my neck
Who crawled off my back and tried to make friends
Now I'm walkin' 'round lit like the fun never ends
But someone ran their key on my whip, plus left dents
Welcome to my bastard delight night, gents
Where everything has a meaning but none of it makes
sense
Living is so demeaning but rappers still wanna offer
Fake aliens...from lying saucers
I don't have the time, man
I'm searching for bigger answers
The beat is so sick
Made with real bits of panther
The clay of the city streets don't take to these broken

cleats
But I hold my johnson and walk it retarded
It's just me
what up, Tame?

[Tame One]
Desperate men do dangerous things
Full alarm system, New York with No Kings
Desperate kids do dangerous shit
Full alarm system, it's on where you live

[EI-P]
My name is EI-Producto, my friend
I walk rawly
Oddly, bent pood beast
Fiends try to draw me
Another close copy but not the god hardly
Sex shit sloppily
Fuck yourself (Pardon me)
Look, here comes the scientists
Here they come to cure us all
Mind is on your money, sonny
Brain is on the curtain call
Give the kid a sack a D
Pass the child a bag of C
Even in the tenement residence there's a pharmacy
Deadly young people
Deadly new day
Young deadly dumb kick snare pattern play
Dignity for criminals
Science for religion
War stole the future
Peace is for bitches
Everything's a felony
Relatively hellishly
Cops make guns whistle like "Here, check the melody"
You need to learn to worship the warships
Anything made of steel, of course, can leave corpses
Cops on four horses
Hot to draw quarters
The morbidist thoughts are mad laws and enforced quick
Don't lift your foot off of that land mine switch
Till I make the 20 yard dash and cover my eyelid
We don't need no edumucation
There's no patience
My team is on the food line
Blicker in the waist and
Walkies all connected
Gotta wait for the signal
Weathermen are the lefties that burn to the bone

gristle
Insight is disease
Feed the criminal rotary
All over the world it's the same skull fuck locally
Alpha flight airs the are rare we rock openly
Feeling like a kid again, umbilical choking you
Never shit on my faction of bastards
Not openly
Don't you even whisper shit
Not even if jokingly
Straight out of poisenville
Comin' up for air again
Nah, the air is poisonous
Environment choking me
Do it again

[Tame One]

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