

## Taking Back Sunday

### "D.P.A"

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We rolled a spliff(?)...in the back of the metropolis...  
but now...the drum patterns get crunk

(Bobbito)

Microphone check, all city motherfuckers.  
New York, New York. (Whoowee)  
I tried to tell 'em...it's that Co. Flow shit...one two, yo

(El-P)

Drug pattern awareness  
(Yeah man, New York got it)  
You God damn right  
(Yeah man, Japan got it)  
Drug pattern awareness  
(Yeah man, the Bay got it)  
You God damn right  
(Yeah man, LA got it)  
You say drug pattern awareness  
(Chicago, Ohio, Boston, Philly)  
You God damn right  
(Australia, Cuba, Detroit, Minneapolis)  
Welcome to my drum kicks fresh for the remainder of  
the night

I'm feeling shallow as a baby pool with two holes in it  
sold second-hand branded by the most serious simile  
injury

This style is heart of darkness parallel-parked next  
to awkward infamy, the holy mountainous ounces  
pounce

Skullduggery the blind merchant, picked by the  
distilled fluid monks  
of crushing disgust habits, to rust fabric, combined  
with a murky lurker  
I touch sadness, badder than Rabin's deaths tragic,  
(And if you lose?)

How can I lose? I'm from the dog house of blues,  
lemonhead (sour thoughts) that's cost crews to re-  
examine lost moves

Unplug me, everybody loves my dusty,

I have an acquaintance named faith, she's deranged  
but very trusting  
I have a friend named Len, pmx and hitting switches,  
not quite afraid of death as I am, see he was raised  
with religion  
Look at the dead head mechanism,  
amongst the cobble stones God feels alone alongside  
my tag (E-L dash)  
Burn yours for reasoning but not reaching me,  
and as a man I have to believe  
that the damage I've inflicted on myself is a vehicle for  
teaching,  
Demented eagle with the black talons float,  
balance, until I found your happy thought,  
and dropped out of the sky like Richie Valenz,  
Sounds simple, but death is complex and un-gentle,  
like "Little Johnny From the Hospital" smoking dust in a  
hovercraft rental...  
I think his lazy eye is still upset by that Biggie tragedy,  
the little guy might burn emotion and set a hot flame to  
the whole tapestry  
(But when that happens)I'ma windmill on this bitch with  
superrappin'  
The same pill that makes you big enough to fit snug up  
in the cabinet  
You can't comprehend? Whatever man, you cant stand  
in the gravity  
Ids get punched in the neck, because life started with  
atoms apple acting dastardly

D-D-D-D-DPA...D-DPA...D-D...DPA...D-D-DPA...

Brain rape trained by the burners of books,  
call this Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Def Jux  
Beautiful krylon stains frame the urbanite pain cave,  
Steady hold the cuttinist, mic percussive gluttonist  
Organisms of your make, replicate by the 1600's  
and inspire population control ordinances, on every  
cooirdinate of the mother  
What wobbly conscience contested the acid breast-fed  
lepers CF?  
Anonymity is a computer screen and a losing team  
fighting mc's  
in their mother's living room naked  
Producto plus Ghost, ghostprose unfrozen don't fake  
shit  
From earth the dirty gas rock, back to the asphalt  
Americana passtime (celebrity to jackoff)  
I get my swerve on like a narcoleptic race car driver  
on the autobahn in monsoon season  
Lord of the fly shit design of Tesla and Einstien reason

Four fifty-six on the ground, time for treason  
You on a see-saw with a heathen , who counts prime  
numbers while he's sleepin'  
My I-dont-give-a-fucks multiply by a perpetual exponent  
Professional stunt cock addicted to the melatonin  
tablets  
and others various herbal placebos  
So lets watch a snowy screen and hold our eyelids back  
with needles  
(til we scream), Three times and blow the building to  
the shingles  
You're jingleing baby, pick up the single, we're all  
dead, let's mingle  
Pull up your little squirrel nut zipper and aquies to get  
with Hoppy  
Who'll call an ugly baby breathtaking and ride away on  
a tsunami  
'Till the lobbieists are dead from dirty dancing  
And jagged little pillferers eat a hot pocket of cocaine  
for the nightlife  
I brought a teatherball full of nitroglycerine to the local  
knife fight  
Thanks for listening to the glistening but mangled  
mind  
that's blown like "A Wind in the Door" by Madeline  
L'Engle  
Or siamese twins trying to fit into a kayak but got  
strangled  
I say a nation thats murks deserves to cuddle up to its  
criminals  
So we can cock our arms back and throw that hail Mary  
dusty digital revolt  
Or rock that polo vest with forty one magnets  
And see if it matastasize when cornered by the dragnet  
Some think they are crafty as a fox but leave their  
artists pockets inanimate,  
But i dont hang with hypocrites so I just split on some  
man shit

D-D-D-D-D-D-PA...D-D-DPA...D...D...DPA...  
D-D-DPA...DPA...D-D-D-DPA..D-D...D-D-D-D-P-D-P-A

You savor drug pattern awareness  
(Yeah man, DC got it)  
You God damn right  
(San Diego got it)  
Drug pattern awareness  
(Yeah, the ? got it)  
You God damn right  
(Yeah man, Canada got it)  
You savor drug pattern awareness

(Virginia, New Zealand, Italy, England, Amsterdam,  
France,  
Nuzar, Ireland, Scotland, Miami, Connecticut, Denmark,  
yeah, they all got it)  
Drug pattern awareness  
(Man, New Jerse got it)  
You God damn right  
(You know Africa got it)  
Drug pattern awareness  
(St. Louis, Atlanta, Maine)

Welcome to my drum kicks fresh for the remainder of  
the Day

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