

## Deep Space 9mm

El-P

\* One two

Get behind the walls of new Roma, wanna buy the farm  
But the land's not yours to own?  
Who owns Police? Who holds floor grease on a sandy beach?  
Blood beach  
Dance with a man he starts clutching, he ugly  
Punks hung halo teach  
Hugged by the math with the cable reach  
A hundred and sixty-six channels lit  
To train that animal shit  
Where the mind's eye redefined  
Where's God?  
Buy a car, Kick tires

Back in Eighty-Six I lived  
With a four-course artistry  
Metal ones took turns showin' off colors and shit  
Like I invaded the mating dance ritual  
Criminal now  
Wild things defined beautiful under my power  
El Producto flash-fest-iss  
Motherf\*\*kers be like, "Ow, why haven't we left yet"  
Blithering sideways twang, the youth and brain management troupe  
The man is like BOOOP  
You can't touch the Krush Groove  
I live by the lunch table  
Touched fables  
Ducked labels  
Lookout for the one he'd abide with the terrible stables  
Signed to Rawkus  
I'd rather be mouth f\*\*ked by Nazis unconscious  
Callin' all bomb threats  
Radio re-activated, caress  
Under hellified missile defense  
Fenced in, better blame it on fame shit and grin  
Walk with a bag full of kittens  
Take it to the river and throw yourself in  
In about four seconds the ether will begin to leak

Who wanna hold hands with this sicko malnutritionist  
Soaked in newspeak?  
Dissolve into the syncopated fragments of vinyl  
splashed on loose leaf  
We can embrace on the business end of my face first  
Joe vs. the Volcano suicide beef  
Dance with the vinyl monster  
Devil in a blue skyline with clean conscience  
Save the gesture  
But can't save the children, weren't worth the effort  
I'm a Caveman  
Your modern ways frighten and confuse me  
I watch your spirit box with the blinking lights and think  
Are those little people trapped in that box? (No, Caveman)  
But I do know converted mic digital 8-bus Mackie Avalon compression  
Combined with 8-step effected  
Dirty words paralyze words and infect shit  
Infectious

Insofar as the ineffectual bed for elections  
Development arrested  
Trapped in the Cuckoo's nest  
Looking for the nexus  
If it's wild like that y'all found  
infrared scope in the clutch of a tyrant  
New World lullaby Sirens  
Stuck migrants, bust 'em by violence  
It's all bad timing  
Getting merked on a Tram over Roosevelt Island  
You think that's spacey?  
Deep Space 9 millimeter, son, keep smiling

This is for the fringes and such  
My generation just sit like dust  
Feed 'em off of us and ask what I trust  
Tell these stories, I'm right here holdin' my nuts  
Right here holdin' my nuts  
Right here holdin' my nuts  
Right here holdin' my nuts  
Right here holdin' my nuts

This is for the fringes and such  
My generation ain't friends with slugs  
Thank god for the drugs and drums  
Tell these to read it, I'll be right here hidin' from guns  
Right here hidin' from guns  
Right here hidin' from guns