

# Tuned Mass Damper

El-P

I took this photograph soaking wet  
After an 8-ball cataract broken jazz bass frett  
The same touch to the chest of a young musician  
He wrote his own eulogy with cocaine hands  
Heroin arms, Novocaine memories  
Lost since dropped into room from pink mammaries  
Off of the dome, shit I'm off of the phone  
Off of the couch, off track  
Out at OTB with a stub and a heart murmur  
A flask in a fanny pack  
A bastard on any track  
(C'mon) Daddy needs a new Megatron  
Cause the die cast was metal and blasted his left arm  
You should've viewed how it affected John, cause  
He erected bubble truths that burst loose from a glass bear hug  
Cannonballing from mattresses for kitty litter fragments  
Gleaming white under the black light  
Well that's a random journal entry from scissor-hand nostalgia  
Powers down to transfers  
To some elected methodology of bare-knuckle compassion  
A train wreck waiting to happen  
Spelled out with refrigerator magnets  
G-are-O-W-N-A-S-S-M-A-N, ducking his own death threats  
And stay fresh (What?)  
Microscopic Sally Struthers with a lobster bib,  
Munching on white platelets  
Epiphanies leap out and surprise  
Off of a batch of dead friends, the hardest way to get zen  
You motherfuckers don't have grit,  
You're all teenage poetry, martyrs without causes  
Alarmists and opinions (get taxed)  
Motherfucker, did I sound abstract?  
I hope it sounded more confusing than that  
Cause my clarity was found under the arm  
Of an economy sized mouse trap  
I dedicate this to Matt Doo (thank you)  
My name is El-P, I produce and I rap too  
You're not promised tomorrow  
You're not promised tomorrow  
You're not promised tomorrow  
You're not promised tomorrow  
You're not promised tomorrow  
You're not promised tomorrow  
You're not promised tomorrow  
You're not promised tomorrow  
Yo, yo  
I'm bottle rocket conflicted, all dirty with flame on wic nit  
Lookin for a hero in stores, looking for heart of gold whores  
I swear the lust monkey sweat soaks in my pores  
And this is one step from a junky liver breaking in doors  
They playing global thermal nucleus games  
Lets rearrange the whole complaint  
Who the fuck is down to steal me some paint?  
We could get ancient with this shit  
on some cavernous wall Description, I'm lit  
Trying to draw this figure eight with a twig  
As if the symmetry alone is a prescription to live

The rusty touch the rubble convert working plummeting MIG  
Cause its a dogfight for the privilege of hope as a fix  
And I'mma rally round the family till the quota conflicts  
My generation is beautiful coma, REM hold the bliss  
And the answer that just eluded you my friend don't exist  
Unless we torch our own entrapments and exact our own scripts  
Tuned mass damper baby, yeah that's the shit