

We had some fire and smoke and water  
And that troubled us a lot  
Now we're marking down our prices  
And they're really, really hot

Everything must go  
You wanna get on some fly shit  
Get on some butterfly to the fire shit

Everything must go  
I wanna sell you the dream  
I wanna watch you come apart at the seams

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I wanna sell you a dream

Heart of an altar boy molested in confession  
Who plotted for 20 years then slit the throat of a reverend  
And half of this thought is young vandal the system  
Contraption of credo drift, sick shit and spit at your heaven

I'm grabbin' my dick again, foot on the wall, pose down  
I'm drinkin' that piss again, back at the train hometown  
Starscream the system, ninja star the cassette deck  
Lazerface is back in effect

Focus like a worker ant live, get with hive mind fly shit  
Shut your little mind crime hybrid  
Eyelids pinned back flat, we had a focus group  
Of lab rats clappin', at last you got dap

Automaton bells rock well from death valley  
Shit, we all mingle in ditch, mass grave for the kids  
Clash with the combat rap set  
A weathermen funk breath, the last rebels left?

Slide off or get the digipack slashed in your neck  
You're fidgetin' with 28 day simian  
Yeah, dog him again, the bad touch destruct militant  
Drum percussion lust diligent

The surface that gave birth to the style is NY  
The jihad recipient sky is too fly  
The roof of the witnessin? spot was BK  
A cloud of asbestos, I guess it's D-day

Now you want me to move and do how you say  
Or look into my brain through this glass toupee  
Fuck this, how 'bout I just smack you bitch?  
Save that 4th Reich boogie for them plastic twits

Or the old women of fate stichin' the casket nits  
I'll be drunk on the back of the train takin' a piss

Bumpin' BDP through a Raheem kit  
With double d Duracel destiny megamix like

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Get over here and buy, you hoe

Excuse me, little child, why the devious smile?  
Well, I've become what I've forsaken and the irony's wild  
Are you in charge of this outfit? Nah, not me, cousin  
I wrestle distinction from the chompers of a buzzard

Is my mommy in Heaven? Well, she's definitely not here  
Now run away and go play with this hatchet and flaming spear  
I'm tryna mix up this Molotov, then peel the f\*\*k off  
I've got a windmill to tackle, son, polish my gun off

My hot pink millimeter space heater, duck down  
Pulled out from the crevice of a triple fat, duck down  
Horse hooves and meat I'm glued to the beat grindin'  
Stolen hovercraft draggin' a bass stab behind it

Every little phrase is designed for y'all to rewind it  
Every brittle phase has an expiration assignment  
Eyes wide, the bad man walks alive  
With five dimes of sticky, the bush and no 9

Who was trained by Ed Koch to hop a turnstyle  
See cop smile, peep cops gun  
Now see little juvenile me in Reeboks run  
Through the projected transformation of the catacombs, son  
Makin' it home's so fun

If you're alone, don't sweat 'cause you're alone with the best  
The underrated phrase mason who's leakin' pain to cassette  
If you hate lies, don't fret 'cause I can't lie about this  
At least I'm honest when I tell you that my mind's full of shit

And sick of skippin' on electrified hop scotch grid  
We're double dutchin' to percussion  
With this barbed wire rope choker  
The most floatinist spoke dope spit, get lit  
You're with an ambulance chaser, I strive design sick

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