

## Smithereens (stop Cryin')

El-P

Fell asleep late, Neon Buzz  
P.T.S. stress, we do drugs  
City air strange, sticky lungs  
Mayor Doomberg gives no funds  
And I'm cryin', cryin'

Call out with a fiendish ring  
Broken into smithereens  
Every thing's exactly how it seems  
And it would seem  
That I am cryin', cryin'

In a world of super duper whores  
The kids just want a little more  
Little tycos do the bloody mind sex  
With a veteran's decor  
And I'm cryin', cryin'

So, when I step in the stop frame  
I became pure BK  
'Cause I grew up around the Krazy Kings  
And inhaled second hand spray  
I'm cryin', cryin'

Where the walls talk your defiances  
And alliances were made  
With a fugitive dash after class  
To harass the gods of fame  
Cryin', cryin'

And the goons that I collude with  
On this rude shit same way  
And will break a crab down in public  
Just to manipulate their pain  
Cryin', cryin'

Why should I be sober  
When God is so clearly dusted out his mind  
With cherubs puffin' a bundle  
Trying to remember why he even tried

Down here it's 30 percent every year  
To fund the world's end  
But I'm broke on Atlantic Ave  
Trying to cop the bootleg instead

Pure savage established hard rock talk  
Circa 93 proof  
Walked the high road to infinity  
With simile truant moves

When the wandering ration line derails  
I steal food  
Maybe, tread where the sidewalk hawks  
Look alive and hide tools

On a bed that someone else made

Trying to wait for the next boot  
When it dropped you took  
Prime-time Hellemundo off mute

Old folks say, "Time to build"  
But demolition pays more loot  
Rip patch from your Hazmat suit  
Slip past with an odd bop

El Producto sort of strange  
They say he stares at you, long range  
Perhaps he's lookin' past us all  
With his thousand yard gaze  
Cryin', cryin'

And he sees how MCs  
Became contorted with their own lies  
And went from battle rap to gun talk  
Like we ain't notice the change, yeah right

It's the city I broke down in  
The velor couture township  
Where they lost the rock box batteries  
And forgot how shit was founded  
Cryin', cryin'

And critics all see me twisted  
They don't get my whole existence  
An actual B boy brainiac  
Who'll smack you out your mittens  
Cryin', cryin'

Now, I feel that motherf\*\*kers owe me dap  
For contributing actual raps  
That's not a construct for the radio  
On that plasticine path

I'll be your homie, bust through the Dolby  
Lonely, all cast aside and homely  
Wildly pour chrome heat of vigilante words  
Insert hurt in a dome-piece

And the last of all I have is yours, now  
Surrendered nice and calmly  
As a tot played on a block of bricks  
And double dutched with the zombies

I'll rip your squad in nothing  
But a cock ring and pair of PuertoRoc dunks  
I built the bag that cats will drown in  
When the water's colored rust

And the last thought that I had  
In the back of the little bus  
Was of a Oklahoma city flair  
Through kiddy flesh fade to dust

Move with me little soldier bitty  
We'll cloak and dagger the city  
We'll hope to stagger magnificence  
Till the pattern of blasphemy's quitting

And I keep my meaning tucked deep

So, y'all creepers give me some privacy  
Don't ask for something literal  
From a child of secret society

There's a position to be filled  
You f\*\*kin' assholes, keep your eye on me  
But save your precious advice  
'Cause all my life everyones lied to me  
And I'm cryin'

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