1. Yankee and the Brave (EP. 4)
2. Ooh La La (Feat. Greg Nice and DJ Premier)
3. Out of Sight (Feat. 2 Chainz)
4. Holy Calamafuck
5. Goonies vs. E.T.
6. Walking in the Snow
7. Just (Featuring Pharrell Williams & Zack de la Rocha)
8. Never Look Back
9. The Ground Below
10. Pulling the Pin (Feat. Mavis Staples & Josh Homme)
11. A Few Words for the Firing Squad (Radiation)
All this neon is ripping us up inside
Hear no evil
The moon is moving the maniacs in the city to crime 'Til time die I'm galactically fly

El-P:
I'm ready to mob on these fuckin' charlatans

Its scammer bliss when you puttin' villains in charge of shit
and even the crack, automatic fax it's like tha-a-at
I magically rack it and dash while I'm ducking rat-ta-tats
Stack addict a mac with the blackest fabric on back

El-P:
I'ma chop em wit a chopper til I muthafuckin' drop 'em
I'ma terrorize the actors playin' like they want some drama
And I put that on Osama and my muthafuckin' Momma

Boat captain stay floatin
No cappin, fat black
Granddaddy all fact
Nappy matty as a black
Grand Natty
In a black alley in a black

El-P:
I couldn't let them pigs kill me I got too much pride
I can shoot at them or put one between my eyes

Ooh la la ah wee wee

[CHORUS]
And I rap it pornographic bitch set up the camera
Got the semi in the hemi goin gimme gimme ya'll
Shimmy shimmy ya

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
I'm a dog, I'm a dirty dog

Oysters on the half shell sushi bar
Steak Tartar
We is fuckin raw
First of all fuck the fuckin law

Killer Mike:
You want maximum stupid I am the guy
Doing fine
Look alive
Seasons greetings now feeding season can start oh my god
Keep us in your thoughts

El-P:
Ooh la la ah wee wee

[CHORUS/OUTRO]
Ooh la la ah wee wee
Ooh la la

at your pumpkin
Your sufferings in scumphology they'll put your kids in the oven

Killer Mike:
Fuk a King or Queen and all of their loyal subjects
I pull my peaks out and I piss on they shoes in public
People we the piranhas, the pride of this great republic
No matter what you ordered muthafucker we what you're stuck with
I used to love Bruce but fvin' my vida loca
Helped me understand I'm probably more of a Joker
When we usher in chaos
Just know we that did it smiling
Cannibals on this island
Inmates run the asylum

[CHORUS/OUTRO]
Ooh la la ah wee wee
Ooh la la

3. OUT OF SITE (THAT'S A SANDMAN)
been fuckin' with that other broad
Colder than your baby momma heart when she find out you
as penguin pussy on the polar cap peninsula
TV got no temperature, even if it did bitch we cool
J Meline and Michael Render bruh
Ain’t a team so mean and clean as
and smokin’ indica
Next summer leather bombers, dookie ropes
need no compliments or confidence
The pride of Brooklyn and the Grady baby, we don’t
overstating to say they are underrating
Never regulating, bag accumulating, it would not be
captivating, Ghost and Rae relating
We the motivating, devastating
Killer Mike:
I’m only doing what I want while hocking loogies at the swine
too good to cross that line
Leave me here to drown in glory you’re
(Run) save yourself I say, selflessly divine
Man I’ll smoke a bogie backwards with thumb up like it’s fine
(Out of sight) out of mind out of touch out of time
El-P:
Sosa was my hero homie Tony’s just a fuckin’ hossa
Cause they don’t eat no steak and lobster
Eat spaghetti with the mobsters
Whippin’ Chevy’s gotta get it
It’s an honor to be robbed by Denise’s only son (yeah)
Yo’ motherfuckin’ pockets when I come
Killer Mike:
What a rush see you cutting up a pie that’s my lunch
(Run run), piety just isn’t really us
El-P:
Hindenburg em, get em burn em
Ay yo one for mayhem, two for mischief
El-P:
Think I got a case of the Mondays on fire
chop and screw truth up
And I’m a born and bred in USA who
Thought crime designer criminal minder
to the tooth bone fiber I’m liver
Slap a yapper from the acne
I’ll kill the mood I’m a rudeness Macgyver
The nick of time mercy kill denier in prime
The sleep depriver
A pile driver provider for liars
You evil eyers
I’m the decider
Supreme violence of the time describers
The green giant of the rhyme contrivers
The magic bean imbibers
The pyrotechnocrats the ‘ole razzle dazzlers
Jaimito Y Michael the Render,
Ay we for-eve-eva,
Clockwork Orange madness left the scene laughin’

By GLAMAFUCK
Produced by El-P
Additional production by Little Shalimar & Wilder Zoby
Additional vocals by Theron “Uptown AP” Thomas
Additional production by Kaushlesh “Garry” Purohit
Scratches by Trackstar The DJ
Tablas by Kadachar “Larry” Puranik
Published by Definitive Joint Peace Music (ASCAP), Arriva’s Music (ASCAP)/The Royalty Network, WW Collections (BMI), Songs of Big Deal Music (ASCAP), Money Makes My Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side America, Eoughlicious Entertainers (ASCAP)/Kobalt Music, In Sounds Music and Songs of Rich Nation

Killer Mike:
The law defiler
The non-compiler
The death defiler
The Mike Myers
Murder rapper for hire
Do-re of drive-bys
The back tank clock clock
Let it loose murder all witnesses and survivors
That’s a job compiler
Dependable contractor
The back hand wack rap slapper
Mr. leather bomber later
Catching ya getting off the escalator
Run the Jewels smooth and don’t trigger the undertaker
As a been lookin’
I woulda ran me a Supreme racket
I woulda took these lames Supreme jackets
Until you rob a hype beast you ain’t seen sadness
Clockwork Orange madness left the scene laughin’

El-P:
Avy we for-eva-eva,
Jainillo Y Michael the Render,
The proletechnology the ‘ole razzle dazzlers
The magic bean imbibers
The green giant of the rhyme contrivers
Supreme violence of the time describers
I’m the decider
You evil eyers
A pile driver provider for liars
The sleep depriver
The nick of time mercy kill denier in prime
I’ll kill the mood I’m a rudeness Macgyver
Stap a yapper from the acne
to the tooth bone fiber I’m liver
Thought crime designer criminal minder
And I’m a born and bred in USA who
chop and screw truth up
Think I got a case of the Mondays on fire

El-P:
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Jainillo Y Michael the Render,
The proletechnology the ‘ole razzle dazzlers
The magic bean imbibers
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Think I got a case of the Mondays on fire

El-P:
Avy we for-eva-eva,
Jainillo Y Michael the Render,
The proletechnology the ‘ole razzle dazzer
The magic bean imbibers
The green giant of the rhyme contrivers
Supreme violence of the time describers
I’m the decider
You evil eyers
A pile driver provider for liars
The sleep depriver
The nick of time mercy kill denier in prime
I’ll kill the mood I’m a rudeness Macgyver
Stap a yapper from the acne
to the tooth bone fiber I’m liver
Thought crime designer criminal minder
And I’m a born and bred in USA who
chop and screw truth up
Think I got a case of the Mondays on fire

Pass that shit Mike I have to insist it
Reality sucks dick how’s that for wisdom
I’ll lick a toad’s back like mm delicious
Time evses wawse to me still in the distance
Hey lil guy I’m just walkin’ through
From another timeline where monsters eat truth
Physicists say the gough I get’s proof
The multiverse lives I’m supposed to just lose
The glass bottom tank I drive is all fueled
Better try to stay cool honey don’t know
Folk shit grows in the hearts of the brutes
You hate Run The Jewels you don’t love the troops
You miss me paint byna act like shi’t cool
Don’t fuckin’ tell doom your number’s not due
Every other God damned year I’m brand new
It’s been 20 plus years you think that’s a clue?
Maybe this guy kinda kill what he do
He’s prolly that dude he left enough proof
Pitty of these good disappeared poor
I’m still the next big thing gotta hurt oof (I got)

Z-Nicks:
More fire (prod).

Killer Mike:
This the pay back
Allow me to state that
All that forth back
We don’t play that
You want beef truth
You just state that
And we steak that
Fry and bake that
One time in the grey South
Lived a lil chubby kid with a big ole mouth
Lame writers gave him big ole doubts
Now he same 11 boy in a lil old house
Look at him now in the big ole cars
And the same folk hated pay big ole homage
One minute let me be candid
Used to stand by the garbage can hand to handin’
That dumb crap shit, no proper planning
Sees ignorant shit like lyrics dancing
And rappers rap about it like it’s so romantic
But I still can’t seem to escape the panic
PTSD Streets did the damage
Kept me in hammock
Laed back with cannons
Get me locked up, it be’s calamity
I’m a come through and leave some damages
Got damn somebody call ambulances
or ambulanceses out of chances
Fuck that shit you be bantering
You’re a common cold and my flows are cancerous (I got)

Z-Rican
More 8 [x3]

5 GOODNIGHTS VS. LT
Produced by El-P, Re-Produced by Little Shalimar & Wilder Zoby
Additional Production by Nick Hook
Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz
and Wilder Zoby Schwartz
Performed by El-P and Killer Mike
Tenor Saxophone by Stuart Bogie
Scratches by Cutmaster Swift
Published by Definitive/Jon Polak Music (SESAC), Atalajah Music (ASCAP)
The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side America
Essence Entertainment (ASCAP)/Kobalt Music

[CHORUS]
Baby if I had another chance I would give another chance to you
If I make another wish I would wish for a wish for you
But the brass on the magic lamp’s damn near rubbed through
It’s been wish after wish after wish after wish
And the chances are that none are coming true

Killer Mike:
Amazing shit if how we made it and didn’t take it
Life’s a disguise, the truth is butt naked
Used to be a time I’d see it and not say it
Now I understand that woke folk be playing
Get you celebrating the generators of genocide
Any good deed is numbed, punished and penalized
Flowers of the world will rise up like a dinner pie
Race in a nation told you to identify
People take false pride and warfare incentivized
Fukk that me and my tribe we on an iller vibe
In the terror dome let me alone as I soliloquize
We accept the role of the villains cause we been villainized
Fukk that me and my tribe we on an iller vibe
People take false pride and warfare incentivized
All oppression’s born of lies, I don’t make the rules
This whole world’s a shit moat filled to the brim like Gitmo
Hang on the hole, it’s a no go
You in the wrong mode, you open and
God damn that motherfucker’s cold

El-P:
Just got done walking in the snow
Gangsta Boo:
I don’t really know how to go slow
I’ll hang it up when you say sorry I didn’t know
I got wire or two un-lodging I’ll set a fire down below
Get a dose a dirty code to go been cold since Co-Flow
I go in with two on-lookers I’ll set a fire down below
I’ll hang it up when you say sorry I didn’t know
I don’t really know how to go slow

Gangsta Boo:
Just got done walking in the snow
El-P:
God damn that motherfucker’s cold
You in the wrong mode you open and
Shame your hole it’s a no go
This whole world’s a shit moat filled to the brim like Gilmo
When you think it don’t get mo it limbo till the sticks on flo
All oppression’s born of lies, I don’t make the rules
I’m just one guy
I don’t even respect if getting spit on how respect is now defined
You help to fuel the death machine
That down the line will kill you too (oops)

Killer Mike:
What’s a disingenuous way to piss away existence
I don’t get it if to say you lost your god damn minds if it’s all possessed one to begin with

Gangsta Boo:
Yeah hoe Gangsta Boo Run The Jewels
we back on our shit and it’s cold as fuck

Killer Mike:
The way I see it you’ve probably been from the ages 1 to 4
Around the age of 5 you’re shipped away for your body to be stored
They promise education but really they give you loans and scores
And they predicting prison population
by who scoring the lowest
And usually the lowest scores the poorest and they look like me
And everyday on the evening news they feed you fear for free
And you so numb you watch the cops choke out a man like me
Until my voice goes from a shriek to whisper “I can’t breathe”
And you sit there in house on couch and watch it on TV
The most you give’s a a Twitter rant and call it a tragedy
But truly the travesty
You’ve been robbed of your empathy
Replaced it with apathy
I wish I could magically
Fast forward the future so then you can face it
And see how fucked up it’ll be
I promise I’m honest they coming for you, the day
After they coming for me
I’m reading Chomsky I read Bukowski I’m laying low for a week
I said something on behalf of my people and
I popped up in Whitehouse
Thank God that I’m covered the devil is smothered
and you know the evil don’t sleep
Dick Gregory told me a couple of secrets before
he laid down in his grave
All of us serve the same masters
All of us nothing but
Never forget in the story of Jesus, the hero
was killed by the state

6. WALKING IN THE SNOW
Produced by El-P for the production by Little Shalimar & Wilder Zoby
Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz, Wilder Zoby
Schwartz, and Lea Mitchell
Performed by El-P, Killer Mike and Gangsta Boo
Published by Definitive/ Jon Polak Music (SESAC), Atalajah Music (ASCAP)
The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side America
Essence Entertainment (ASCAP)/Kobalt Music, Lady Cash (ASCAP)

El-P:
Get a dose a dirty code to go been cold since Co-Flow
I got wire or two on-lookers I’ll set a fire down below
I’ll hang it up when you say sorry I didn’t know
Proletariat got a year or ten to go so let’s go
I don’t really know how to go slow

Gangsta Boo:
Just got done walking in the snow
Gangsta Boo:
Just got done walking in the snow

El-P:
God damn that motherfucker’s cold
You in the wrong mode you open and
Shame your hole it’s a no go
This whole world’s a shit moat filled to the brim like Gilmo
When you think it don’t get mo it limbo till the sticks on flo
All oppression’s born of lies, I don’t make the rules
I’m just one guy
I don’t even respect if getting spit on how respect is now defined
You help to fuel the death machine
That down the line will kill you too (oops)
Pseudo Christians it’s all indifferent?
Kids in prisons ain’t a sin shit
If I even set a rope a what Jesus taught
Connected you’d feel different

Gangsta Boo:
Just got done walking in the snow
God damn that motherfucker cold [x4]

Yeah hoe Gangsta Boo Run The Jewels
we back on our shit and it’s cold as fuck

Killer Mike:
Yeah hoe Gangsta Boo Run The Jewels
We back on our shit and it’s cold as fuck

What’s a disingenuous way to piss away existence
I don’t get it if to say you lost your god damn minds if it’s all possessed one to begin with

Gangsta Boo:
Just got done walking in the snow
God damn that motherfucker cold [x4]

Yeah hoe Gangsta Boo Run The Jewels
we back on our shit and it’s cold as fuck

Killer Mike:
The way I see it you’ve probably been from the ages 1 to 4
Around the age of 5 you’re shipped away for your body to be stored
They promise education but really they give you loans and scores
And they predicting prison population
by who scoring the lowest
And usually the lowest scores the poorest and they look like me
And everyday on the evening news they feed you fear for free
And you so numb you watch the cops choke out a man like me
Until my voice goes from a shriek to whisper “I can’t breathe”
And you sit there in house on couch and watch it on TV
The most you give’s a a Twitter rant and call it a tragedy
But truly the travesty
You’ve been robbed of your empathy
Replaced it with apathy
I wish I could magically
Fast forward the future so then you can face it
And see how fucked up it’ll be
I promise I’m honest they coming for you, the day
After they coming for me
I’m reading Chomsky I read Bukowski I’m laying low for a week
I said something on behalf of my people and
I popped up in Whitehouse
Thank God that I’m covered the devil is smothered
and you know the evil don’t sleep
Dick Gregory told me a couple of secrets before
he laid down in his grave
All of us serve the same masters
All of us nothing but
Never forget in the story of Jesus, the hero
was killed by the state

What’s a disingenuous way to piss away existence
I don’t get it if to say you lost your god damn minds if it’s all possessed one to begin with

Gangsta Boo:
Just got done walking in the snow
God damn that motherfucker cold [x4]

Yeah hoe Gangsta Boo Run The Jewels
we back on our shit and it’s cold as fuck

Killer Mike:
The way I see it you’ve probably been from the ages 1 to 4
Around the age of 5 you’re shipped away for your body to be stored
They promise education but really they give you loans and scores
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What’s a disingenuous way to piss away existence
I don’t get it if to say you lost your god damn minds if it’s all possessed one to begin with

Gangsta Boo:
Just got done walking in the snow
God damn that motherfucker cold [x4]

Yeah hoe Gangsta Boo Run The Jewels
we back on our shit and it’s cold as fuck

Killer Mike:
The way I see it you’ve probably been from the ages 1 to 4
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and you know the evil don’t sleep
Dick Gregory told me a couple of secrets before
he laid down in his grave
All of us serve the same masters
All of us nothing but
Never forget in the story of Jesus, the hero
was killed by the state
Gangsta Box:  
Just got done walking in the snow God damn that motherfucker cold [x4]

Killer Mike:  
Who really wanna run it with the Jewel Runners  
Go hell fire but in a new cause  
It’s cold winter baby and a cruel summer  
I suicide bomb in the blue hummer  
and emerge out the side not a breeze an ‘em

El-P:  
Bad new come in twos son do sumpin’  
Treat beats like a wet thigh, chew on em  
Got a stroker row crew on em move on em

Killer Mike:  
We be the heroes the breakers of chains  
and the bastards of locks  
You be them suckers the supporting them snitches  
that talk to the cops

El-P:  
This the illmatic of turning your face in to fucker foie gras

El-P:  
Never look back heard em say that before

Killer Mike:  
Never looked back never ever went slow

El-P:  
A shooter’s view, a Zapruder flick

El-P:  
For you it’s just money  
But the breath in me is weaponry

Pharrell Williams appears courtesy of I am OTHER/Kabam Records, a division of Sony Music Entertainment

Pharrell:  
Mastered economics ‘cause you took yourself  
from squalor (slave)  
Mastered academics cause your grades say you a scholar (slave)  
Mastered Instagram cause you can  
instigate a follow (shiihit)  
Look at all these slave masters posing on yo dollar (get it)

Killer Mike:  
Look at all these slave masters posing on yo dollar (get it) [x7]

Zack de la Rocha:  
Look at all these slave masters

Killer Mike:  
Business time, I’m on mine, I be minding mine (make money)  
Every time on my grind I’m just tryna shine (stay sunny)  
Make a dollar, government they want a dozen dimes (no cap)  
The petty kind might kill ya cause they see you shine (stay stopped)  
I done had a talk with myself plenty times (for real)  
Am I a hypocrite cuz I know I did plenty crimes (yes I’m)  
I get broke too many times I might slang some rhymes (back to trapping)  
[Can] You believe corporations runnin’ marijuana (how that happen)  
And your country getting ran by a casino owner (book)  
Pedophiles sponsor all these fuckin’ racist bastards (they do)  
And I told you once before that you should  
lift your master (it’s true)  
Now that’s the line that’s probably gon’ get me ass a-sassinated

Pharrell:  
Master of these politics you swear that you got options  
Master of opinion cuz you vote with the white collar (slave)  
The 13th Amendment says that slavery’s abolished (shiihit)  
Look at all these slave masters posing on your dollar (get it)

Killer Mike:  
Look at all these slave masters posing on yo dollar (get it) [x3]

Zack de La Rocha:  
Look at all these slave masters

El-P:  
(Continues say)  
Man you better duck out, get the bag and then bug out  
But try to run home you might run your luck out  
Cause just when your train loaded they’ll roll a grenade in the dugout  
Earth talk not a mellow bunch we get our thumbs in the air like hell or bust  
Look at who we done blessed with our trust  
I don’t think we’ll be left with too much  
Hand on my heart and my mind on my drugs got  
Lord sweet Buddha please make me numb  
Brain bounce off walls like a sentient Roomba  
Who just found out his creator’s stupid  
Lit by the super moon I’m too lucid  
Plus got screams in the blood I’m zoomin’  
Keep hope Rishie this is New York City  
The x on the map where the pain keep hitting  
Just us ducks here sitting

Pharrell:  
Mastered economics ‘cause you took yourself  
from squalor (slave)  
Mastered academics cause your grades say you a scholar (slave)  
Mastered Instagram cause you can  
instigate a follow (shiihit)  
Look at all these slave masters  
let it sink in

Zack de La Rocha:  
20/20 run the map  
Raw uncut in my hourglass

Don’t watch it spill to the bottom half  
You see the piece now run it fast  
On the tarmac in a Starter jack  
I’m C4 when I runned back  
Like a track star run a record lap  
Nah, like when his needle catch  
A clean look, a poet pupilist  
A shooter’s view, a Zapruder flick  
Too rude for ya rudiments  
Who convinced you?  
You could move against the crew in this  
Comin’ up through the fence  
Offshore outs Port-of-Prince  
Leavers left his fingerprints  
On our hearts at the gate  
The world our residence  
How can we be the peace?  
When the beast gonna reach for the worst  
Tear all the flesh off the earth  
Stage set for a deafening reckoning  
Quick like the pace of my verse  
So I’m questioning this quest for things  
As a recipe for early death threatening  
But the breath in me is weaponry  
For you it’s just money

& NEVER LOOK BACK

Produced by El-P. Co-produced by ltdo. Sharmar & Wilder Zoby
Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Pharrell Williams, Zack de la Rocha,  
Torbitt Schwartz, and Wilder Zoby Schwartz.
Performed by El-P, Killer Mike and Mr. Muthafuckin’ eXquire
Additional vocals-Torbitt Schwartz, Hugh Anthony Allison
Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Pharrell Williams, Zack de la Rocha,  
Torbitt Schwartz, and Wilder Zoby Schwartz.
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Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Pharrell Williams, Zack de la Rocha,  
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Scratches by Trackstar The DJ
Published by Deltronics AndRakie Music (ISEAS), Aniyah’s Music (ASCAP),  
The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP), Third Side America,  
Essence Entertainment (ASCAP), Robot Mask, Hugh Anthony Allison (BMI)

El-P:  
& 8 miles to the hour down road
Never looked back never ever went slow

Killer Mike:  
Never look back heard em say that before

El-P:  
Never look back never stare at a ghost
OK air is in the summer time choke
Ain’t still fly but the drones oh no
Low on the smokes grab another pack go
Pops smoked too when playing piano
Pops in you it’s funny how that go
Mom you too I never could drink slow

Killer Mike:
Never look back

El-P:
Heard em say that before
Sound like the type of advice I’d ignore
Funny how time feel off tick back
You thinking deaths beat it drop a clock shot
Never smoke said I heard that’s a thought
I got 44 bucks on the smoke whatcha got

Killer Mike:
Get my mind on a mission, on the road to perdition
The crime and the grind I’ll admit it’s a bit titty
Mist vs suck up crime for my mamma right titty
Cause it’s a dollar made cents, no question she was with it
She was queenshen-ep, independent, when I was a kidd
Uncle Duke don’t stop, get it get it Magic City
Momma told me never give a nigga my plug
Then she told me never give these bitches my love
Still till this day bro I’m missing my gurl
Still till this day I’m perfecting my thug
Daddy told me never give a money my money
Hash said don’t give a money my mama
Made dolla made cents, made money money money
Got a wife built like a playboy bunny
Fucked up, but I kept her cause I kept it 100
Made a mil, that’s for real, ain’t a damn thing funny

[CHORUS]
Never look back

3. THE GROUND BELOW

Produced by El-P.
Co-produced by Little Shakur & Wilder Zoby
Written by Jame Meline, Michael Render, Josh Homme, Jordan Alan Cruz, Telfar Schwartz, and Wilder Zoby Schwartz
Published by BMG Bubbbie (BMI) and BMG Gold Songs Corp. all rights administered by BMG Music (ASCAP) and WB Music Corp. (ASCAP) and ASCAP

El-P:
Never look back

Killer Mike:
Now I’m on fleek as a preset
I don’t wear a leash in the least but I’m beatin’

El-P:
Never look back, you will only get bitter
If you get bitter, you will never get better
Never get better, then you never get bigger
Never get bigger then you never make cheddar
Tell the truth fellas, you were never really special
You were just a lime spig with a bit record
You time came and it changed like the weather
Run The Jewels multihalence, we still forever

[CHORUS]
Never look back

Hook

You say that you don’t love me ay
I’m guessin’ I’ma be ok
You say that you don’t feel me now
I feel like I’m alive somehow
Your love never meant much to me
Love never meant much to me
Love never meant much to me
Your love never meant much

El-P:
Born from the ether I just appeared out a cloud
Screaming “fuck the world it can drink what’s coming out my urethra”
I’ll slap a dying child he don’t pronounce
I’ll watch my mouth when I’m finished watching y’all suck clout

Killer Mike:
Not a holy man but I’m moral in my perverseness
So I support the sex workers unionizing their services

[CHORUS]
Never look back

Killer Mike:
This Tokyo and I’m Godzilla
Playing black, jack versus death

El-P:
Get on the card dealer
Just bought a demon, I’m scaring them out the car dealer
I’m guessing Mike but I’m a God figure
Tell Beebeebuz that the God don’t need a job
If it did the oligarchs would be missing, murdered and robbed
This is Bonaparte and he paired with Toussaint

[Hook]

You say that you don’t love me ay
I’m guessin’ I’ma be ok
You say that you don’t feel me now
I feel like I’m alive somehow
Your love never meant much to me
Love never meant much to me

El-P:
Lost or win gotta hold up your chin
And I put it on jaime and me, I just gave you inspiration for free
The money never meant much

10. PULLING THE PINS (ft. Mavis Staples)

Produced by El-P & Josh Homme.
Co-produced by Little Shakur & Wilder Zoby
Written by Jame Meline, Michael Render, Josh Homme, Jordan Alan Cruz, Telfar Schwartz, and Wilder Zoby Schwartz
Published by BMG Bubbbie (BMI) and BMG Gold Songs Corp. all rights administered by BMG Music (ASCAP) and WB Music Corp. (ASCAP)

El-P:
From a long line of the rancid-est swine came the violators
The cloven hoof designers of high crime for the iron ages
Twisting down through time see them tryna unwind creation
Don’t be surprised it’s a mistake to think their influence had faded
Well what a wretched stale of danger we’ve made here
I thought of you, you told me to kill for it
Perhaps explaining years of self lobotomy, toxically
Perhaps explaining tears and even tears in my cosmology
You nah you did yourself for years and if it can wear you honestly
These old foxes got a lot a lotta plots to out fox us
I’m guessin’ I’ma be ok

Killer Mike:
Every child, woman and man
Opinion don’t matter stick to your plain
If they judge still don’t judge
Don’t give an inch don’t give a nudge
Life’s a bitch, learn you battered and bent
Hello void, long time watcher, first time calling in when you wanna fall apart, For the holders of a shred a heart even used and then abused satisfaction for the devil God dammit he’ll never ever have it

El-P: and the hardship made me a better money runner but I put it on my momma I’m a man of honor Circumstance woulda broke weaker man The court will use to break and rob ya The same children that you love, and adore The council will use to break and rob ya Circumstances & hard times broke weaker man but I put it on my momma I’m a man of honor and the hardship made me a better money runner

El-P: I woke up early once again that’s 4 days straight I didn’t wake you baby I just watched you lay in the radiation of the city sun I am in love with you I am my only grace You know how everything can seem a little out of place All of my life that’s seemed to be the only normal state So feeling normal now really meant me feeling same And being clear about the truth and being sane have never really been the same, I used to want to get the chance to show the world I’m smart (ha) Isn’t that dumb? I should’ve focused mostly on the heart ‘Cause I’ve seen smarter people trample life like it’s an art So being smart ain’t what I used to be that’s looking dark You ever notice that the worst of us have all the chips? It really kind of takes the shine off people getting rich Like maybe rich is not the holy ever loving King of nothingfuckers know we you’re bliffin You are dealing with the motherfucking money money runners

Killer Mike: It’d be a lie if I told you that I ever disdained the fortune and fame But the presence of the pleasure never abated me from any of the pain When my mother transitioned to another plane I was sitting on a plane Telling her to hold on and she tried hard but she just couldn’t hang Seen two years, truth is I’ll probably never be the same Dead serious it’s a chore not to let myself go insane It’s crippling, make you wanna lean on a cup of promethazine But my queen say she need a king not another junkie flashy rapper time Friends tell her he could be another Malcom he could be another Martin She told her parts I need a husband more than the world need another martyr Made in Atlanta Georgia Where I use to ride the MARTA With a empty 22 in the front pocket of my Bravos’ Starter trying man to out the mud as a baby father is much harder The same children that you love, and adore The court will use to break and rob ya Circumstances & hard times broke weaker man but I put it on my momma I’m a man of honor and the hardship made me a better money runner

El-P: Fuck the political The mission is spiritual A murderous miracle that was sent here to just punish the terrible

Mavis Staples: Static in my mind Like sand on borrowed time Like right and wrong can’t be defined There’s a grenade in my heart And the pin is in their palm There’s a grenade There’s a grenade A grenade In my heart

Killer Mike: At best life is difficult poor and you pitiful Then everyday like a satanic ritual Beautiful soul with a rope and the criminal How long must the holy hold onto they principles Kickin’ and screaming while watching the demons collecting the gold and the diamond residuals My pastor say God has promised us paradise, live collecting the gold and the diamond residuals Kickin’ and screaming while watching the demons

Paster: How long must the holy hold onto they principles

Mavis Staples: to the coffin lid see em lock it in Every cage built needs an occupant, got a dead bolt

11. A FEW WORDS FOR THE FIRING SQUAD DUDU

Produced by El-P
Co-produced by Matt Sweeney, Little Sh引流er, & Wider Zoby Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz, Wider Zoby Schwartz, Matt Sweeney
Performed by El-P, Killer Mike, Matt Sweeney, and ASAP Ferg
Additional vocals by Matt Sweeney & ASAP Ferg
String arrangements by Jeremy Wilms
Additional string arrangements by El-P
Vocals - Dona Lyn
Bass - Darren Berlin
Guitar - Matt Sweeney
Tenor Saxophone - Cochemea Gastelum
Published by Domino Publishing of America (BMI)
Eussicise Entertainment (ASCAP) and Kobalt Music, Eva Jackson Music/The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side America, Domino Publishing of America (BMI)

El-P: When you’re surrounded by the fog breading water in the ice cold dark When they got you feeling like a fox running from another pack of dogs Put the pistol and the fist up in the air we are there Swear to God

Killer Mike: Black child in America the fact that I made it’s magic Black and beautiful the world broke my momma heart and she died an addict God blessed me to redeem her in my thoughts words and my actions Satisfaction for the devil God dammit he’ll never ever have it This is for the do-gooders that the no-gooders used and then shoved For the truth tellers lied to the whipping post left beaten battered bruised For the ones whose body hung from a tree like a piece of strange fruit Go hard, last words to the firing squad was fuck you too

12. THEME MUSIC

Produced by El-P
Co-produced by Matt Sweeney, Little Sh引流er & Wider Zoby Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz, Matt Sweeney Performed by El-P, Killer Mike, Matt Sweeney, and ASAP Ferg
Additional vocals by Matt Sweeney & ASAP Ferg
String arrangements by Jeremy Wilms
Additional string arrangements by El-P
Vocals - Dona Lyn
Bass - Darren Berlin
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Published by Domino Publishing of America (BMI)
Eussicise Entertainment (ASCAP) and Kobalt Music, Eva Jackson Music/The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side America, Domino Publishing of America (BMI)

El-P: and being clear about the truth and being sane have never
THANKS YOU’S:
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