



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. NAVIS STAPLES & JOSH HOMME)
11. A FEW WORDS FOR THE FIRING SQUAD (RADIATION)









Kept me in hammock  
Laid back with cannons  
Get me fucked up, it be's calamity  
I'ma come through and leave some damages  
Got damn somebody call ambulams  
or ambulances out of chances  
Fuck that weak shit you be bantering  
You're a common cold and my flows are cancerous (i got)

*Z-Kicks:*

More fire [x3]

## 5 GOONIES VS ET

Produced by E-P, Co-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 E-P and Killer Mike  
Tenor Saxophone by Stuart Bogle  
Scratches by Cutmaster Swift  
Published by Definitive Jux/Pulse Music (SESAC), Aniyah's Music (ASCAP)/  
The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP) /Third Side America,  
Eussicise 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

*E-P:*

Egads you heard of these lads its a myth  
how we made a grip never rode dick  
Truly the Cadillac of how to contract L's  
on the quick (stick em up slick talker no tricks)  
It's the funniest shit, finally the money up and  
print on the kid and the planet hit skids  
Livin' in a valley of flames like "I win"  
skyline ablaze in a Bob Ross pic  
You don't have to acknowledge I'm raw give a shit?  
Never nah you can talk of me fond when I'm gone  
Bad news bear on the lawn with big claws tryna  
hold our whole lives in its paws and applaud  
Swear to God damn the whole city odd make  
a romance hard we got scars for hearts  
Shit for odds baby living in a one chance LARP

so I stick to the art oh my god I'm ultra mag, put cash in bag  
running through dead zone hope I don't crash  
Tenor saw motherfuck ring it up fast  
Be alarmed I'ma harm what I can and then dash  
Fuck y'all got another planet on stash?  
Far from the fact of the flames of our trash?  
That is not snow it is ash and you gotta know the past got  
a wrath it's a lover gone mad but I promise..

*[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 ain't it how we made it and didn't fake 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  
Ain't no revolution is televised and digitized  
You've been hypnotized and twitter-ized by silly guys  
Cues to the evening news, make sure you ill-advised  
Got you celebrating the generators of genocide  
Any good deed is pummeled, punished and penalized  
Rulers of the world will slice it up like a dinner pie  
Race in a nation told you to identify  
People take false pride and warfare incentivized  
Fuck that me and my tribe we on an iller vibe  
We accept the role of the villains cause we been villainized  
Stomped to the dirt of the Earth we still will arise  
In the terror dome let me alone as I soliloquize  
This is license to ill with a license to kill  
This is nigga wit a attitude in Beverly Hills  
Heavy build with a pocket full of treasury bills  
Got a fire high temper, find it hard to chill  
I'm a lifetime member  
Fuck that fuck shit  
Me and Jaime versus y'all with a knife and a musket  
Now our tombstones read they were nothing to fuck with

*E-P:*

Please say that shit again Mike

*Killer Mike:*

Nothing to fuck with

## 6. WALKING IN THE SNOW

Produced by E-P, Co-produced by Little Shalimar & Wilder Zoby  
Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz, Wilder Zoby  
Schwartz, and Lola Mitchell  
Performed by E-P, Killer Mike and Gangsta Boo  
Published by Definitive Jux/Pulse Music (SESAC), Aniyah's Music (ASCAP)/  
The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP) /Third Side America,  
Eussicise Entertainment (ASCAP)/Kobalt Music, Lady Kash (ASCAP)

*E-P:*

Get a dose a dirty code to go been cold since Co-Flow  
I got wire or two un-lodging I'll set a fire down below  
I'll hang it up when you say sorry I didn't know  
prolly 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

*E-P:*

God damn that motherfucker's cold  
You in the wrong mode you open and  
closin' your hole it's a no go  
This whole world's a shit moat filled to the brim like Gitmo  
When you think it don't get mo lo it limbo til the sticks on flo  
All oppression's born of lies, I don't make the rules  
I'm just one guy  
All due respect if getting spit on's how respect is now defined  
Hungry for truth but you got screwed and drank  
the Kool Aid there's a line  
It end directly at the edge off a mass grave that's their design  
Funny fact about a cage they're never built for just one group  
So when that cage is done with them and you  
still poor it come for you  
The newest lowest on the totem well golly gee  
you have been used  
You helped to fuel the death machine  
that down the line will kill you too (oops)  
Pseudo Christians y'all indifferent?  
Kids in prisons ain't a sin? shit  
If even one scrap a what Jesus taught  
connected you'd feel different

What a disingenuous way to piss away existence  
I don't get it I'd say you lost your god damn  
minds if y'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're probably freest 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 tests 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 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 Wikileaks  
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 slaves  
Never forget in the story of Jesus, the hero  
was killed by the state





*Gangsta Boo:*  
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 hot in a new sauna  
It's cold winter baby and a cruel summer  
I suicide bomb in the blue hummer  
and emerge out the side not a bruise on 'em

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

*Killer Mike:*  
We be the heroes the breakers of chains  
and the busters 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  
I'm not so sure opportunity's knocking it's prolly the law

*Killer Mike:*  
Word to the old school tape decks  
I get Radio Raheem respect  
My Nike pendant sacred  
similar to the Ghostface bracelet

*El-P:*  
Fire in the hole oh no joke, prolly go broke just off smoke, fuck  
are we gonna do not smoke? get a job play the role be adults?  
Nah ima do me arigato

**7. MUST**  
(FEATURING PHARRELL WILLIAMS  
& ZACK DE LA ROCHA)

Produced by El-P. Co-produced by Little Shalimar & 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, Pharrell Williams and Zack de la Rocha  
Additional vocals-Nicholas Ryan Gant  
Published by Definitive Jux/Pulse Music (SESAC), Aniyah's Music (ASCAP)/  
The Royalty Network, EMI Pop Music Publishing o/b/o itself and More Water

From Nazareth (GMR), Word War Publishing (BMI), Money Makes Me Dance  
(ASCAP)/Third Side America, Eussicise Entertainment (ASCAP) and Kobalt  
Music.

Pharrell Williams appears courtesy of I am OTHER/Columbia 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 (shiiit)  
Look at all these slave masters posin' on yo dollar (get it)

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

*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 strapped)  
I done had to have a talk with myself plenty times (for real)  
Am I a hypocrite cuz I know I did plenty crimes (yes I'm is)  
I get broke too many times I might slang some  
dimes (back to trappin')  
[Can] You believe corporations runnin'  
marijuana (how that happen)  
And your country getting ran by a casino owner (oooh)  
Pedophiles sponsor all these fuckin' racist bastards (they do)  
And I told you once before that you should  
kill your master (it's true)  
Now that's the line that's probably  
gon' get my ass a-a-ssassinated

*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 (shiiit)  
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) [x3]

*Zack De La Rocha:*  
Look at all these slave masters

*El-P:*  
(Confucius 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 bases loaded they'll  
roll a grenade in the dugout  
Earth folk not a mellow bunch we got 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  
a Vonne-gut punch for ya Atlas Shrug  
They love to not love it's jus that dumb  
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 shrooms in the blood I'm zoomin'  
Beep beep Richie this is New York City  
The x on the map where the pain keep hitting  
Just us ducks here sitting  
Where murderous choke hold cops still earnin a living  
Funny how some say money don't matter  
that's rich now isn't it, get it? comedy  
But try to sell a pack a smokes to get food get killed  
and it's not an anomaly, But hey it's just money

*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 (shiiit)  
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 runnit back  
Like a track star run a record lap?  
Nah, like when his needle catch  
A clean look, a poet pugilist  
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 outta Port-au-Prince  
Louverture 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

**8. NEVER LOOK BACK**

Produced by El-P. Co-produced by Little Shalimar & Wilder Zoby  
Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz, Wilder Zoby  
Schwartz, Hugh Anthony Allison  
Performed by El-P, Killer Mike and Mr. Muthafuckin' eXquire  
Scratches by Trackstar The DJ  
Published by Definitive Jux/Pulse Music (SESAC), Aniyah's Music (ASCAP)/  
The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side America,  
Eussicise Entertainment (ASCAP)/Kobalt Music, Hugh Anthony Allison (BMI)

*El-P:*  
81 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



BK air in the summer time choke  
Ain't shit fly but the drones oh no  
Low on the smokes grab another pack go  
Pops smoked too when playing piano  
Pops I'm 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 tock  
You thinking deaths beat it drop a clock shot  
Never smoke sad I heard that's a thought  
I got 44 bucks on the smoke whatchoo got

*Killer Mike:*  
Got my mind on a mission, on the road to perdition  
The crime and the grind I'll admit it I'm wit it  
Must've suckle up crime for my momma right titty  
Cause if a dollar made cents, no question she was with it  
She was queenpen-ing, independent, when I was a kiddy  
Uncle Luke 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 til this day bruh I'm missing my gurl  
Still til this day I'm perfecting my thug  
Daddy told me never give a honey my money  
Had to ask daddy did that included mommy  
Made dolla made cents, made money money money  
Got a wife built like a playboy hunny  
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 [x4]

*El-P:*  
81 when I moved to the county where the (kings is)  
Walk past St James place where the (king lived)  
Think quick never saw class a delinquent  
Now I get cash for the beats and the (sync chips)  
Smart ass kid with a mean lip mom said J gonna speak better  
mean it (deepness)

Now I'm on fleek as a preset  
I don't wear a leash in the least but I'm beastin'

*Killer Mike:*  
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 fella, you were never really special  
You were just a lame nigga with a hit record  
Yo time came and it changed like the weather  
Run The Jewels muthafucka, we still forever

*[CHORUS]*  
Never look back [x8]

## 9. THE GROUND BELOW

Produced by El-P. Co-produced by Little Shalimar & Wilder Zoby  
Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz, Wilder Zoby  
Schwartz, David Geoffrey Allen, Hugo Burnham, Andrew Gill, Jonathan King  
Performed by El-P and Killer Mike  
Published by Sony/ATV, Definitive Jux/Pulse Music (SESAC), Aniyah's Music  
(ASCAP)/The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side  
America, Eussicise Entertainment (ASCAP)/Kobalt Music, Elastic Purejoy  
Music / WB Music Corp. (ASCAP), BMG Fretty (ASCAP)  
Contains elements of "Ether" (© Allen/H. Burnham/A. Gill/J. King), WB Music  
Corp. (ASCAP) & Elastic Purejoy Music (ASCAP). All rights administered by  
WB Music Corp. (ASCAP) and BMG Bumblebee (BMI) / BMG Gold Songs  
(ASCAP). All rights reserved.  
Contains elements of "Ether" as performed by Gang of Four by arrangement of  
Matador Records and Warner Records UK.

*Killer Mike:*  
The God killer  
This Tokyo and I'm Godzilla  
Playing black jack versus death  
Gun on the card dealer  
Just bought a demon, I'm screamin' up out the car dealer  
Last temptation of Mike but I'm a God figure  
Tell Beelzebub that the God don't need a job  
If I did the oligarchs would be missing, murdered and robbed  
This is Bonaparte and he paired with Toussaint  
And they went on a world conquest tearing your bones apart  
Michael remain murderous  
But still virtuous, wait to kill the petty and foul at the  
church services

Not a holy man but I'm moral in my perverseness  
So I support the sex workers unionizing their services

*[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'ma live 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 a reefer  
Screaming "fuck the world it can drink what's coming  
out my urethra"  
I'll slap a dying child he don't pronounce  
my name correct (why?)  
rules have gotta be rules any exceptions and I'm not a leader  
Think in the box I'm not getting my fix then shit is iffy  
Fellate a donut hole wife don't get to the crib and quickly  
I'll watch my mouth when I'm finished watching y'all suck clout  
Don't doubt you put an ounce of that evil on me  
I'm flippin' Ricky  
I give a inch to you simps I'll never forgive me  
Not saying it's a conspiracy but you're all against me  
You see a future where Run the Jewels ain't the shit cancel my  
Hitler killing trip turn the time machine back around a century

*[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'ma live 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

*Killer Mike:*  
Every child, woman and man  
Opinion don't matter stick to your plan  
If they judge still don't budge  
Don't give an inch don't give a nudge  
Life's a bitch, leave you battered and bent

Lose or win gotta hold up your chin  
And I put it on Jaime and me, we just  
gave you inspiration for free  
The money never meant much

## 10. PULLING THE PIN

Produced by El-P & Josh Homme.  
Co-produced by Little Shalimar & Wilder Zoby  
Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Josh Homme,  
Jordan Asher Cruz, Torbitt Schwartz, and Wilder Zoby Schwartz  
Additional production by BOOTS  
Performed by El-P, Killer Mike, Josh Homme and Mavis Staples  
Published by Definitive Jux/Pulse Music (SESAC), Aniyah's Music (ASCAP)/  
The Royalty Network, Boardstiff Music Inc (BMI), In Souls Music/Songs of  
Roc Nation, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side America, Eussicise  
Entertainment (ASCAP) and Kobalt Music.

Mavis Staples appears courtesy of ANTI- Records

*El-P:*  
From a long line of the rancid-est swine came the violators  
The cloven foot 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 state of danger we've made here  
I thought to me  
Perhaps explaining years of self lobotomy, toxically  
Perhaps explaining tears and even tears in my cosmology  
You numb yourself for years and it can wear upon you honestly  
These old foxes got a lot a lotta plots to out fox us  
Tryna divvy up and dump in corresponding  
boxes, how obnoxious  
Where the heart and mind connect expect them  
targeting like archers  
You will not travel towards the light if they're  
in charge of your departure  
You'd think the universe forgot us the way  
the cursed pitch their product  
As though our spirit's not a fire that can't  
be snuffed or turned to dollars  
Or the expanse across all space can't be  
contained in one small dollap  
Now I see that it's the same moment in history back to haunt us  
And here we are again

Hello void, long time watcher, first time calling in  
Every cage built needs an occupant, got a dead bolt  
see em lock it in  
Had a good run but they stoppin' it, wanna walk man  
to the coffin lid  
Eat your heart out fiction fan, truly the truth's  
the stranger document

*Mavis Staples:*

And at best I'm just getting it wrong  
And at worst I've been right from the start  
It hurts I'm being torn apart  
There's a grenade in my heart  
And the pin is in their palm  
There's a grenade  
There's a grenade  
A grenade

*Killer Mike:*

At best life is difficult poor and you pitiful  
Then everyday's like a satanic ritual  
Beautiful soul with a rogue 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  
a good life it is pivotal  
I promised my momma that I would stay honest,  
but I want it all in the physical  
And promise I'm honest I'll probably be punished cause  
keeping that promise too difficult  
So picture me red as I sit on the bed with my hands  
on my head and this pistol too  
Why the fuck must I be miserable  
The devils they do the despicable  
And still they move like they invincible  
These filthy criminals sit at the pinnacle  
Doing the typical, keeping us miserable  
Taking the most and providing the minimal  
Hate to sound cynical but shit is pitiful  
Times is just critical  
Like Jimmy Savile they cheerfully kill kids in a ritual  
I'll murder the miserables  
I'll make it all biblical  
I'll cut off their heads they'll beg for their lives  
and I'll put it up digital

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 sanity 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

## 11. A FEW WORDS FOR THE FIRING SQUAD (RADIATION)

Produced by El-P

Co-produced by Matt Sweeney, Little Shallmar & Wilder Zoby

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz,

Wilder 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

Violin - Dana Lyn

Bass - Danton Boller

Guitar- Matt Sweeney

Tenor Saxophone - Cochemea Gastelum

Published by Definitive Jux/Pulse Music(SESAC), Aniyah's Music (ASCAP)/

The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side America,

Eussicise Entertainment (ASCAP) and Kobalt Music, Eva Jackson Music/

Domino Publishing of America (BMI)

*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 it is 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 stateSo  
feeling normal never really meant me feeling sane  
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 it used to be that's fucking dark  
You ever notice that the worst of us have all the chips?  
It really kind of takes the sheen off people getting rich  
Like maybe rich is not the holy ever loving  
King of nothing fuckers know we know you're bluffin'  
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  
abstained 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  
Been 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 flunky rapper fiend  
Friends tell her he could be another Malcom  
he could be another Martin  
She told her partna 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 Braves' Starter  
Tryna make it 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  
Circumstance woulda 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:*

This is for the never heard never even  
got a motherfuckerfucking word  
This is for my sister Sarah honey I'm so sorry you were hurt  
This is for the dawn, mama took a knock had to change  
the locks, dusted up and brushed off and  
I watched talk about a boss  
For the holders of a shred a heart even  
when you wanna fall apart,

When you're surrounded by the fog treading 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 abused  
For the truth tellers tied 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 Shallmar & Wilder Zoby

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz,

Wilder 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

Violin - Dana Lyn

Bass - Danton Boller

Guitar- Matt Sweeney

Tenor Saxophone - Cochemea Gastelum

Published by Definitive Jux/Pulse Music(SESAC), Aniyah's Music (ASCAP)/

The Royalty Network, Money Makes Me Dance (ASCAP)/Third Side America,

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Domino Publishing of America (BMI)

Written & Performed by Run the Jewels (except where noted)  
Produced by El-P (except where noted)  
Co-produced by Little Shalimar & Wilder Zoby  
(except where noted)

Recorded by:  
Leon Kelly @ PRODUCTOMART STUDIOS, ELECTRIC LADY  
STUDIOS, SHANGRI-LA & TREE SOUND  
Kaushlesh "Garry" Purohit, Taylor Jackson and Dylan Neustadter  
@ SHANGRILA  
Carl Bespolka @ ELECTRIC LADY STUDIOS  
Nick Hook @ THE SPACE PIT  
Mat LeJeune & Jonathan Lackey (assistant) @ CHICAGO  
RECORDING COMPANY  
Mixed by: Joey Raia @ Hudson Electric Co.  
Mastered by Joe LaPorta @ Sterling Sound, NYC  
Executive Producer: El-P

Management: Amaechi Uzoigwe, Will Bronson, Joe Baker  
Art Direction: El-P and Tim Saccenti  
Photography: Tim Saccenti  
Layout & Design: Smartbomb.net  
Lettering & Font Design: Nick Gazin  
<https://runthewjewels.com/>

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RUNNERS WORLDWIDE. THANK YOU FOR LETTING US DO  
WHAT WE LOVE. THANK YOU TO OUR RTJ FAM/TEAM.  
YOU ARE THE BEST.

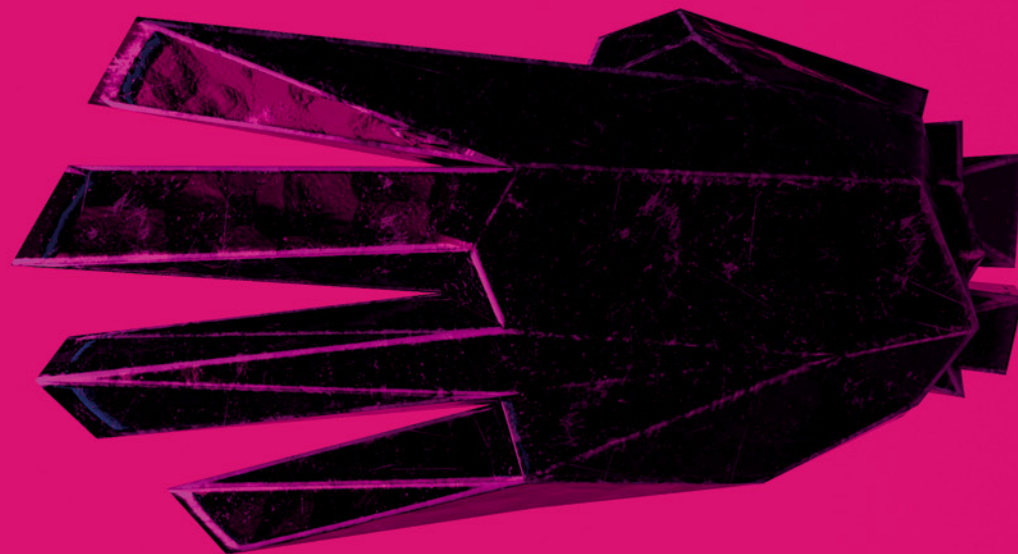
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BMG

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