





1. YANKEEANDTHE BRAVE(EP.+)

(ASCAP), Eussicise Entertainment/Kobalt Songs Music Publishing (ASCAP)

Killer Mike:
Back at it like a crack addict
Mr. black magic, crack a bitch back
Chiropractic, craft-matic
Big daddy smoking big Cali
In a black alley in a black
Grand Natty
Rolling down Old Natty, hair
Nappy matty as a black
Granddaddy all fact
No cappin, fat black
Boat captain stay floatin
No flappin, wave runner, I'm a gunner
I'ma have your block hot as a sauna all summer
And I put that on Osama and my muthafuckin Momma
I'ma terrorize the actors playin' like they want some drama
I'ma chop em wit a chopper til I muthafuckin' drop 'em

EI-P:
Stack addict a mac with the blackest fabric on back
I magically rack it and dash while I'm ducking rat-ta-ta-tats
I'm running the truck over sucker shit matter fact kiss the ass
and even the cr-a-ack, automatic fax it's like tha-a-at
Its scammer bliss when you puttin' villains in charge of shit
All of us targeted all we doin' is arguing
Pardon them as they work until every pockets been picked
And soul been harvested I'm ready to mob on these fuckin' charlatans

EIPP:
'Til time die I'm galactically fly
The moon is moving the maniacs in the city to crime
Hearts fry
All this neon is ripping us up inside
Immortality's out of bounds it's a one round ride

Killer Mike:
I got one round left, 100 cops outside
I can shoot at them or put one between my eyes
Chose the latter it don't matter it ain't suicide
And if the news say it was that's a god damn lie
I couldn't let them pigs kill me I got too much pride
And I meant it when I said it, never take me alive

EI-P:
I got the grand nat running in the alley outside
Now Michael run like you hungry and get your ass in the ride
I'd rather have and not need you than watch your rotten demise.
And you still owe me for them Nikes you do not get to just die
You try to fuck with my brother you get the bastard surprise
And that's more honest than your whole life in a fraction of
time I didn't get my degree in how to smoke weed til I'm blind
So you can ruin my high, jewel runner doing you bye

Killer Mike:
My brother made a point so out the back door I'ma slide
I'm chubby husky thighs scrubbin' fuckin' up my Levi's
A crooked copper got the dropper I put lead in his eyes
Cause we heard he murdered a black child so none of us cried

Yankee and the brave are here, everybody hit the deck, We don't mean no harm but we truly mean all the disrespect

2.00HLA LA (FEAT GREG NICE AND DIFREMIER)

EI-P:
Lookin for m's like I lost a friend
Jump out of my bed like "where the bread?"
You can hold the egg, waiter bring the check
When we talk we Kalashnikov
Keep us in your thoughts
Fully dressed at the crack of dawn, weapons letting off
I can hear them from the block
See them creeping through the fog
Seasons greetings now feeding season can start oh my god
Look alive
Lookin like I live life on a crooked line
Doing fine

Killer Mike:
First of all fuck the fuckin law
We is fuckin raw
Steak Tartar
Oysters on the half shell sushi bar
Life a bitch and the pussy fish, still fucked her raw
I'm a dog, I'm a dirty dog
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
Old Dirty Bastard go in your jaw
Shimmy shimmy ya
Got the semi in the hemi goin gimme gimme ya'll
Pugilistic my linguistics are Jeru the Damaja
And I rap it pornographic bitch set up the camera

EI-P:
You covet disruption I got you covered I'm bussin'
My brother's a runner he crushin' it's no discussion
I used to be munchkin I wasn't 'sposed to be nothin'
Y'all fuckers corrupted and up to somethin' disgusting
My pockets are plumper this season I love to cuff em
I'm afraid of nothing but nothingness ain't it somethin'
War mongers are dumpin' they'll point and click

at your pumpkin Your suffering is scrumptious they'll put your kids in the oven

Killer Mike:
Fuck a King or Queen and all of they loyal subjects
I pull my penis out and I piss on they shoes in public
People we the pirates, the pride of this great republic
No matter what you ordered muhfucker we
what you're stuck with
I used to love Bruce but livin' 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 mates run the asylu

3.00 TOF SIGHT (FEAT 2 CHAINZ)

(Run run), here come the menaces to sobriety like what what, superthuggers thumpin on the cut,

Ru-Ru-Run My mother fuckin uzi weighs a ton Hit the drum til you hear it go pa rum pum pum

Killer Mike:

Ru – Ru - Run

Yo' motherfuckin' pockets when I come
It's an honor to be robbed by Denise's only son (yeah)
Ever ready baby boy of Bettie, moving extra heavy
Whippin' Chevy's gotta get it
Eat spaghetti with the mobsters
Vegan bitches feed em dick
Cause they don't eat no steak and lobster
Sosa was my hero homie Tony's just a tuckin' hossa

EI-P:
(Out of sight) out of mind out of touch out of time
Man I'll smoke a bogie backwards with thumb up like it's fine
(Run) save yourself I say, selflessly divine
Leave me here to drown in glory you're
too good to cross that line
Tragic-al-ly struck down in my prime by the speed
at which the bags are Dropping shoulda watched the sky
You don't wanna live this life it's really not sublime
I'm only doing what I want while hocking loogies at the swine

Killer Mike:

We the motivating, devastating captivating, Ghost and Rae relating Product of the fuckin' 80's, coke dealin' babies
Never regulating, bag accumulating, it would not be overstating to say they are underrating
The pride of Brooklyn and the Grady baby, we don't need no compliments or confidence
Our attitude and latitude is "fuck you pay me"
Next summer leather bombers, dookie ropes and smokin' indica
Ain't a team as mean and clean as
J Meline and Michael Render bruh
TV got no temperature, even if it did bitch we cool as penguin pussy on the polar cap peninsula
Colder than your baby momma heart when she find out you been fuckin' with that other broad
And you ain't got that rent for her

EI-P:
I know you just about McFuckin' had it our shit is just magic go figure the runts of the litter did with out scammin' was frying in the fat of the land now your man is mashin' we back a the class and laughin' you raisin a hand and tattlin' Mike shitted in your locker then left a note with a winky face meet us at three o'clock if you wanna do something tragic we'll shrinky dinky all a that yappin' its automated the gears of the rapper shredder want action and it'll have it

2 Chainz:
You know I'm poppin', the product of fuckin' poverty
I'm cool as AC and you niggas you just wannabes
I slide on tracks like home plate
Ride beats like road rage
Got a crib in like 4 states

Uh
I get a text like 'stay safe'
Text back, 'I miss that pussy'
Be home soon and I can't wait
I came from a dream, triple beam, and some great tape
Assistant went shopping went shopping and put
my bags in the 88
Hello Mr. big face, the bank teller tryna get ranked
I buy a hot dog stand if I'm tryna be frank
Just left the hospital making sure my nigga was straight
And sent bail a couple dollars 'til them give him a date
Too!

4. HOLY CALAMAFUCK

Killer Mike:
The law defier
The non-complier
The death defier
The mon-complier
The death defier
The Mike Myers
Murder rapper for hire
Do-er of drive-byers
The back back clack clack
Let it loose murder all witnesses and survivors
That's a job completer
Dependable contractor
The back hand wack rap slapper
Mr. leather bomber taker
Catch ya getting off the escalator
Run the Jewels smooth and don't trigger the undertaker
As a teen lackin'
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'

EI-P:
Ay we for-eve-eva,
Jaimito Y Michael the Render,
The pyrotechnocrals 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
Slap 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 Think I got a case of the Mondays on fire

Ay yo one for mayhem, two for mischief Now aim for the drones in your zoning district Hindenburg em, get em burn em Can't give the ghost up no resistance

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 elves wave to me off in the distance
Hey lil guy I'm just walkin' through
From another timeline where monsters eat truth
Physicists say the dough 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 bunny don't move
Fuck shit glows in the hearts of the brutes
You hate Run The Jewels you don't love the troops
You miss the point tryna act like shit's cool
Don't fuckin' tell doom your number's not due
Every other God dammed 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
Plenty of these goofs disappeared poof
I'm still the next big thing gotta hurt oof (I got)

More fire [84]

Killer Mike:
This the pay back
Allow me to state that
All that forth back
We don't play that
You want beet bruh
You just state that
And we steak that
Fry and bake that
One time in the big ole South
Lived a lil chubby kid with a big ole mouth
Lame writers gave him big ole doubts
Now the same lil boy in a big ole house
Look at him now in the big ole cars
And the same folk hated pay big homage
One minute let me be candid
Used to stand by the garbage can hand to handin'
That dumb trap shit, no proper planning
Seen ignorant shit like geekers 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
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 ambulanceses out of chances
Fuck that weak shit you be bantering
You're a common cold and my flows are cancerous (i got)

5 GOONIES VS ET

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

EJ-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...

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
And the chances are that none are coming true

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 r m a ineume memoer 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

6. WALKING IN THE SNOW

EI-P:
Get a dose a dirty code to go been cold since Co-Flow
1 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

EI-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 Ald 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 nothing but slaves

Never forget in the story of Jesus, the hero was killed by the state



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

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

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

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

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

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 (shiiiit)
Look at all these slave masters posin' on yo dollar (get it)

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 (ooch)
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

Phater 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)

EI-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 Alas Shrug
They love to not love it's just hat 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 (shiiiit)
Look at all these slave masters lat it sight in

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 outla 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 LOK BACK

81 miles to the hour down road Never looked back never ever went slow

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

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 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 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

EI-PP.

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

Never look back [x8]

9.THE GROUND BELOW

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

[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

EI-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 ureithra"
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 AMIS STAPLES & JOSH HOMME)

Ei-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

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 dollop 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:

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)

EI-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 lucking 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 Trainstitution to another planer was stiting or a praise.

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! need a husband more than
the world need another martyr
Made in Atlanta Georgia
Where! 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

EI-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,

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 heautiful 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 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

Written & Performed by Run the Jewels (except where noted) Produced by EI-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 KAUSHIESH "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

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

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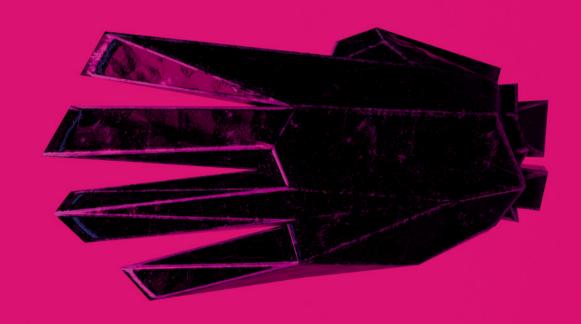
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