

# Ridiculoid (feat. EL-P)

## Cannibal Ox

[EL-P]

Shutup... Yo, yo, yo, yo

My life's not right [check one]

My life's not right [check two]

My life's not right [check three]

Are you ready?[EL-P] (you know this was supposed to be for my album though...?)

[Vast Aire] (oh... whateva)

[EL-P] (its ok...)

When I send a sickness (ease down) dark soldiers

fallin in with flying debris

and bad programs of landmines

that remind me of the sexiest of slow jams

I pull a glock or fiver murder the group by numbers

I was nursed by the biggest of buildings

and had the sonic volcanic cap

that the butcher have attached to his dead mother

now this material might walk with a twitch and live for the twisted shit

images of \*boy scouts\* getting pistol whipped

electronic talents fold

the realest television is the one that talks out loud to you

when the plug is corroded out

and they say productivity is up this month but I've lost my passion

sick of waiting in line for my weekly chocolate ration

its bad health and industrial sadness

never helped by tofu franks or sadistic maggots

this addiction is more random

I walk door to door Mormon style spitting my sick tantrums

because I wasn't born handsome

now that my life's complete with a capacity to push greatness buttons

with beats that have to be registered

as sex offenders represented to the public

I'll exfoliate your face with the acid inside my stomach

Binge and purge, we live in thirty second blurbs

and if consumers stopped existing we'd forget how to use words

just fuckin' eat each other til the next \*ice age\* occurs

or at the source awards scratchin our heads like "what happened?"

if the kids would've disclosed that you all lost if you just ask them

out to plant life that sits and looks pretty

to attract curious intersection angels when in the city

that's below any self-respecting actress in a german schiester film

who gobbled doggie dick and human feces

my fingers tap buttons with sanctified awareness

from heart scan to pulse readings  
this a voice from a dead dimension without astral projection  
the sluggish rugged discuss bunk that hovers  
Acme lab rat escape barely breathing through the heating vents  
I'll try to come back for my family before the poison feeding commence  
but if I should exhaust God's patience on \*someone\*  
better take my place nigga  
tell 'em it's the love that got me this far  
and it's in my dreams I see their faces and...

[Vordul]

Murderers is like handles that clap sandals  
hand sand off tools and I can't stand on two  
amped off booze wheelie with my ankle bruised  
on the block silly with a mint? ellie?  
watch young ladies hop scotch with the pink jellies  
that's me trying to wop vetti  
with the longness and pot-bellied  
til it's nauseous a raw dog orphan straight out of the orphanage often  
lost in a realm tryin to find cells  
strapped like a marksman with raps that'll off kids mad hi  
got my mind wrapped in a coffin resurrect thoughts in amorphous  
morph into Aquaman polyin in waters talkin to dolphins  
to get that bilingual spittin? charm? tryin to get it on  
and spit a thorn that'll split a form in half studyin math  
light 'dro Eaton's love mixed with ash  
spit bats that stick to DAT's  
sip snapples and twist off caps when you fuckin with the sickest cats[Vast Aire]

Yo

My life's not right [check one]  
My life's not right [check two]  
My life's not right [check three]  
Are you ready? See I exist  
iron fist  
metal speech  
scientist  
came out the womb of a phoenix expect nothin less  
then a mature flame velocity's my plane my thought is my train  
the galaxy's the body sun is the heart and the black hole's the brain  
heard my verse, \*ain't nothin the same\*.  
I leave your mouth open when you're standin  
(the word's the midget) esophagus is the cannon  
cipher unknown the upper hand on overstandin watch the landin  
believe it or not I'm walkin on air  
last of America's heroes here to close the circle  
I still remember the days of Coleco  
a daily struggle but I hold onto the vision  
hip hop at it's best when it lacked television  
and everybody wasn't an emcee  
you know where the flows be and if you check the rhyme slowly

you'll find out cats is unseen like Jarobi  
and most likely openin doors with the psyche  
if it's a Mikey, they'll eat anything  
starving but hack or crush anything  
not stars from the songs we sing this shit's ridiculoid

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>