

Oh My Darling Don't Meow

Run The Jewels

After a long night of drinking and partying with fast women, with his good friend El-P, Justin goes home to get some good rest. He turns on the TV, and it's Cat Week. What's the worst that could go wrong? Hold up

(Oh my) Fuck the law; they can eat my dick, that's word to Pimp

I don't fuck with or talk like all these fuckin' imps

Style violent, give a fuck if you deny it, kids

You can all run naked backwards through a field of dicks

Fuck the world; don't ask me for shit, that's word to B.I.G

I dreamt we owned the world, but I've woken up, and it don't exist

Soak it in, I need no assist, you can't slap my wrist, I don't owe you shit

Trust me, I'm a Doctor DOOM, oper-ate of my pulse, won't raise a bit Tip-toe on the track like a ballerina; ski mask in a Pontiac Catalina

It's obese, female opera singer; you can run the jewels or lose your fingers

Me and El-P got time to kill, got folks to kill on overkill

He hangin' out the window; I hold the wheel, one black, one white, we shoot to kill (Oh my God!)

That fuckboy life about to be repealed; that fuckboy shit about to be repelled

Fuckboy Jihad, kill infidels, Allah Akbar, BOOM, from Mike and El

Life is hell, death's a bitch, and these fubar rulers getting rich

I cop a zip, it opens up, I smoke it up, go home, and fuck

C'est la vie, girl, when in Rome; I gave the face, please pay with dome

My business card says, "You're in luck; I do two things: I rap and fuck." I fuck and rap, I tote the strap, I smoke the kush, I beat the puss

I read the books, did the math, don't need a preacher preachin', on my behalf

No teacher can teach, my arrogant ass, I'm blowin' on crippy, while readin' inscriptions

That's written by Egyptians, and sippin' on whiskey! Aye baby, you with me?(Where am I? What is this? What are these- What are these cats doing?! What are they doing?! Stop, please, no!! STOP!!)

Oh my, don't cry We run this spot, like a Chinese sweatshop

Don't stop, work it, work, it 'til chest pop - Cardiac arrested

I'm so invested, I'm self-invented, that no illusion, there's no confusion

You see the future, you fear the future, I've seen the truth, and I'm so deluded

I've... Been a better bad guy, than I been, better than bad

Been a bit a bully talk, beating in my chest, in fact

I'm a half stack, from a rack, I been around the block, babe, I know a few facts

Maniac, brainiac, run go, tell them that, ATLien, NY felon rap

Handle me wrong, I'm snappin'; show up at your class, what's happenin'?

Schoolyard bully, with a fully automatic, heart full of pain and a head, full of havoc

Everybody stepped on the kid, and I'm letting them have it

Havoc, Leaving they momma, to say, "What happened!?"

Who gon' buy my baby a casket?" Fuck that bitch, I'm a bastard Megablast, I'm mega lit, on Highway 6, and I'm not strapped in

I don't crash, bitch, I just skid, you got the cash? I'll make the trip
I make the trip, you better pay, done worse for less, don't make my day
I'm not from Earth, from far away, I bust through chests, like baby greys
Runnin' the jewels of the game, whippin' the mix is, like chickens of 'caine
Spittin' the sentence again, parents is livid again, kids is just fuckin' insane
Pointin' that pistol and fist, for the chain, reppin' the symbol, like they in a gang
Delivery dope, like a dosage of dope, or a noseful of coke, for a junkie, or fiend
(God, I promise I will never hang out with the Run the Jewels again! El-P, what the fuck did you do to my [?]?)

Don't cry

(Why is fucking cats screaming at me?!)

Oh my

(STOP!)

Don't cry

(What the FUCK do you mean, "Don't cry?!")

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