

RUN THE JEWELS



LYRICS IN ENGLISH

1. YANKEE AND THE BRAVE

TROOKO'S VERSIÓN

Lin-Manuel Miranda:

This week on Yankee and the Brave

Mike:

Back at it like a crack addict
Mr. black magic, crack a bitch back
Chiropractic, craftmatic
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

El:

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 runnin the truck over sucker shit matter fact kiss the ass and even the
cr-a-ack, automatic fax it's like tha-a-at

it's scammer bliss when you puttin villains in charge of shit
all of us targeted all we doin is arguin
pardon them as they work until every pockets been picked
and soul been harvested
i'm ready to mob on these fuckin charlatans
'til time 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

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 goddamn lie
I can't let the pigs kill me I got too much pride
And I meant it when I said it, never take me alive

El:

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 you can ruin my high, jewel runner doing you bye

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

El and Mike:

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

Four

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz and Wilder Zoby Schwartz.
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2. OOH LA LA

FT. SANTA FE KLAN MEXICAN INSTITUTE OF SOUND'S VERSIÓN

Uh
Uh Hey Hey

Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui

You understand that we're not that many...

El:
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 kalachnikov
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
you want maximum stupid i am the guy

Mike:
First of all fuck the fuckin law
We is fuckin raw
Steak tartare
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 and the hemi goin gimme gimme y'all
Pugilistic my linguistics are Jeru the Damaja
And I rap it pornographic bitch set up the camera

Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Ooh la la ah oui oui
Santa Fe Klan:
Owners of the area
I don't fight for the crown
I'm the one who pulls the strings
I'm the one to spice it up
I knock you down to the mat, my hood don't abandon

Come round, life with not respect don't work
MCs firing rhymes like a missile
We are in the block party showing skill
Weed to wake and bake and rap to the beat
Shit that gives you tha feel, turn on the hashish

El:
you covet disruption i got you covered i'm bussin
my brothers 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' disgustin
my pockets are plumper this season i love to cuff em
i'm afraid of nothing but nothingness aint 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

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 powers, the product of this great republic
No matter what you order 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 did it smiling
Cannibals on this island
Inmates run the asylum

Ooh la la ah
Ooh la la ah
Ooh la la ah
Ooh la la

Santa Fe Klan
Arriba México
Hood Music

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz, Wilder Schwartz, Keith Elam, Christopher Martin, Daryl Barnes, and Greg Mays.
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Contains a sample of "DWYCK" by Gang Starr Feat. Nice & Smooth, courtesy of Universal Music Enterprises.

3. OUT OF SIGHT

FT. BACO EXU DO BLUES TROOKO'S VERSIÓN ADDITIONAL ENGINEERING BY DACTES

El:

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

Mike:

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

El:

(Run run), piety just isn't really us
what a rush, see you cutting up a pie, that's my lunch

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 chevys 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 is just a fuckin hossa

El:

(Out of sight) out of mind out of touch out of time
man i'll smoke a bogie backwards with thumb up like its fine,
(Run) save yourself i say, selflessly divine
leave me here to drown in glory you're too good to cross that line,
(Run) 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

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

El:

i know you Just about mcfuckin had it our shit is just magic
go figure the runts of the litter did without 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 it's automated
the gears of the rapper shredder want action and it'll have it

Bacu Exu Do Blues:

I cross cities without needing a ride
I was born to use Puma, you are all tacky
These niggas copy me, like shadow clones
I must be a terrorist, because they are all bombs

The mamacita latina with me on the freeway
Standing at the border with imported drugs
She spits so much that reminds me of my gun
I'm trying to escape, she drools all over and gets in the way

Fuck you cop, you're kind of mistaken
I'm not Mexican, damn it, I'm from Bahia
A dangerous, hot, and tanned black man
The Kanye West of Bahia
Bullet-proof body and car

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Tauheed Epps,
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Eussicise Entertainment/Kobalt Music Group (ASCAP).
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rights administered by Chappell & Co. (ASCAP).
Contains a sample of "Misdemeanor" performed
by Foster Sylvers. Used courtesy of Mr. Bongo
Worldwide Ltd O/B/O Leon Sylvers

4. SANTA CALAMIFUCK

EVA, CHUCHO, YULIAN x NICK
HOOK'S VERSIÓN

Yea
Yea
Yea
Yea

Mike:

The law defier
The non-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 backhand 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
Clock-work orange madness left the scene laughin'

EI:

ay we for eve eva,
jaimito Y michael de render,
the pyrotechnicrats the 'ol 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 eyes
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 maggyver
slap a yapper from the acne to the tooth bone fibers 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

EI:

ay yo one for mayhem, two for mischief
now aim for the drones in your zoning district
hinderburgh 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 hows 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 gets proof
the multiverse lives i'm sposed 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 shits cool
don't fuckin tell doom your numbers 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 kills what he do
hes prolly that dude
he left enough proof
plenty of his peers just disappeared poof
i'm still the next big thing gotta hurt oof
i got
Fire!

Mike:

This the payback
Allow me to state that
All that forth back
We don't play that
You want beef bruh
You just state that,
and we stake 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 its 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
Ima 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

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Philip Thomas, Dave Sitek, Torbitt Schwartz, Wilder Zoby Schwartz, and Jordan Asher Cruz.
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5. GOONIES CONTRA E.T.

FT. SARAH LA MORENA Y EL INDIVIDUO DANNY BRASCO x NICK HOOK'S VERSIÓN

Sarah La Morena

Baby if I did it again, every time it would always be you.
My wish a wish and I wish it will always be you

El:

egads you heard of these lads
it's 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, yall 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..

Sarah La Morena

Baby if I did it again, every time it would always be you
My wish a wish and I wish it will always be you

The magic lamp has been left there's no light, light, light, light
wish after wish after wish after wish after wish
but it's false and I am still bearing the cross

El Individuo

Don't have any gas, I'm running low
No attention to what delays me
While you fall behind, I move forward
Life goes on, relax, I make way for you
You're deep into trouble, I'm into scribbles
My house is your house if you're willing to listen
There's no rest here, just in case
Here are these little rhymes so you can review 'em
I break, I never snore, I rhyme
I resign to speak 'bout what I feel and what I live
Soon 'cause it's getting late, mijo
I don't know about being a father but I do know about being a good son, ah
Going up and down because it's a part of me
It was by sharing that I grew, yea, I am no longer
afraid of whatever comes, let it come,
fuck all those people who have spoken ill of me

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 Jamie versus y'all with a knife and a musket
Now our tombstones read they were nothing to fuck with

El:

please say that shit again Mike

Mike:

We're nothing to fuck with

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz and Wilder Zoby Schwartz.
Published by Definitive Jux/Pulse Music (SESAC), Aniyah's Music/The Royalty Network (ASCAP), Monee Makes Me Dance/Third Side Music (ASCAP), and Eussicise Entertainment/Kobalt Music Group (ASCAP).

6. CAMINANDO EN LA NIEVE

FT. AKAPPELLAH, APACHE Y PAWMPS
ORESTES GOMEZ x NICK HOOK'S VERSIÓN
ADDITIONAL ENGINEERING BY DOBLE TEMPO

El:

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

just got done walking in the snow,
god damn that motherfuckers cold

you in the wrong mode you open and closin your hole it's a no go
this whole worlds a shit moat filled to the brim like gitmo
when you think it don't get mo low and 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're 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 goddamn minds if y'all possessed one to begin with

Akapellah

Whatever thug, I'm in the play
I'm like curry wrapping steak
I'm going down for a couple of stitches
But I always go triple with six remaining
Those Gucci that you have are fake
What you're smoking isn't Purple Haze
What you're drinking isn't Lean, No
That's just syrup to stop a cough

That bitch says that she loves me
But still tomorrow she might cheat on me
That nigger says he's my friend, but he just wants to eat my cake
I don't trust no mutherfucka who hasn't eaten on my table
The cruel fucking world, discriminates against my skin color
My heart is as cold as the Arctic, now they're saying i'm obnoxious
Many fakes came out of the attic, and they said they were my fanatics
When I start, there's no stopping me
Valentino Rossi, they call me the dog
I have no protocol, I look like the concord
None of these suckers is gonna beat me
No

Pawmps

Just got done walking in the snow
The fucking cold, you can feel it
Just got done walking in the snow
The fucking cold, you can feel it

Shout out to og Run the Jewels
We're outside and it's fucking cold, goddammit

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
Replace 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

Pawmps

Just got done walking in the snow
The fucking cold, you can feel it
Just got done walking in the snow
The fucking cold, you can feel it
Just got done walking in the snow
The fucking cold, you can feel it
Just got done walking in the snow
The fucking cold, you can feel it

Apache

With your attack
Like the pros
Lashing out hard with the track
Raising the voice for the fallen who died because of the gun shot
Ready to ride
I'm defending my people with music and good messages
So that they respect this crossbreeding
So that my latinage can live it
This is what I bring
Main theme
Against racial segregation
Against social inequality
Also police brutality
This is how we think, it's our ideal
They want to shut us up
For expressing this discontent
For all the great suffering that they've wanted to cause us
God, I have a dream, like a master Luther King
And that is living together in holy peace, with the others
It is our purpose, there's nothing more
Than being able to act more equitably
So that there is equal opportunity
For the humanity that inhabits this society

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz, Wilder Zoby Schwartz, and Lola Mitchell.
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7. JU\$T

FT. PHARRELL WILLIAMS Y ZACK DE LA ROCHA TOY SELECTAH'S VERSIÓN

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 posing on yo dollar (get it?)

Mike:

Look at all these slave masters posing on your dollar (get it?)
Look at all these slave masters posing on your dollar (get it?)
Look at all these slave masters posing on your dollar (get it?)

Zack

Look at all these slave masters

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 many 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 (slave)
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)

Mike:

Look at all these slave masters posing on yo dollar (get it)
Look at all these slave masters posing on yo dollar (get it)
Look at all these slave masters posing on yo dollar (get it)

Zack:

Look at all these slave masters

El:

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 shrugs
they love to not love its jus that dumb
lord sweet buddha please make me numb
brain bounce off walls like a sentient roomba,
who just found out his creators 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 sittin
where murderous choke hold cops still earnin a livin
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 posing on yo dollar (get it)

Zack:

Look at all these slave masters

Pharrell:

Let it sink in

Zack:

20/20, run the map
Raw, I'm 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 run it back
Like a track star run a record lap?
Nah, like when his needle catch
Clean look, 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 and 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 a 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

Mike:

Look at all these slave masters posing on yo dollar (get it)
Look at all these slave masters posing on yo dollar (get it)
Look at all these slave masters posing on yo dollar (get it)

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Pharrell Williams, Zack de la Rocha, Torbitt Schwartz, and Wilder Zoby Schwartz. Published by Definitive Jux/Pulse Music (SESAC), Aniyah's Music/The Royalty Network (ASCAP), EMI Pop Music Publishing o/b/o itself and More Water From Nazareth (GMR), World War Zack Music, Money Makes Me Dance/Third Side Music (ASCAP), and Eussicse Entertainment/Kobalt Music Group (ASCAP).

8. NUNCA MIRAR HACIA ATRÁS

BOMBA ESTÉREO'S VERSIÓN

El:

81 miles to the hour down road
never looked back never ever went slow
never look back heard em say that before
never look back never stare at a ghost
bk air in the summertime choke
aint 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 its funny how that go
mom you too i never could drink slow
never look back heard em say that before
sound like the type of advice id ignore
funny how time feel off tick tock
you thinking deaths beat it drop a clock shot
never smoke sad i heard thats a thought
i got 44 bucks on the smoke whatchoo got

Never Look Back

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 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

Never look back

Bomba Estéreo:

So, this is how things are
You can't go forward, you can't go back
The past, the present, the future, they are irrelevant
The only thing that matters is the latitude, gratitude is everything
Time is nothing

El:

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 (beast-en)

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]

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render,
Torbitt Schwartz, Wilder Zoby Schwartz,
and Hugh Anthony Allison.
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Aniyah's Music/The Royalty Network (ASCAP),
Money Makes Me Dance/Third Side America
(ASCAP), Eussicise Entertainment/Kobalt Music
Group (ASCAP) and Hugh Anthony Allison (BMI).

9. EL SUELO DEBAJO

SON ROMPE PERA'S VERSIÓN

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 the Beelzebub that god don't need a job
If I did the oligarchs would be missing, murdered and robbed
This is Bonaparte he paired with Toussaint
And they went on a world conquest tearing your bones apart
Michael remained 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, aye
i'm guessin' i'ma be ok
you say that you don't feel me now
i feel like i'ma live somehow

Son Rompe Pera

I want more cumbia in me
I want more cumbia

El:

born from the ether i just appeared out a cloud a reefer
screamin fuck the world it can drink whats coming out my eurethra
i'll slap a dying child he don't pronounce my name correct
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 yall 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 ill never forgive me
not saying its a conspiracy but you're all against me
you see a future where run the jewels aint the shit cancel my hitler killing trip
turn the time machine back around a century

you say that you don't love me, aye
i'm guessin' i'ma be ok
you say that you don't feel me now
i feel like i'ma live somehow

Son Rompe Pera

I want more cumbia in me
I want more cumbia

Naucaipan in the plastic in Brooklyn, Chimborazo

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

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render, Torbitt Schwartz, Wilder Zoby Schwartz, David Geoffrey Allen, Hugo Burnham, Andrew Gill, and Jonathan King. Published by SonyATV, Definitive Jux/Pulse Music (SESAC), Aniyah's Music/The Royalty Network (ASCAP), Money Makes Me Dance/Third Side Music (ASCAP), Eussicise Entertainment/Kobalt Music Group (ASCAP), Elastic Purejoy Music / WB Music Corp. (ASCAP) and BMG Firefly (ASCAP).

10. TIRANDO EL DETONADOR

FT LIDO PIMIENTA, JAVIER ARCE Y
IGGOR CAVALERA
MAS AYA x NICK HOOK'S VERSIÓN
ADDITIONAL ENGINEERING BY LAIMA LEYTON

El:

from a long line of the rancidest 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 its 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 spirits 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 deadbolt, 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 truths the stranger document

Lido Pimienta:

OHHHHH
look, look at yourself
and now look at me
ohhh
you are laughable
oh no
there is a pin
and it only hurts
in the guts
of the hair that you pull
i don't want it to go down this way
i say this is a no
i am never believing this
that my grenade hurts this much
this grenade and this dagger of evil
oohh

Mike:

At best, life is difficult, poor and you pitiful
Then every day's like a satanic ritual
Beautiful soul with a rogue and the criminal
How long must the holy hold onto they principles?
Kickin' and screamin' while watchin' 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 mama 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
Doin' the typical, keepin' us miserable
Takin' the most and providin' 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 life 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

Lido Pimienta:

i have no regrets
i'm just a little sorry
that it hurt when i threw that grenade at you
and i stuck the dagger in you (deep)
real deep
i left you bloodless
for being a fucking bitch
for lying to me
fuck that!

Written by Jaime Meline, Michael Render,
Josh Homme, Jordan Asher Cruz, Torbitt
Schwartz, and Wilder Zoby Schwartz.
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Third Side America (ASCAP), and Eussicise
Entertainment/Kobalt Music Group (ASCAP).

11. UNAS PALABRAS PARA EL PELOTÓN DE FUSILAMIENTO (RADIACIÓN)

FT. LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA
ADRIÁN TERRAZAS-GONZÁLEZ
x EL PRODUCTO'S VERSIÓN
ADDITIONAL ENGINEERING BY JULIO
MORALES LAGARDA Y MARTÍN
VELÁZQUEZ HERNÁNDEZ

El:

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 state
so 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)
isnt 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 aint what it used to be thats 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 bluffing you are dealing with
the motherfucking money money runners

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 want lean on a cup of promethazine
But my queen say she need a king not another junkie flunkie 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:

this is for the never heard never even get a motherfucking 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 but 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 gotchoo you feeling like a fox running from another pack a dogs,
put the pistol and the fist up in the air we'll be there swear to god

Mike:

Black child in America the fact that I made it is magic
Black and beautiful the world broke my momma heart and she died an addict
God blessed me to redeem her in my thought, words and my actions
Satisfaction for the devil got 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

Lin-Manuel Miranda:

This is the story of a couple of small-time hustlers
frames by crooked cops, who are forced to make a run for their lives
Nothing but a bag of money, a stolen Buick Grand
National and their reputation as bad guys
They are not friends exactly, these guys have a better chance of killing
each other than beating the odds, no sir, they are brothers
And when the chips are down, I really don't think you want to bet against them
Yankee and the brave

The yankee and the brave always moving forward

The yankee and the brave always caring for their people
The yankee and the brave we're two bosses, they care for their people,
always forward, both are insane, both are smiling, a unique story
The yankee and the brave you will never see them absent
The yankee and the brave with their faith always forward
The yankee and the brave a different kind of story
the yankee and the brave

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