

Drones over Bklyn

EL-P

[Intro]
D-R-O-N-E-S
Up in the sky

One, two, three, go
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
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Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break
Break, break, break, break

ringing
Hello?

[Verse 1]
You better stay aloof when the troops move or suicide booths soothe
The who's who of looters shoot, the bullets go zoom zoom
Your pain is the porn, pal, they pay to pop plain shit
It's faded, it's more foul than famous, it's hot sin
Hollywood off the bus fucked, tender little destruct tucked
In the waist with a gold face, feed the greedy with dum dums
You and me in the butane, superlame and he puff up
Little dragons of fad rap, suture their face the fuck up
Walk in the zone or get less, wake in the fog of fright night
Eat where the sifters sell trash, sleep where the orphan's hell hatched
Pardon me son I'm zoned out, cloned out
No doubt home is, blowed out
Sold out without extra man bonus
Tragedy smurf smirks, a middle man's shirt bursts
Wetted up, wet work, you get it up, get merc'd

A wabbit in crosshairs, mechanical fox hunt
Be quiet they're hunting now, the method is awesome

[Chorus]

And I can see them in my eyes when they're closed, I can feel them at night
I can feel them plot a course through the sky, I believe in their flight

Drones over Brooklyn
Dr- Drones over Brooklyn
Drones over Brooklyn
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Drones over Brooklyn
Dr- Drones over Brooklyn
Drones over Brooklyn
Dr- Drones over Brooklyn
Drones over Brooklyn
Brooklyn, Brooklyn

[Verse 2]

You can hear calico ultimate point at you
Click-clack and back 'em to bunny dust point of view
Party hard, funny stuff, tough cookie boy
I'll be sure to bring my bitch bib sloppy, eat flop around clown shoe getup
Kids sing along, this is all we have left bitch, sing a song
I was born conjoined to howlers of the siren age
Lion cage meat life sacrifice, nothing left
Tell me if it matters that I sing it wrong
Another DJ yells "Lick the balls"
Another Brooklyn kite delivered in his crooked paws
I'd sooner wash my dick in acid than ask what you think
I'll fuck myself with a stun gun before gassing your team
You patch me in and I'll dumb out with a channeled disease
It sucks to be nothing, nobody struts when they're down on their knees
This whole rackets for the bees, fuck my life already
Fuck the law, fuck the Sun, say goodnight already
You fucking spambots selling shit, alright already
We get it you getting that fetti, oh Jesus Christ already

[Chorus]

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[Outro]
Don't do it
I'm doing it
Bring it back!
Son of a bitch

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>