





GAZIN'13

RUN THE JEWELS

EL-P: Oh dear what the fuck have we here / these motherfuckers all thum no rose / eggs what a bad dream better not sleep, take a no-doz, do some blow / oh shit what the hell have we done / it's alive it's hungry as fuck / better hide all the snacks and the dough / it is out of my control, you are shit out of luck / I don't wanna be unfair but the pair we that beat that weak shit you got (true god) / blew up the spot with that new bop / crews drop, do up ya squads without nuance / I don't wanna sound unkind but the sounds / make are the sounds of the hounds that are howlin' / under your bed I'm here howling, same time under the blanket you're cowering

KILLER MIKE: Covering like cowards cowering on concrete showers in Rikers Island / victims, we the wolves that's whylin' / we often smile at sights of violence / acting brave and courageous ain't advantageous for health and safety / so when we say run the jewels just run 'em baby, please don't delay me / and that goes for a guy or lady, the lam god damn we fuckin crazy / I'll put this pistol, put it on your poodels or your fuckin baby / she clutched the pearls said "What in the world?" and "I won't give up shit" / I put the pistol on that poodel and I shot that bitch

HOOK: Run the jewels...

E: And the crowd gets "chat that paper!" / and the mob says "Kill that witch!" / this city get mad to the max better wave bye-bye to the high scrapes kids / get a tin foil hat for the rain, in / hot water from the roof to the basement / I'm smoke 'til the planet erases / build a white flag out of Zig Zags, wave it

KM: Often I'm smoking coffin / sip/lean on a bean like Boston / my young bitch here fine like Pam Grier when she made that movie Coffy / but when my wife's in town, ya Jackie Brown just stay up off me / cause if they don't somebody get shot and they gon' buy a coffin

E: With the pull of a pin a grenade get a crowd to they feet and a soul to its options / I'm a fool for the way I been made to be but while these other cats drowning in softness / in a urn or the dirt get tossed in / with a grin or a smirk get accosted / I'm in a sin on the verse like a kid in a hearse or a nun in a cum shot (stop it)

KM: Big beat in a cage with a heart full of rage, it seems I can't behave / you could tell you die, oh well you failed, it seems the world can't be saved / these streets is full with the wolves that starve for the week so they after they don't / in a land full of lambs I am and I'll be damned if I won't show my teeth

HOOK: Run the jewels...

BANANA CLIPPER (FEAT. BIG BOI)

KILLER MIKE: I move with the elegance of an African elephant / I presented the evidence eloquent as the president / evident is the emphasis, I deserve me a championship / but before I banana clip I'm chill so my man can rip

EL-P: Little man against hellion with a heart of an orphan / I got the words of a murderer and a eye for distortion / you take a slice of my portion I'll take a piece of your profit / I drive at it illegal speeds and keep an oz in my pocket

KM: We run the jewels in your town, a quarter pound on my person / I'm known for poundin the stage, I'm talkin burnin and cursin / producer gave me a beat, said "It's the beat of the year!" / I said "EL-P didn't do it, so get the fuck out of here!"

E: You wanna hang bring your throat / I got stools and a rope / I'm a slang pope haranguing the land with a mans flow / a new addition to the art of the old code / that's fully retarded and put a part in your bold dome

KM: Hey El, we the villains, we antagonist bad guys / mercy me, merciless me putting pain in they sad eyes / it's time for Skywalker talk 'cause meet the true Darth Vader / I hit your mom in '03 but G ain't a ate her / so baby boy you should tighten up and show some respect / before I Melvin on ya Jody, put my arm on your neck / or worse yet be the reason your girl want a divorce / be at your crib with your kids sayin "Fuck your fort, ill nigga!"

E: The style is radiation leak at Mile Island / also known as Chernobyl talk, listen for the sirens / for the green I'm a hoarder, you're the poor distorter / sorta morbid somnien these fuckin whore dome explorers / I'm bored, 'nuff of ya bummy shit, it's numb to the core / sure you suck a good dick for the fame and couldn't resist getting played / I fuck like I'm headed to war, I'm really not playing no games / but tag me god damn it, I'll kill the carrier mentions my name

KM: Hey I'm a soldier of fortune a mercenary on beat / I'm merciless, I torture MCs, tie up both of they feet / if they refuse to run the jewels we beat the bottoms of feet / I'm talking prier pliers, guys, to the top of ya heep / hey me and Jaime killed the competition, top of the heap / is where we stayin with their corpses resting under our feet / I sent they mom a little cash and a sympathy letter / told her she raised a bunch of fuck boys, next time do better, bitch

BIG BOI: We the old Atlanta, next Atlanta, future of the city / Daddy Fat Sox don't give a damn, 'cause can't nann new nigga get with me / now it's true niggas are simply simple

minded, simple simon / being dumbed down by the local radio stations by designing / but what I be rhyming, no payola is required / my bank account obese as fuck while your sits on a diet / 'cause your lease is up you're fired, quit the boss talk / retain ownership on everything, every car bought / and payed for, no neighbors 'cause I'm sitting on acres / went to Vegas jumped the broom 'cause I wasn't himin on papers / or no prenuptial agreement for mama / I'd broke up and she took half I'd still be sittin on commas / 8 figures, nigga

36" CHAIN

KILLER MIKE: Bitch we be that shit, that's right #2, boo boo straight cava / I smoke ganja with a dreadlocked rasta, move like Frank you will die like a hassa / move like Jesus die like a martyr / hell of a choice when you riding a Lamonts / boyas got some hopes in a hot car "How far is we away man?" Not far / the greatness they claim, not are / are not, we these juggernauts / me, El, we half / all are young Che Guevera and Fidel Castro / cash flow, call full of females / bad hoers, we in the O.R. / any fuck rapper boy gettin out of line I pray the preacher beat him to the god damned E.R. / spit them country rap tunes like hee haw / cocaine flow, thashcore, no re-ck / take a snort for yourself shorty, see? "He raw... (sniff) see he raw!" That's your shorty, go and snort your nose off, then put the news in the streets, Tom Brinkley / 'cause if you shorty met a bad stone bitch out of Brooklyn and that Brooklyn bitch straight got broke off / then she called her homie from the BX, freaky little 'Rican brought X and we seved / couple months later brought 'em down to Atlanta let 'em style on the 'bamas that right yeah we flex / heard she got a baby daddy and that nigga anti-gay runnin round talkin about yeah he plexed / nigga betta pray for a hoe like he Tobow though, 'cause right now he stay losing like the Jets

HOOK: And I walk around like I got a 36" chain

EL-P: Bitch we be that shit, that's right, light a flare, put your thumbs in the air, high five / I came for the stash box gimme that, I been waiting for this all my life / 3 AM and I'm still not right, still awake, still away from fading, crazy / polysibony why the ride so hazy, drabble this spit till the street gets wavy / the blissy in pure shit magician, git to skipping / not too talk dark and handsome man, but I talk dark for ransoms man / spent grants a those zimbies, folded origami, yes I bag the clams / anyone object to the styles get a smile and a backwards hand / peep that felonious face in the place of an angel, bringing that bucksack back to the table / been a veteran, earth bound hellion / try to say grao get a face full of staples / woke up and the city air smelled like maple / if you come straight from New York you relate / if you come straight from another place stay too, me and Mike got the whole map held safe

KM: Be it NYC or the ATL, from the ceilings of every stage to the gates of hell / we murder death kill us to escape to the step / homicide times two, better warn yourself, El

E: Anybody looking for some trouble better self med / we could double down in a mine field, hell gets / just the right temperature, breakbeat minister / Riverdance cleats on your face for the finisher

DDFH

KILLER MIKE: Cops in the ghetto they move like the gestapo / drunk off their power and greed, they often hostile / a little homie talked shit back and they beat him bad / that boy in the hospital now he's lookin bad / and I'm with his mamma and dad they lookin sad / my own mam called me said "Baby I'm just glad / they ain't put they hands on my child and kill his ass / please don't rap about that shit before they murder your black ass!" / It's drones over Brooklyn, you blink you could get taken / and now you're understanding the definition of "Crooklyn" / pigs on parade but bacon fryin and cookin / 'cause kids tired of dying and walkin round like they shaken / 'cause we smoke sour to deal with the paranoia / that they charge by the hour, can't hire the Jewish lawyer / 'cause if you ain't Jigga or Puff you doin time / and even then you might get 10, word to Slyme

HOOK: Do dope fuck hope

EL-P: You don't wanna look into my big crystal balls, suck the future / we'll moonwalk through flames with a brain on stupid / camouflage toughies'll touch your tuffs roughly / fluff your flat permanent, lump you up ruthless / then laugh while you're humming the tune of bruised movements / that took a few too many talks to prove lucid / [Everything compute] Nah the truth is too tangled / and open a satellite sees at an angle / burners radiate smoke / till she's motionless / Hope? Nah, ha ha, slow down with that pink shit / so inappropriate, right behind your ears is a what? / Look, ta-dah! The sound of your hopelessness / I can't feel it too, from the ground rising up in us / right above the clouds there's a shroud there to smother us / make a sane man walk around with a blunderbus / peel another round, make a sound that is thunderous

HOOK: Do dope fuck hope

SEA LEGS

EL-P: Really fell out the lane with this shit / man, print this shit: I'm a misfit / got a style from the guts of the most irrational beast in the district / born to the next gen system / slow water drip to the temple to live in a prison

when the walls don't appear to your vision / one floor down from that mall's that prison / where shower stalls'll get all y'all missin / pardon me, I got half-wit vision / but fuck I know, I just crawled here, cap'n / pass me the baton, the rest a ya'll batten the hatches / in fact, better scam, I'm a bastard / on the lam in a hatchback blasting some rap shit, trying not to slam into traffic / with my feet on the wheel and my hands through the moon roof laughing / lets crash this s see the truth from the womb is a fool-proof plan to be doomed while the damned do they dances / so I move through the room like an animal fooling its master / but I don't got love for the hand with the food, matter fact I am drooling at that shit / I don't only bite but I'm rabid / try to get my fuckin head again and I'm put a tooth through the flesh of the palm that you jack with / this city just screams black magic, and the threat to my head got traction / maybe should've never started this path / every time I got a chance to advance it's backwards / no thanks to my very own actions / get a couple good drinks in the kid I can flip on a friend, take a drug, fuck a chick that I shouldn't / oh god I am one of those mad men

HOOK: Trying not to walk crooked while this anchor's dropped / but I been out on them choppy waves and it's hard to say where this land begins and that water stops / I got sea legs

KILLER MIKE: Real shit, I came for the jewels / I'm the killer of kings and fools / I'm the reason the season for treason starts this evening / and this evening the odds ain't even / people praying to the gods but the gods ain't even listening / don't matter if you're Muslim, Hebrew, Christian / when death runs in the distance / there will be no mercy me's / there will be no reprieve for the thieves / there will be no respect for the thrones / no master material these bones / your dolls all are my rivals / rival all of your idols / I stand on towers like Eiffel, I rife down all your dolls / niggas will perish in Paris, niggas is nothing but parrots / I wrote for the poets that write for the liars that impress you and your parents / Is this real or another dimension? / Am I trippin here in the kitchen? / Am I a victim of my convictions? / I feel my sanity slipping / and I think I think I like the freedom / cannibal, animal, rappers I eat 'em / even in Dubai I smoke like it's legal / bitch so exotic she rode on a zebra / made in America home of the eagle, home of the angel, home of the evil / do what I do for the good of my people / holding my lane, smoke jane in a Regal

HOOK: Trying not to walk crooked while this anchor's dropped / but I been out on them choppy waves and it's hard to say where this land begins and that water stops / I got sea legs

JOB WELL DONE (FEAT. UNKLE THE RIBBON BREAKS)

KILLER MIKE: Killer Mike and El-P, fuck boys know the combination ain't a healthy, tell me if you smell the marijuana hanging off my breath, blowing smoke and I'm coughing like I'm gonna near death / I'll died right now I would be so fresh to death, they would have to say "That fat motherfucker coffin fresh / god damn fat bastard, where that motherfucker's casket?" / But nah baby you gon' get this here herbal, every word murderous / surgical, painful, purposeful, and I take it left off your fuck list personal / wow, they done let that fuckin Mike out, it's like Tyson in the '80s, nigga snap and put your lights out / yeah, it's like Tyson in the '90s, if I'm losin take a bite out / I'm so motherfuckin grimy / so motherfuckin greedy, grity, mama said she couldn't breast feed 'cause I was bitin at the titty, peace

HOOK (UTTRB): So I think we've burned our bridges, but it's difficult to tell / I've been walking through the ashes, saying "didn't we do well?" / So I think we'll have to pay for this, but I'm not afraid of hell / I've been walking through the ashes, saying "didn't we do well?"

EL-P: Killer Mike and El-P, fuck boys think about it / fuck you gon' na sell me, you don't know a thing about us / women dressed with alyahuasa drum circle and sing about us / dolphins prone to rape'll hear the tape and stop to think about it / monks wont immolate themselves until the record hits the shelves / yetis walk right at the woods to cut it without thinking / 'bout it / workers at the sweatshop kill they boss to how the vets drop / workers ants surround their queen and chew the bitch's head off / drug dogs bark at the tour bus when it park / priests take the cock out of their mouths to hum along when the chorus drop / at the least we are the most best and bro on your fuckin block / the bass make a whole off of the coast scene "Ya'll gotta stop!" / Used to be the new kid till I grew in to that new shit / emporers that hear the tunes admit that they are nudists / move, we comin through and we are ruthless / mama said I wouldn't leave the womb without a Yankee and some new kicks

HOOK (UTTRB): So I think we've burned our bridges, but it's difficult to tell / I've been walking through the ashes, saying "didn't we do well?" / So I think we'll have to pay for this, but I'm not afraid of hell / I've been walking through the ashes, saying "didn't we do well?"

NO COME DOWN

EL-P: You know I get loose, I'm a screw turned pro status / never did shit but inflict this damage / never met a word that I wouldn't like a weapon just brandish / walk away clown boy, vanish / feelin' outlandish, chemicals soaked in my cabbage / face numb, face off rap shit, straight no chasing that drag / cess to the breast plate, raised where the stakes break badness / get a tracheotomy tap for talkback shit / slow clap, do the running man, back flip / light a flare in the road, I'm an accident / limping into the right / I'm off / I was got 800s to make cake piss, right on the rug where the cat sits / by the time this recording gets heard I'll be gone with the dough from the jar plus mattress / left a note on the fridge with a frowny face drawn with a rope from its neck to the rafters / not the most subtle way to explain / I'm a threat to the brain like a wool in the glass hit

HOOK: I get so high, I close my eyes, like I may die, and I won't come down

KILLER MIKE: You know I get gone I'm a goner / in the VIP of the club where they strip with a zip and a boner / girl named Mary looking like a black Madonna / tell me a girl can rent her but I can never own her / she's naked as the day that her momma first born her and later on in the song yeah, I'm a bone her / but that ain't the purp, bro, please follow along, bro / God made a miracle it rained in the room / blowing marijuana smoke in a smoke filled room / she leaned in my ear said "You ever did shrooms?" / I said "I never did that and I never did you, if it came in a pack baby I'ma do two" / I just act of the pact Mary Mack do it too / "If you agree to the terms we can do what it do" / She said "It is what it is" and we did what we did, right before we popped 3 caps and 3 stems / she popped that molly, rocked my body, I fly high and my co-pilot / psilocybin, got me shinin' / slipping into another dimension / me and this woman made love in Kemet / travel to the moon came back when we were finished / fell to the earth, lost each other, died and we came back sister and brother / in that lifetime we couldn't have each other / so we killed ourselves and it killed our mother / true romance, in one lap dance / I was in my future, my present and past

HOOK: I get so high, I close my eyes, like I may die, and I won't come down

GET IT

EL-P: Penny ante your bops up / any sanity left the fuck / any chance for humanity's ending on who's the real up / hope we handed 'em ammo enough to work from the neck up / those who handling damage control don't wish us

the best luck / I'm a living in smoke type / floating with a grin over the moat type / Harry Allen on you bitch, I believe no hype / closer to the edge than even we want to admit / if this don't go right, then assholes like myself are proven so right / all I got is this rap shit / all I want is a castle / and to move like a man with a minimum of harassment / the company of women with opinions and fat asses / that's my list of demands / you don't answer them, get the Gating

KILLER MIKE: I'm stuck in a time capsule / when rap was actually factual / meaning shit you spit might cause killers to come and clap at you / stupid, goofy, stouly, the gooch in Gucci will slap you / and that go for the cop kissing cats that's in the back of you / they all sweet as Little Richard, damn, good god al-molly / it make a nigga like me go "Woah" and rob the party / exit stepping with my weapon with the Jefferson walk / if you expressing any objections you can get left in chalk / so my suggestion's let a G be, forgive my transgressions / or I'ma be in Catholic confessions professing depression / I'm chin checking, chill stressing, on your button I'm pressing / Mike'll fuck a rappers life up like Mo'Nique did to Precious

HOOK: You know I... get it

E: My name is Jaime Meline and I'm not chasing the green, I'm taking it / bosses don't change a thing in the name of seemingly making it / servants'll kiss the ring of whoever they think is paying 'em / you don't deserve the spit that they hurled up in your face and shit

KM: My name is Michael Render and we are the new Avengers / we're here to tell you all your false idols are just pretenders / they're corporation slaves indentured to all the lenders / so even if you got seven figures, you still a nigga

E: Some men aren't meant for the light to be shined on their shitty talking / I'll better off trying to hide like the yay in a little pocket / we're overly fucking awesome / they watch and adopt our concepts / they squawk at the Run The Jewels squad / we skin 'em then cop a coffin

HOOK: You know I... get it

TWIN HYPE BACK (FEAT. PRINCE PAUL AS CHEST ROCKWELL)

CHEST ROCKWELL: Now come here and let me give you a thousand kiss on your hot pocket...

EL-P: Me and Mike'll go Twin Hype and do a dance on your windpipes / put your fuckin' jazz hands back in your pants

or get them shits sliced / caught the ghost when I was ya high so today I stay way high / do not worry 'bout my habits, without sin I'd prolly hate life

KILLER MIKE: This is dope as that hard white you stuff in a crack pipe / a hit of this, a kid with Tourette's chill out and act right / I'm fat but I dress nice / and bitchies finesse Mike / they suck the dick and squeeze on my belly like baggies

E: I slap and I suck dills, I fuck in my church shoes / the humblest guy in the room and I am in the room too (get it?) / I'll bend you over on the roof while whistling Audio Two / they say that once a girl go Brooklyn no more soft dick'll do

KM: I'm so Bakin and Eric B / bitchies check out my melody / I might Stick Rick on a fella (fruit), catch me a felony / I might Shyne Po a hoe (paw), catch me a case / Productu must have rolled this L because this blunt feel faced

CR: I must say you do look stunning. I mean, you're the type of girl I can really see myself artificially inseminating. Oh I'm sorry, being a little aggressive, right? Right? Can we start from the beginning? I'm Chest Rockwell, right? And I love to make love to your body... holo... bad boy.

E: This is born alone die alone, so my dialogue's dastardly / life's a tragedy generator operating at max capacity / this is porno for pirates, to the crooks it is relaxing / I am foreign to that soft talk, you can tell it from my accent

KM: This is arrogant fat back, it is what it is / this that stingy with dick, bitch, not a fuck do I give / I'm no respecter of person, I'm no respecter of rules / catch the prince of England slipping, he got 'em on the jewels / I could wake up brin dead tomorrow and my soliloquy still I would be / the illest there ever be 'cause I be what you'll never be / my pugnacious rhyme patterns prove pitbull in my pedigree / and dogs fight to the death, you say you better, you better be

E: Not one shit given, El-P's chillin' / raised in a shack in the back of the village / trained by the wolves in the woods to avenge on the men who elected themselves my killers / Mike's a villain, Nick Heals chillin, we don't have a need to know your feelings / we don't believe in the same shit anyway, Run The Jewels is not for your children

CR: How you feeling now sweetheart? A little more relaxed? Maybe it's that half a molly / put in your Mountain Dew. Works like a charm. Just chill out for a second, relax, I got it under control. I got your glass of Beebeater, I got a brand new deck of Uno cards... oh yeah baby, the

night's just getting started. Oh, how 'bout I come over tonight and pick you up in my brand new Segway. We can go over to Long John Silver's, get a fish platter... you can take me home and massage me with butter all on my neck. I love you...

A CHRISTMAS FUCKING MIRACLE

EL-P: That was me in BK on Atlantic / never looked both ways, ran in traffic / pogs went away but I stayed, vagrant / place where the steel and cement became nature / love what you did with the place, it looks gorgeous / cityscape where the blood of good men courses / and the dreamer's a bull trapped in porcelain / take a knee to the gods and get horse shit / Mama live for the thrill! They'll arrange it / got a boy of mine to spit hatred / shit'll get in your head and / 'cause panic / have you desperately begging to get fucked / get your dignity dirty and left orphaned / sanity on the fringe of distorted / Who are

they to just take shit and heard it? / Who am I that I don't get my portion? / The most impressionable minds get molested and informed by manipulating forces / don't fret little man, don't cry, they can never take the energy inside you were born with / knowing that, understand you could never be poor, you already won the war, you were born rich / you can only take the energy you have going back to the realm or the home where your lord is / whoever whatever that lord is couldn't give a fuck if you ever made fortunes / fuck anyone ever trying to run that "bum" shit / send 'em to the flames where the orcs live / them and the lost minds thinking they're smarter than us / don't understand love's importance / and we can weaponize that, bring 'em back to the truth where the ashes and dust got formed in

KILLER MIKE: The heat breaks and your teeth break / keep your canines embedded in my knuckles as a keepsake / it would seem your veneers just mere souvenirs falling out your mouth and on to the landscape / me and EL-P do the secret handshake / then I pummel punch a pumpkin head punk in his pimple face / 'till he's the punch drunk

'cause he's sweet as a pound cake / (Ain't he pussy Mike)? Yeah, El, I'll say / into the wild, wild style ghetto child run wild / where the lions and the owls stay / the powers that be even offered a reprieve, told us they'll take us out if we bow to our knees / but they can give that to the Kings and the queens and the worshippers of idols and followers of things / 'cause I would rather be in the temple with the savages / as hell or be killed and I'm working with the averages / my professor emeritus say we been cursed being brought to the Americas / how you raise a whole human single parent, no marriages no sense of heritage / Planned Parenthood helping plan miscarriages, but I'm lucky mommy already had a narrative / productive of a teenage love, my arrogance to rise from the pride and the job my parents did / named Mike I was told it was godlike, even danced with the devil came out all right / Ok, honor y'all? No way / still spell Amerikkka with the triple K / word up to Spice 1 and O'Shea / and any MC peepin what I go through / real rap, my last line's too true / rest in peace to Pimp C and Camu two / we do it for you

1. RUN THE JEWELS

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC) and Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)
Co-production by Little Shalimar (Money Makes Me Dance / ASCAP)
Additional keys by Ikey Owens
Horns by Smoeta

2. BANANA CLIPPER (FEAT. BIG BOI)

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC) and Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP) and Big Boi (Polar Bears Toe Nails / Chrysalis Music / BMI)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)

3. 36° CHAIN

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC) and Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)
Co-production by Little Shalimar (Money Makes Me Dance / ASCAP)

4. ODBF

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC) and Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)

5. SEA LEGS

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC) and Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)
Additional guitar by Little Shalimar

6. JOB WELL DONE (FEAT. UNTIL THE RIBBON BREAKS)

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC), Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP) and Until The Ribbon Breaks (Chrysalis Music LTD / BMI)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)
Co-production by Little Shalimar (Money Makes Me Dance / ASCAP) and Wilder Zoby (Eussiescise Entertainment / ASCAP)
Cats by D. Trackstar

7. NO COME DOWN

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC) and Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)
Co-production by Little Shalimar (Money Makes Me Dance / ASCAP)
Additional guitar by Matt Sweeney

8. GET IT

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC) and Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)

9. TWIN HYPE BACK (FEAT. PRINCE PAUL AS CHEST ROCKWELL)

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC), Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP) and Prince Paul (Prince Paul Music / BMI)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)
Co-production by Little Shalimar (Money Makes Me Dance / ASCAP) and Wilder Zoby (Eussiescise Entertainment / ASCAP)

10. A CHRISTMAS FUCKING MIRACLE

Written and performed by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC) and Killer Mike (Aiyah's Music / Royalty Network / ASCAP)
Produced by EL-P (Definitive Jux Music / SESAC)
Co-production by Little Shalimar (Money Makes Me Dance / ASCAP)

EL-P AND KILLER MIKE WROTE THIS SHIT.
EL-P PRODUCED THIS SHIT.
LITTLE SHALIMAR CO-PRODUCED A BUNCH OF THIS SHIT.
WILDER ZOBY CO-PRODUCED SOME OF THIS SHIT.
NICK HOOK, LITTLE SHALIMAR, EL-P AND LEON KELLY RECORDED THIS SHIT
AT SNEAKY STUDIOS AND THE SPACE PIT.
JOEY RAIJA MIXED THIS SHIT WITH ASSISTANCE FROM MIKE NAZ.
JOE LAPORTA AND RAY JANOS MASTERED THIS SHIT AT STERLING SOUND.
NICHOLAS GAZIN DID THE ART FOR THIS SHIT.
FOOL'S GOLD RELEASED THIS SHIT.

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RUN THE JEWELS WOULD LIKE TO THANK IN NO ORDER:

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1. RUN THE JEWELS
2. BANANA CLIPPER (FEAT. BIG BOI)
3. 36" CHAIN
4. DDFH
5. SEA LEGS

TWITTER.COM/THEREALELP
TWITTER.COM/KILLERMIKEGTO
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1. JOB WELL DONE
(FEAT. UNTIL THE RIBBON BREAKS)
2. NO COME DOWN
3. GET IT
4. TWIN HYPE BACK
(FEAT. PRINCE PAUL AS CHEST ROCKWELL)
5. A CHRISTMAS FUCKING MIRACLE

