Oneonta (Eli Porter)

MC Lars

I'm sitting by myself in Oneonta, New York
Typing rhymes on my MacBook, getting to work
I put my headphones on and I hide behind the screen
Because the world is mercurial and the world is mean
Sick of all these boring people so I'm
In the fast lane writing rhyme after rhyme
I hide inside the gigs of the music and the data
shot callin', Myspace, ballin', peace world I'll see you later

I'm sitting by myself in the springs, colorado
well, not alone, with my shadow, i battle
thoughts from the cattle so i dig in my saddle
deflect the mess with my atari paddle
control the flow, these bits is second nature
paper what i make by pushin' data
thank the maker blow out like a circuit breaker
check my facebook man, ill see you later

I'm sitting by myself in Oneonta, New York
Typing rhymes on my MacBook, getting to work
I put my headphones on and get lost in the web
I never liked reality, I'll stay in mine instead
I'm over all the boring, dejected, bitter people
Who run to their dealers, their troughs, and their steeples
I reign supreme in my rhythmic paradise
I kill that demon with my lyrics and it feels very nice

hip-hop integration the igeneration went tech
i hit the streets from the net
now this net vet get props and respect
'Cause i knew what i was doing in the 80s, bet
the computer saved hip-hop made hip-hop
played hip-hop so i return the favor
tell 'em how computers are their savior
like hip-hop gave us this gift the greatest

I studied hip-hop 'cause I had to, I had no choice
I needed an identity I needed a voice
So I found my salvation in the Run-DMC
The KRS, Nas, and Public Enemy
You can take rapper out the British punk show
But you can't take the punk show out the rapper yo
So I'm DIY, till I die, this is why, when I try, (remove comma)
You'll probably see my smiling when you see me flying straight on by

I'm sitting by myself in that san francisco
well not alone 'cause I'm 'bout to spit flows
with my friend lars that i met cuz of music
and if i wasnt rapping then I'd feel abused kid
since i found music I've never had solitude
it will never beat on me or call me names
it will never cheat on me or play those games
it will always be loyal and never change
kick it with the rondos spitting in the studio
blocking out the world when I'm feeling kinda moody yo
getting into paradise, I'm the nerdy coolio
'Cause i got a gift and i feel it is my duty yo

got the fame now came up from dumb luck
and they all know I'm the ish like 2girls1cup
they all know that I'm styling on the interweb
and they all pressing repeat just to hear what i said

[Lars:] I'm the best man, I did it.
[YTCracker:] and they all pressing repeat just to hear what i said

[Lars:] I'm the best man, I did it.
[YTCracker:] and they all pressing repeat just to hear what i said

Now I'm sitting alone, not a stone's throw from the bone show
that I don't seek to star in, already went too far in
that direction: a goodly chunk of lifespan spent
Rapped for half of it, hadn't had an epiphany yet
If I do, its onset's getting attributed to this, though...
sitting by myself in san luis obispo
trying to thumb a ride to the castle keep
where the rich man dwelled with his cash piled steep
where his crimes wouldn't leap from obscurity to prominence
Pen a rhyme while I hitchhike, the beat's ominous
(Why frontalot maybe don't get picked up:
up in the middle of a lyric, you don't want to interrupt
as you fly past.) Isn't it hologram? digital?
Cars and trucks are simulated by the quizzical
GPU who wonders why the threads would intermingle:
the roadside and the rhyming, the b-side and the single