

Art Rap Party

Open Mike Eagle

It's a shelter for battered artists
With nightly contests to see who's been smacked the hardest
But only press half the charges
Cause we love the punishment like any other passive martyrs
It's the Stockholm syndrome
A house full of runaways that's not gon' get home
It's not where overly macho men go
We killed bravado
With a steel Silverado
Twelve step program for pills or the bottle
And right down the hill from a brothel
Sorry sex addicts
Sometimes the party gets crackin'
Groovin' to a soundtrack of REM sadness
(Fiesta!)

We use the term very loosely
We play bid whist and serve cherry juice drink
Dr. Serengeti has a Burberry mood ring
And goes on rants like an absurd Gary Busey

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Cause an Art Rap Party's so smart

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With or without 'shrooms
A boom bap odyssey
Arguing how to record the two-track properly
(Hey, yo, who's that?)
It's new rap possibly
Fucking up my discussion of Bloom's Taxonomy
What's the point I was making?
Debating on whether Barack has joined with the Masons
Various platforms are poised for the taking
Like whether or not 'Pac was anointed as sacred
(Two queens just walked in)
With Grade A faces
In low cut bald fades and gray laced Asics
To get 'em you need to be talking paid vacations
Or have original game like James A. Naismith
(One of 'em's knock-kneed)
The other walks pigeon toed
(One brought Saki)
The other brought dinner rolls
(One wears red locs)
The other's light indigo
(One likes Death Note)
The other likes Ninja Scroll

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C'mon raise your glasses up
As Regan recites a page from Britannica
On the life of Jack Kerouac
Killing everybody like Iraq air attacks
I know you'd like to write scary tracks
Princess Superstar would like her mascara back
Somebody spins Paris Zax
Bringing folks together like the twins in the Parent Trap
Around a Fat Tire keg
We're rappers discussing what other rap writers said
White Rabbit made a wallet out of black spiders' legs
Then we all rap about it 'til the campfire's dead

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