

Bad News Brown (Gamin Journal)

Open Mike Eagle

It's secret
Bad news brown
Took me down
Why can't you ever be-

PSDs, I wrote fickle bills
Keep my psychosis dill pickle
In public
Disturbing, self-commited to curse
Verses nurse my nerves
I'm not civil, speaking in the third
Imaginary people, I'm unstable
'Cause I can't fuck with feeble
Simple shit, make my personality split into triplicate
Fuck rehab, I keep niggas on the nuts with kneepads
Normally, MC for me, with the oratory tracks
Can put more Zs in your blood stream
Than benzos and thorazine
Whether you claim to be saying don't really mean shit
You can stop praying and start brown nostrel groveling
For doctors to throttle that ass
With klonopin. Catch and release
Goldie swan divas
Back in the streets like Whitney
Dehydrated and dizzy, with no spit
Just sad beats and bad weaves
Awkward threw me something certifiabile
Hot off the dub thrust
Thought I was King Jorje
Addressing my loyal subjects like hotep
In the institute
I don't want to share it with the group
With rappers tinted like Billy Vivid
Till they growl silly livid
Emergency, escort him to infirmary
He can't deal with the treatment
Got a lot of demons that keep his chemicals uneven
It's better to leave him in a REM state
They stab him anyway
Hollering about meritocracy
Over errant talk show boats and mockeries
I'd rather stay boxed in the loonie bin
Under lock and key
You can call me crazy aura
Cali caliphate, like my name was Ron Monodes

Let me just
No good clown
Turn me down
Nobody's left singing