

## BET's rap city

Open Mike Eagle

Uh  
Eagle, what up?  
Young  
Sing, kids  
Little badass kids, bricks  
This shit ain't PG, this shit rated X  
Fuck

Young, R.I.P. Easy E  
Open mic Eric Sermon and I'm young PMD  
Plus I DJ like Evil D  
I don't bang but still it's Playboy PBG  
I got fans like R. Kelly, please pee on me  
I'm solo now, bow to the new king Young Zee  
I dropped the twelve disciples, they tryna eat for free, hahahaha  
We want the cash and the Bimmer keys  
I stuffed the eagle in your fuckin' niece's teeth  
Bricks, we leave people six feet beneath  
My knife sharp as the claw on the eagle's feet  
I had guns that swooped the street before Keef was Chief  
I played Isleys Between the Sheets at a meet and greet  
And Teena Marie  
Please don't try me, please  
Or get shot with IEDs, bam

One, two  
Hey, one, two, check, one, two  
Wishin' that they were all  
One, two, one, two  
Yeah

Yeah, we bump the outhouse demos  
Singin' out of townhouse windows  
(Mama say mama sa mama coosa)  
Aunts pacin' for blood circulation  
It's outside Chi, I grew up percolatin'  
Doin' footwork impersonations and got busy  
The TV was fuzzy, the channel was not Disney  
Snares trapped like a caught grizzly  
Caught hell like a launched Frisbee  
Used to eat at Catfish Digby's, little Eagle in the big city  
I made a count like this many  
I'm in a fountain try a pinch pennies  
We had to run, it was unfriendly  
Stuck out her tongue like, "Come get me"  
Summer sun, she was mad pretty  
Watchin' the bootleg of Hav Plenty  
This BET's Rap City  
And shout to Zee for goin' back with me  
One, two, one, two, yeah

All of the people  
Look at the children  
Wishing that they were all  
Look at the children  
All of the people  
Look at the children

Wishing that they were  
Look at the children