

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 swept 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
Snare's 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