

Breezeway Ritual

Open Mike Eagle

Ghetto in the way I drink
Uncle, uncle, my ship sank
Ghetto in the way I think
Hide my troubles, my shit don't stink
Ghetto in the way I move
Watch me groove, Imma sing my blues
Ghetto in the way I talk

My auntie still give God the glory
Shot by the book depository
Never heard one of grandfather's stories
Permanent sadness, constant mourning
22 grandkids, one apartment
Turn the stove on cause we done with darkness
Social workers don't want sons with fathers
When they visit, people bite they tongue the hardest
Magnet programs, baccalaureate
Illinois, Texas, Californian
Half a hand drum, half accordion
Eagle, phoenix, dragon, scorpion
Native American, Merovingian
Made of black bones and a rare obsidian
10 feet tall, not scared of any men
Might blow up but will not go flat
They do not know jack
They try to ask the kettle why the pot so black
Maybe little in the middle but I got yo back

Secret buried in america
Wrote it all down just to tear it up
What if there's a God but it's scared of us?
What if there's a God but it's scared of us?
So they pairing up
They just sit there and stare at us
What if there's a God but they scared of us?
What if there's a God but they scared of us?

My mama's nose
My daddy's eyes
Accent that I
Don't recognize
I'm extra fly
I'm extra big
And I did everything that
I must've did
And I'm just a kid
And I'm hellas old
I collect my blood in a Jello mold
And forever fold
To the nth dimension
Too cool
Too cool
In school suspension
Late for work
Cause I stayed awake
I didn't go to church
But they made a plate

We don't say a word
When they debate
Or whether God exists
Or whether Masons pray to an obelisk
Cause I got the gist
The unlocked abyss
Of where the knowledge is
I seen the angles
How they complement
Subatomic particles do not commit, come on

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