

# Brick Body Complex

Open Mike Eagle

Don't call me nigga or rapper  
My motherfucking name is Michael Eagle, I'm sovereign  
I'm from a line of ghetto superheroes, I holla  
I got something to bring to your attention, attention, attention, attention, attention  
I promise you I will never fit in your descriptions, I'm giant  
Don't let nobody tell you nothing different, they lyin'  
A giant and my body is a building, a building, a building, a building

No services underground  
No sound, when I'm calling home  
City broken my brother's down  
Now I'm standing here all alone  
Sun weathered my monochrome  
My hollow bones David Bowie told me I'm not alone  
I'm overgrown, but these model homes  
Still here, if it's hot or cold  
Still here, if my body move  
Still standing on Cottage Grove  
Still do what I gotta do  
Stone tablet on stone tablet  
I'm old granite, I'm not a tomb  
Y'all can move this whole planet  
I'll hold fast and I follow through  
I promise you

They took us to the shelters, basement, hallways  
Early morning Sunday, midnight, all day  
Do what the adults say, don't engage in horseplay  
People speak in tongues

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My other name is 3-9-2-5  
Make sure that my story's told  
Sixteen or so stories high  
Constructed fifty five years ago  
Winter weather yeah here we go  
Chi Town in my building code  
Stood here for ten million snows  
Wind chilled is all in my bones  
Indivisible in divisible kids and criminals young and old  
No radiator my dungeon cold  
Thunder humming you something slow  
Twenty down and just one to go  
City say they gonna knock me down  
Still wearing my iron hood  
Told y'all you won't stop me now

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Momma's in the basement smokin' something  
We grew up in hazes, projects, dungeons  
Graduation lunches, tried to make us something  
See what we'd become

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