

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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