

## Burner Account

Open Mike Eagle

One, two  
I'm half ghost, half baby  
The fat lady sang, it was bars I ghost-wrote  
Tryna make my way to Mars so I can sell dope guilt free  
Project buildings built me  
And I done felt everything except free  
It's too much trauma, it's not a rom-com  
Countin' the dust bunnies on the end of the pom poms  
Big Mom's oxtails, get down Roswell  
Swans get carpet bombed with blonde bombshells  
I used to hate Los Angeles  
I'm scared of police, it's part of a weight loss regimen  
And I'm spared from false radio hellos  
Makin' sure the bass slaps, Ndegeocello  
In my hood, watch for enemy headbands  
Sick folks cop glittery bedpans  
Hand in my nose like I'm literally Redman  
You do the homework  
My corner's so flamed up, my Bluetooth don't work  
Got caught trying to pay for a YouTube growth spurt  
That's illegal  
Holder of the latch key, fool, I wrote the jingle  
Call her, get a bonus, make it a maxi single  
I talk big shit, but not quite bilingual  
Tell my grandkids the regular flu was hot  
Dude's hid in a computer, duckin' a booster shot  
You saw it too, but you forgot

Submersible with the woofer jumpin'  
If it's pressure, that's where the cooking come in  
Couple onions, somethin' pungent  
Crystals like Fun Dip  
Just a big kid stunnin'  
Toxic, bite me, put a hole in your stomach  
Feed your dogs chocolate  
Blunted at 30k, might rush the cockpit

Out of body movin' out of order, not out of line  
Altering time, not integrity  
New living memory  
No other space but now, wow  
They just move [?] me  
Call it on down  
I asked her, what's your Funkentelechy  
We hold this myth to be a comfort in the crosshair  
The information vacant, I'm assuming warfare  
Staring at the score, I just wanna light the board up  
The fourth [?], don't get caught up

In the studio, talkin' crazy for a check  
Stephen A. Smith, brother said he gotta get it while it's there to get  
He wasn't there when they was shootin' in the Jects, I bet  
But every project sound like he rushin' to the next  
He the type to bag it up wet  
Fuck up the package and blame the connect

Yo, yo

Eighth like brick  
Earth audible black  
Pump fakes in haste  
We waste not for wacks  
Strange time to snoop  
Hands high, relax  
Increase the dose, paradise the patch  
Mint for the vax, almost dragged it to my garden  
Ain't bring me none, I beg your pardon  
How many gods do I remind you of?  
Debate amongst yourselves  
Yourselves, yourselves  
Yourselves, yourselves  
Yourselves, yourselves  
Yourselves, yourselves