

Circuit City

Open Mike Eagle

This time, make sure they're all dead before you leave

I'm a brand new man doing the same dance
It only seems confusing because I changed pants
In sixty days, same as cash
A frog splash off the table like Damon Dash
Poor man's Three Stacks, that means yours
It's the freaks that I speak for, fam that I check for
I seen the mess in your desk drawer
4-D chessboard, but lose at Connect Four
I'm at death's door and I'm pulling a roly bag
My girl mad, 'cause she told me not to grow a shag
I said I want that Alfonso from Silver Spoons
Be a civilian dude with eleventy-million views
I heard a gold mine come with the co-sign
I been playing invisible like I'm Hohenheim
I'm close to getting bovine on niggas phone lines
But no time for that stoner rap that don't rhyme
I been punching this pavement since '09
Just seething, his fist bleeding the whole time
Go ahead of me, grab a seat but don't ever leave
Stay for the post-post-credit scene

Welcome to the honey coated bear trap
Racoons holding on to all that glitters get the rare raps, bear slaps
Posing with opposable thumbs
Get Fonziarelli'd in the deli on disposable drums
I'm moving deadly like a medley from Miyagi
On the okey-
doke, juke the box, choke out all the drifters with the holy smokes
Stick and poke
Jokers pull these cards like it was OSHA colored
Nothing up my sleeve until you bleed
Breathing from another brother from another mother
Heaven Sent like Esthero
Esther Rolle-ing over for the Good Times, but an esper though
Espadrille, walk about this town like it's my canvas
I leave a mark, y'all pointing like, "whose man's this?"

See me high above the clouds, before the stars leaving chem trails
Rapping hard, long lines, waiting to inhale
Got a lotta energy, melanated skin cells
Burn a lotta calories, but never been thin frail
Pin tails on donkeys at birthday parties
Racing on the beach, leaving the opposition salty
Walking up the stairs like the elevator's faulty
Don't monkey around moving machinery or you'll be sorry
Tragic trauma, pain
Swear to never feel this pain again
Fighting in the rain on a rooftop
Crying while I train, it's a montage, on top
Of the wreckage, triumphant
I got x-ray eyes, I can fly and I got endurance
Rumor is, my only weakness is I indulge in too much fun shit
And sometimes I can be redundant
Sometimes my cup overflows and rhymes grow abundant
Sometimes I'm stuck on some dumb shit

But yo, I swear it's tons of fun
Kick it for a minute yo, and you'll know
That it's Chicago where we coming from
That's why we so fucking cold