

Dominick's

Open Mike Eagle

Yo

Caught up in the riptide, secondhand Apartheid
Surfer curl the spliffy jiffy faster than my empty guts could answer with a follow up
Choking on a coping mechanism while the wheel of fortune spins like a religion
Catch a catechism like a prism catches light before it breaks it up
Stems and seeds pretending like this forest ain't the trees
In some amalgam while it's taken up, requested for a manager
Arm and hammer makes the cut, the most exotic dancers
Worked the line and got dashed 'til ellipses leave me speechless
Nectarines are only naked peaches with less sweetness, now
If every name you've ever given never registers
The only names you live in are nametags at the register
I'm asking you to use the simple orders
Won't surprise me if it's broken
I only wanted fries, what are you smoking

Running the median of the lake shore
Holding a two-handed greatsword
Gimme whatever I make a case for
Shout-out to Ceschi and Fake Four
I don't fuck with jet skis and wake boards; I'm too frightened
I'm a Post-Crisis New Titan
I shoot ice and throw strikes of blue lightning
Yeah, I be writin' with little bird feathers
And I got the nerve to think that I deserve better
My therapist said "take up space" so I'm probably 'bout to make mistakes
I've been on the job a long time, my boss on my ass for takin' my eighth piss break
I tell you some shit to make you spit-take
They said it's too late to make a mix-tape?
I painted my face and bought some wrist tape
So many things I bought and misplaced
I need to drink less coffee and lift weights

Yo, yo

To hold the world in the palm of my hand is what my plan is
Ya man's sick, my voice sits all over the bandwidth
I used to ride the 66 Authority transit
Afro-futuristic documentary fanfic
Animated
I see you by the hairs of my chin, glad you made it
To the showroom, we've got a lot of different patterns that we can show you
Hey, what exactly are you lacking?
Got a sure thing brewing if you can provide the backin'
I'm packin' for a rocket trip to the moon and back
I wore my lucky socks and I snacked on a Scooby Snack
Hey, I'm talkin' Lucy in a tab
I'm flyin' across the universe, I'm checkin' two bags
And I got to the carry-on
Momma warned me there'd be days like this, she grew me up very strong

Drop out the Sambo

Tryna make the Billy Dees niggas flip for cheese on you like Lando
You shine like the sun, be like us, don't be mad, bro
Been on that and some since white folks clapped on three and one

All these rappers ignorant, I am not interested
You just got funny clothes on, you are not interestin'
I hit the Dougie like Rico when I put inches in
I got a wicked pen; it's like cheat codes got entered in
This shit's a treat, shit they must be ice cream or Entenmann's
The crowd applause, I be like the writings of sentiments
Y'all bitches bored, like pictures gathered on Pinterest
My vision's scored by Han Zimmer on shrooms
Za-za-za, za, za za za
Za-za-za-za-za za-za-za