

For DOOM

Open Mike Eagle

Yo, this one's for DOOM, one-two
Ahem, shit, one-two
Check it, one-two

Police sirens when the freestyle stylin'
'Cause if my eyes start to get wide, then, it's Three-
Mile Island, yeah
I drank my Ovaltine and redeemed my decoder ring
Got two songs with you, but only spoke through a go-between
Was still proud as fuck to reach ground zero
'Cause who the fuck ever gets to rock with they heroes? Yeah
Combining the rhyme with divine winos
My "Phantom" verse was rewritten three to five times, though
I got a text; my head spun like a Beyblade
I emailed your homie to see if that shit was kayfabe
Supposed to be space-age, everything feeling late-stage
We knew what it was since "Peachfuzz" in the eighth grade
Sing along, you assholes; bring it on, commando
Hand-wrote, just like a letter to the Vietcong from Rambo
Read it all out, ramble, I know it
And yo, this candle, I'ma hold it over vocal samples
I'm a vandal and a poet
My dance ain't the prettiest; my pen ain't the fanciest
My pancreas is fucked the fuck up, like Sid and Nancy's is
I think miscellaneous, and I talk like a know-it-all
I used to buy vodka – was basically isopropynol
I melt rings stolen from a whole host of elf kings
In my bedroom crying like a soul-broken whelping
The news, it knocked it out me like Ronda Rousey
Fool, you're 'bout to sell more masks than Dr. Fauci
I'm copping one off Etsy to rock it proudly
I'm dadbod, Saved by the Bell-y, Kelly Kapowski
I wrote this rhyme on a rock with a sickle, too
Got a pic of you spittin' on some art in my living room
I memorized your lyrics and seen every interview
I looked into the eyes of the piece – he ain't really you!

Supervillain
This nigga got me again, Goddamn
Rest in peace