

Free-Writing Exercise

Open Mike Eagle

They wrote us a plan
They dotted the I's
They wrote on our hands that this is not a surprise
Every line is a lie
Except that one above
Keep an eye on the sky through to the back of the sun
An immaculate pun
Or immutable truth
Don't believe in the game
If you can see it's the same
We don't need us a plane
Pretty wings or a saucer
All the early adopters
On my whirly-a-copter
Rockin' dirty gollashes
Torn hospital gowns
Them locking us down is mission impossible now
There's too many to count
And in any amount
They'd rather be dead than trapped in a pattern again
Burnt to the surface like ashes scattered in winds
Return to the earth as matter and mass
We shattered the glass
With this animal jazz
Then we jimmy'd the lock off of the idiot box

Rappers will die of natural causes
Some will be born with cerebral palsy
They better be really clever and ballsy
Goals better be lofty
If not I'm terribly sorry
Thought I'd ride in a fast car ferrari
With TV screens playing jaguar atari
Dreads in my head that's sans rastafari
I'll pretend to smile cause I can't stop the party
I think the lithium caused that lethargy
All that lethargy can't be a part of me
We used to get it in like a hypodermic needle and syringe
Now we're just sitting on the skin
Pissing in the wind
With shit eating grins
Sipping gin and juice but who the fuck likes gin
Wild as an East Oakland side show
Now we never let that side show

Unplug it shut it down cut the power cord
Push all the buttons and break all the levers off
Unplug it shut it down cut the power cord
Push all the buttons and break all the levers off
And if the sky falls go on ahead let it fall
Cause everything we could lose don't belong to us
We just holding it up
Going through the same motions, doing a dance
I'm here to ruin your plans

I had a dream when the night ended
Drake and Com was battling for who was the most light skinned

When I was young I had a pair of white denim
Jeans I rocked with a holy girbaud shirt
I should get a degree in biology
So I can name a flu the Mongolian Throat Hurt
Don't date on the scene
Cause some of the young groupie girls ate blowedean yogurt
If you know what I mean
The crew is respected and held high in local esteem
Technical like Francis Ford Coppola scenes
A bad analogy cause I really don't know what it means
I rap good, cover my face with a black hood
Cause guns couldn't fuck me up like hair from a cat could
Allergic
Like when you gotta use lambskin condoms
Cause a girl's got a sensitive surface

Open up the cabinets
There's canned food in the panview
There's creamed corn, there's sardines, there's corn beef and spam too
I've been all around the world, now everything is feeling closer
See my neighbors live in safe gated villas on my shoulders
I double lock the deadbolts, nobody's coming over
Like that bad bitch who breathes easy when I choke her
Let's freefall
You know I second guess a free lunch
I fill my quota with a freestyle
So now I don't give a free fuck
You want something from me for free?
Nowadays I freeze up
All you get's a free bag of freeze dried these nuts
Yeah, this little trip to the vet was fun
But fuck this shit, nigga, I'm done
Hellfyre

Unplug it shut it down cut the power cord
Push all the buttons and break all the levers off
Unplug it shut it down cut the power cord
Push all the buttons and break all the levers off
Eh, you know what fuck putting a chorus there
I'm half chicken and half brontosaurus bear
I know the portions there could use tweaking
If I was Johnny Gill, I'd be mad at The Weeknd
I guess shit's different when you market it to white folks
I had a hold on my hate for the R&B
But God damn it the string to my kite broke
Eh shit, I guess I fucked off my Drake collab
I'll just take a bath a watch some more Breaking Bad
Wha-