

Go Home

Open Mike Eagle

Whether it's the weekend or weekday night
You know the Swim Team's gonna rock until ya go home

Show's over
(Lights out)
If I don't know ya
(Bye now)
We rocking 'til the vocoder dies out
Ladies you can go home or roll over my house
Nice blouse
That'll match perfectly on my white couch
All the die-hard fanatics go to dive bars
Where you can see live art and a show
I got a fatty rolled
I'll blow it on the patio
Then tally-ho back on stage
And make my final cameo
'Til all ya'll wanna stay
(Can We?), No!
You really want to?
(Yeah! Yeah!)

Badly? (No)
So let me make it loud and clear:
You do have to go home
And get the hell up outta here

If art imitates life
Then life's imitating art
Cause every moment I breathe
I need to be razor sharp
You ain't creative
Well maybe you should just play your part
And live in hiatus
Cause your playlist just got a change of heart
A major spark of imagination
Could lessen a little aggression
So stop neglecting
Your self-expression therapy sessions
To me it's being artistic
Every second could lead to something articulate
Even all the misfits don't want it against me
I'm Leonardo da Vinci with the heart of an MC
Vincent Van Gogh with a wicked rap flow
And I'm Michelangelo with an easel
Don't tempt me

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Sound and color theory
I got an overstock series of Krylon oil acrylics
Crayola codes compose to paint the ceiling with vivid surrealism
'Til your ears leak crimson ink finish
Live canvas collage self-portraits

Perform unique image
Styles of beyond
Reachin' belief in what you seein'
Imagination zoned out like you be eating amanitas
But let me ease up for a second
Put away the easel
Admiring my anesthetic sketches from afar
Illustrated thoughts mirror mirage
Reflected off the wall
They yelling encore before we close out
Shut the show down
Thanks for the support
But yo it's time to go now

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Psycho scores the purest chocha
Playing like I got four controllers
I won't eat no meat that ain't die for me to get close to
(Imitation's the sincerest form of flattery)
Look at her!
She ain't the sharpest painting in the gallery
But she'll dip out the back with me without me even asking
If or when she plan to leave like
You got the keys right?
Let's motivate
I've overstayed my welcome
Baby
Walk it out
Bike and route ride it out 'til I get out
And hitch hike to somewhere I can rollerblade to hell from
Maybe
Maybe not
Skirt shark
I can smell perfume from eighty blocks with my nose stopped
And nose stuffed from a cold in a cold front
With the snow up to my nose froze to my cold ducts

Open brings his own 'cause the microphone sucks
I sing but reproducing that type of tone's tough
I bought me a harmonizer to liven shows up
Ladies and gents it was nice to meet you
This is Michael Eagle
Signing off for all of the righteous people
Wipe the easel
It's a finished mission
If you get the vision
Then your spirit'll be in mint condition
If you listen you'll notice that Open isn't Christian
We still gon' end it with a benediction
Everybody let's go home
So welcome to my sanctuary
We're all the same even if skin of the different races vary
The enemies make a face that's scary
But they're Frankenberg
And I'm fearless after a case of sherry
Gimme another shot of holy water
So I can stay afloat
Like a leaky yacht in a boat regatta

Before I go into some old Sinatra
I can recite a whole sonata
Like the thirty man code in Contra
And leave seeds like a broken father
Most MCs they need soap and water
In the key of C my approach is awkward
Until I bust some Beethoven on ya

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