

Hymnal

Open Mike Eagle

So.... sleepy
When I snap my fingers

To thine own self, be felt-tip
Hip as a belt clip
With a helmet fit for helpless feels
If you can help it
Reassess the unarmed
Leave refreshed and unharmed
Bring milk and honey to the funny farm
See the rest become charmed dumb
"An apple a day," what apple sellers say
I was brought into this world with the instinct to back the hell away
And the will to write a rap song as long as an Alaskan day
To fight to balance those two feels is a personal passion play
But so what?
Flying fucks is thrown at rolling doughnuts
My feet is cold, but so what?
Cause I'm bold enough to show up
I- what's the hold up-
-side down, ketchup bottle speed
Uncoordinated, running with pigeon toes and knobby knees
God damn it, folks will follow me
Bucket of random body parts
Master of the sloppy arts
Like Kindergartners trying to be done
Big dumb-dumb trying to fly to the sun
I'm dried up and look at what I have become

Sing it like a church song
Like a old-time prayer from a dead man written on a notebook
Draw with a ink pen
Like it doesn't even matter if it go, God damn it, it's the first time
Make it like a mistake
Sing it like a church song
Written when the shit wasn't going right
Sing it like it don't hurt
Like it can't break
Like it's this big

I ain't no chili pepper
I ain't got mama's gun
I ain't in Evanescence
I ain't in All-4-One
I got a dumb agenda
Can't even make a plan
If you remember the moment come here and shake my hand
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I'd rather be hiding alone like some Ewoks
Up in tree tops
Creeping around like I'm T-Boz
Steeping the grounds in my teapots
But I'm Steve Jobs
On my Apple updating my E-Shops
Eat a apple a day, take a brief pause
Take a nap, lie awake in-between sobs
Then I rap and I pray and the grief stops
My ego take cheap shots
Can't believe how she speak to me
She talks like it's neat pushing buttons like key fobs
Well good day, bitch, I'm writing this beat knocks
Tryna pen classics like Reeboks
Or Greek thoughts or a Fleet Fox
And teach a good message like Aesop's
That stick to my skin just like grease spots
So forget all the things that my dreams cost
Yeah, I'm getting my kicks, fuck some clean socks
Ice cold, we living like freeze pops
Cause I'm gonna take licks while I defrost
Divest from your demons, and weak stocks
And invest in your team 'til your scene pops
It might mean wearing jeans 'til the seam pops
But don't wait like Dre did with Detox
No hate hinder me, I will clean clocks
Like today, I can't play, I don't give fucks
I won't change what I say, take your screenshots
Yeah, I'm just being me that's what she wants
And this might seem weird cause a dream stops
When you wake up but for the sake of
Finding peace, no sleep when you dream jobs
Now please, go be who you dream of