

Montgomery Ward

Open Mike Eagle

Yo, count the beads
My meditation's medication counts the pills as trees
My evergreen's extraordinary future's in the leaves
My channel for the UHF holds VHF and then some magnetic
The Northern Fist prophetic with addendums
Lord Rao, I conquer
That name again is Mr. Plow
And thou? Fresher than Mr. Sparkle?
Take a bow, and how
Disrespectful to dirt until it hurts
My paradise in afterbirth was Kurt Cobain and dim sum
"Nevermind" the hymn sung, the Pope into the casket
I'm scattershot, the random thoughts lay cases into baskets
Great dane versus mastiff, dog eat dog
Crack cocaine versus the last spliff, and cop sees all

Slippin' into somethin' special, a little decadent
Thinkin' 'bout how the pencil can make you drift a bit
Into the perfect distancin', magnificent
Disappearin' from the scent of mags spent on the innocent
We needin' that getaway, like height to featherweights
'Cause the hyper life need tender, take commercial breaks
Consequently I meditate to get it straight, elevate
Set my chamomile, contemplate
Inner child, feed her needs
While bein' conscious and not lettin' narcissism bleed through
So I'm in the mental field up to my knees' boots
Readin' away, healin' and writin' a verse a day to nurse the pain
The therapies are perfect form of play
Validates, needin' to isolate from looks of ice grill hate
When ostracized by smiles of fake

I sleep like a baby, but when I wake up, I feel grown
When the weather's getting rainy, I can feel it in my bones
We got the South, East, West, North
Put it all together and it spells SEWN
That's what I'm on
Needles, thread, and patternin'
Obsessive collection, Fabric: The Gatherin'
David collects friends, he hoards experience
I fear his FOMO, OP much but never trend
Video David, the idiom maven
Doom scrollin', news cycle chasin'
Do fish piss? Man that's some horseshit
Don't look me in the mouth, I'm gifted, need to get my grill fixed
I'm gettin' to the point of keepin' it real
I'm kinda lyin' sayin' music ain't payin' no bills
One time I signed a deal, I thought that would be heaven
But that cash ain't gon' last past the 27th
I'm going crazy 'til I go nuts
Hell, it's time to make the donuts

It's time to make the donuts, yeah yeah yeah
Is change truly possible?
Can something realistically move the obstacles?
Can I turn this inclement weather tropical?
With or without a war machine?

'Cause I'm so tired of livin' here
Fuck Joe an' COBRA, I'm joinin' the Iron Grenadiers
So paint my head gold, I'm sharp as a shootin' leghold
Puttin' hand-written fortunes in vegetarian egg rolls, yeah
Indie rappers deserve government subsidies
Or else we'll make other discoveries
And have to publish findings reluctantly
A way where it's no way, don't say
Only paint where it's okay
And then appropriate how I disobey
You talkin' outta both sides
You gotta die a little bit to ghostwrite, oh my