

# 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