

Multi-Game Arcade Cabinet

Open Mike Eagle

Dune city, no one I knew took pity
The moon wit' me, every utterance a nature sound
Yogibogeybox iridescent, pileus clouds
I study the old scrolls with sincerity
The prosperity of the sole proprietor climbed higher
Gin soaked raisins by the fire, while I strum these blues
Duckin' bad news in several precincts
This machine in my hands allows me to talk with dead niggas
Mitochondrial Eve, the Mocha Lisa, bogus rebreather
Eyes full of fate, relapsed meat eater
With a hand full of bullet grapes, bodeen
Moving quiet as ghost feet
A sip is earned, the plot dreading this next turn

Yo, I'm the type you either grow to love or learn to hate
Ain't no in-betweens, I'm either heavy, or a featherweight
To set it straight, my broken arrows laurels
Folk dancin', last chances
Carved from the ashes of wasted olive branches, technology advances
In the hands of the average, savagery will make a Stallion a glue factory de
fect
My name is only Z, so nothing after me, respect
The sleep you're getting won't be smooth or easy
Disease, plague, and pestilence complete me
Delete me, the vacuum of my absence is the presence of catastrophe
Everybody on the mountaintop thought they were man enough
Every hero has a plan until the blueprint self destructs
Everything the light touches is up for discussion
Heavy conversation, ultimatum, bluffing, then nothing

One, two, ay, ay, ay, ay
I got different trains of thought I invented
I presented back the rental, "What? That panel been dented."
Shady cop stopped my legend, said my window's too tinted
I sent a text, cause and effect, regret I sent it
I gets blinted, it helps me stay vented
One time I acted like O-Dog, I was a menace
I take a slow jog, or walk
"What is the difference?" says the walker
Coincidence, says the stalker
"I am not Spider-Man," says Peter Parker
The devil is a lie, my levels always high
I never say goodbye, I fly like a bird who never learned how to fly
I just tried and didn't die

Just learn to, learn to fly
One, two, yeah
I went through the back door with Oswald
My codename was The Afro Scofflaw
My grandma was half asshole and half Choctaw
We connected like Black Bolt and Lockjaw
Yeah, I'm Chief Kanisky, I know all your secret history
You got a playlist called Read the Mint Leaves
I listened and it was all me and Mitski
Put dough up, I watch when my coins fail
I think I'm Orson Welles avoiding voicemail
This is phase three, niggas wear paisley

Big shout out to Count Bass D
I'm sleepy, sometimes I'm sneaky
I internet strong, feelings are hurt weekly
I fly the Apache or I'm a guy at the factory
My thing with the times, too divided, exactly