Nightmares

Open Mike Eagle

I went to bed at midnight
And the clock said 1, 2, 3...
Go 'head and close your eyelids
And then tell me what you see
Cause every word that comes through me
It was born in a nightmare

I met some old friends recently
They on a whole new frequency
I made some new friends the other day
But they was talking 'bout colorways
You can't rock clothes like Kanye
Then go home with frozen entrees

Yo, Give me food truck tacos
Heavy sour-cream, no cilantro
Rap's all post-modern
A bunch of style authors but no fathers
I stay familiar with my lineage
And spend a lot of time defending it

Yeah, I think I would've made a great panther
I used to be a break dancer
And I used to smoke a pack a day
But I got scared of the face cancer
I pray to God like Esther Rolle
That I'll be blessed with some breath control

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Yo, I want shag on my floor charred carpeting
And "Oh God," singing four-part harmony
Go to the valley, get a manager
Who specializes in porn-star marketing
I wish every day was Halloween
I'd be Frylock from the Aqua Teens

Yo. Why? I don't know why
Maybe to make the time go by
Maybe I got bats in my belfry
But if it was that, who could tell me?
You say the things that you overheard
I see the things that you don't observe
The written life strictly synthesized
And tricks the eyes like lower-thirds

I see the future for city niggas
Gang-banging with samplers on midi-triggers
A different future for rural folks
Cause that will be where the tourists go
To take pictures of families with real-
life first cousins, sisters and aunties

Yo, I got a heart like a Buick motor
And play my part like a super soldier
I got a mind like a steel toe
I be walking on my heels, though
The internet and the cable's out
Man, I should go get a paper route

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