

Original Butterscotch Confection

Open Mike Eagle

All my niggas with Vulcan ears
Are auctioneers for these tape deck airlifts
While these thuggy rugby playing Huggy bears
Rally for same-sex marriage

They're having children out of wedlock after latex tearing
Leaving their honorable families disgraced
Embarrassed

They rap in Gaelic hair care tips and run shit like a legless heiress
Wait, what the fuck am I saying?

The pen's pregnant
It's waddling with its ankles swollen
About to give birth to what should have been the Bangles' opus
It's a bouquet full of faded roses
But tighter than Lederhosen
When German tanks invaded Poland

But not as tight as the acceptance speech
That I gave the thankful mole men
As I'm crowned king
I'm Yao Ming under the turntable molding
I've got the sexiest job
Espionage and fandangled coding
As I lie to millions like Dan Rather

Well, fuck it
I'll be a dance rapper
Fastening my pants backwards
Rambling about Franz Ferdinand and Franz Kafka
For spittin' it nice
I'll give you advice like Ann Landers

And from me you shall be handed lanyards
Before you're picked clean
Your haircut's 16 when you're obviously 36
Gravy drips on your pancreas in my serving dish
Cause I don't approve bookings of Sexual Chocolate's front man
I crush his glands to the size of a Hershey's kiss
In a cursing fit

We get down like treasure hunters unearthing shit
Nasty as Heather Hunter's leather covered nursing tits
Writing with feathers from buzzards on weathered rubber
And these cheddar lovers suck
Cause they've yet to discover Thirsty Fish

Mother f' your puckered pecker when you're dressed like Sgt. Pepper

This larkish feather writes the largest letters on the parchment ever

Cut the cheddar stutter-stepper and I'll glue your stuff together

Stuffin' letters cussin' cause I like your mother's muffins better

See you've been outted by the unexcitable diploma earner

Sojourner Truth's afterbirth hanging off of some Chola's cursor click

We stick together like frozen burgers
The shit we spit is original as the oldest
Werther's Butterscotch confection

Man these fools can't even rap half as tight
I be going to their funerals blowing bagpipes, aha
Fool, I'm twice as dope, I'm longer than an isotopes half-life
Get it, cause I'm long, I'm long, I'm long
Either my shlong, or my career, ugh
Yea, I'm a cypher eradicator, No I'm not
Too old for that shit, too old for that shit
So I got to go on with it, rapping...