

Peak Lockdown Raps

Open Mike Eagle

It's the first one in a minute
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It's been a long time
It's been a-
Ooh!
It's this song

I knew I've been sittin' with myself too long
I started writin' and I couldn't really stop
I wrote these four bars and I put it at the top
I got a discount code for therapy
I hit go and I got rickrolled apparently
It was a big blow
This is unfortunate
Like two twins raised each in a different orphanage
They both got abandoned
That's the sad part
Can't wait to say this verse to you in the club
Art on my wall is framed, virtual ticket stubs
I got person who do not remember when it was
For my next trick, survival
I know the dance and I do it good
Wish I could process fast as computers could
My thoughts is like termites chewing through the wood
I'm from the inkwell
I'm too damn tired to remember another detail
I dedicate this to my brothers that never sleep well
I was writing this song
On Twitter, Godzilla started fighting King Kong
I said why not, had a little giggle
Wrote these bars right here and stuck 'em right in the middle
It didn't happen
The year didn't happen
E'rbody, yeah

Talkin' like the year didn't happen
I feel like I should hear it in the rappin'
Since we all had unkempt beards and weird interactions
The last dream
I took a Prilosec
I died a violent death tryna pilot a giant mech
Shit
I'm playing hooky from the clever kid school
I always been chillin' but never been cool
My walls, I choose whatever gets through
Do this
You should probably face facts
If you can't dance good then you probably can't rap
When that bap came down everybody came back
Hang back

It's the same as a Thanos snap
We in the space tryna race in potato sacks
Labels, Space Balls, Winnebago packed
Red, black, and green flag pole in the dirt
Burn bundles of strange herbs sold in Leimert
Fuckin' older than dirt

Making moves, making lunch, and making beats
Single-layer, on a non-stick baking sheet
Pay dues to the dinosaur local
On my death bed I'ma try a Four Loko
Performative Twitter give me the gas face
Self-employed socialist looking for tax breaks
Yeah, yes delighted
Toys-R-Us trips, watch kids get less excited
'Til it ain't none left

I know you can tell from my voice how excited I am
But, uh
You can't actually because-