

Someplace Quiet

Open Mike Eagle

I tried to keep it cool on the car ride
I didn't wanna drool on the barfly
I can see the tag on your undergarments
And your bag from the Walmart gun department
Your breath is incendiary
It smells like sex in a cemetery
When I try to cross your riverbanks
I'm given blankets infected with dysentery
Complex but your visions vary
You vote left and don't question the military
I wanna comb for the nuance
And sort it all out from the perspective of missionary
We've been trapped in this club for years
The same all-American sudsy beers
I hear the bass thump unplug my ears
I'm still trying to figure out your dumb brassiere
Would you ever like to visit space?
Or see a rap guy who doesn't make a rigid face?
You could ride with your people, fly with an Eagle
Or stay in a pigeon's place
I used to hate this side of you
I couldn't 'preciate how you ride with fools
I was like "these people hate women"
And then I peeped the escapism

I wanna go someplace quiet
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Your garage or someplace like it
So I can get something private off
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Your backseat or someplace like it
So I can get something private off

Like you ain't rockin' at Blowed and getting [?]
You ain't about the money, you only about the fans, and
You not tryna get me out the club, into my pants
Like all dudes ain't in the same plate, just in different acts
You lookin' at me like you think I'm down with your program
Like I'mma just come over and bobblehead on your snowman
Like I ain't just a [?], I'mma leave here with your broke ass
Hot breath all in my ear, nice and white but I'mma pass
Ring the alarm, please, someone call security
I came to have a drink not be harrassed intellectually
Honestly, for real, dude, it's kinda startin' to bug me
All this conversation just to get close to my love things
Either way it goes you're kinda knockin' on some "not now"
Wrong message, wrong place, dude, chill the fuck out
Righteous intellectual, writing fuckin' art raps
We in the club to dance, professor tryna teach a class

Pump your brakes, kid, I just got here
Don't need your breath all hot up on my ear
Don't really care what you kickin' and it's clear
Cause we standin' by the speaker and I cannot even hear
Chill out, folks, cause we all chillin' here
Don't need your front all pressed up on my rear

You sellin' something or you want something, it's clear
You got some kinda angle even if it's only square

I remember all the kites flown
From your two-way pager to your iPhone
I remember them striped dresses
With the long-ass split for your thigh's presence
You always say you ain't stayin' long
Just tryna hear that one J'Davey song
That kinda anticipation to dance is what these damn DJs prey upon
So give me rum in a coconut
I'd share some but I'm broke as fuck
And call one cab for the both of us
And one sub sandwich to soak it up
Your heart's set on fancy stars
So I drove like a Nascar champion
Now I'm in Zanzibar panicking
This goddamn bar tab's gargantuan

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