The Curse of Hypervigilance (In Politics, Romance, and Cohabitation)

Open Mike Eagle

You came through town in an old Jeep Looking like 1997 Won a few hearts with a bold speech Talking 'bout let's go find the weapons Talking 'bout let's be good again And looking like all niggas ever wanted oh Big time bank hand wins again We get a new name plate but they own the Office Feels so good when we go to auction Four year lease with a low deposit Get a hundred loans so you can go to college Your diploma's rolled into a polish sausage Umpteenth time we believe the theater Wished upon a piece of meteor While the greediest men, they needed disguise But here's a news flash: the media lies

I've seen it all, I've seen it all Shoulda known, shoulda known Shoulda known, shoulda known

How long was you pent up Your little pinch of defense sucks You was an early bird to the 33rd But that certain word was you tensed up And I know cause I'm watching too close Like a type-2 dude with food with mad glucose Hark! who goes there? I'm centurian I'd be curious as my caesarian section Alas shit look mysterious Inside-quakes coulda shook the pyramids Searching between all the Cushion areas I warned you I wish you took me serious Deleterious been dropping facts They got co-conspirators so watch your back And I'm paranoid so you can not relax And I never holla so don't holla back

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You put some shit in my mashed potatoes
The list of suspects is just you
You put a scratch on my Masekela
Put a tiny rock on my left shoe
Put smelly shit on my car keys
Sticky shit in my Arizona
Shrunk my shirt so the arms squeeze
Hid my miniature Testarossa

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