

The Processional (Funeral March)

Open Mike Eagle

What's all the racket? I'm sorry, it was me, sir
Ridin' down Slauson bumpin' '97 Weezer
Don't know all the lyrics but I hit the keywords
All my favorite tunes are from when phones had receivers
Got a lady and I'm on my way to meet her
Gonna form a union like a local group of teamsters
Get your tweezers, do and buy your research
Hot enough to press a graphic image to a t-shirt
Party people if you're hungry get a spoon
I'll bend the same laws and put a monkey on the moon
Load a missing link between a human and baboon
You can watch the words flutter like they flew from a cocoon
But keep your people close or they can get consumed
And these air balloon rapper's broken, you can smell the fumes
Don't know what you're getting like you're opening for DOOM
I'll be sneaking up on rappers just to choke 'em with a broom

Party people do you feel me
And if you disagree you should feel free
If you with it, raise your hands to the ceiling
And I ain't afraid to ask you again
Party people do you feel me
And if you disagree you should feel free
If you with it, raise your hands to the ceiling
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Nonsensical like spooning your cornbread
And everything that humans are force fed
The Swim Team's getting views like a porn thread
Because we blow it up like nuclear warheads
Ya'll the kernels, it's about to be popcorn
Organic music like a bum with a washboard
I do the dishes while I'm humming avantcore
This evening is for rapping, keep the gun in your sock drawer
Passive listeners, this music is not yours
My crew can chew up every dude in your top four
These other rappers should be doing a lot more
We keep the party rocking, plus we're doing an encore
And we'll be keeping your hands up
Gon' brush your shoulders off and sweep off the dandruff
And all party people should stand up
No fence sitting in the house, time to man up

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Party people do you feel me
And if you disagree you should feel free
But if you with it, raise your hands to the ceiling
And I ain't afraid to ask you again
And I ain't afraid to ask you again
And I ain't afraid to ask you again
And again, and again, and again
And again, and again, it goes

One, two, three, we gon' turn it out

And get it bump to the beat, we just scream and shout
And when we hit with the shit we got here
We gonna blow your mind

We keep it moving like this, we keep it moving like that
When I die I'ma only come back
Yo, I'm saying if you think that you can step to me wrong
Don't even waste your time