

# 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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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