

Unaplogetic

Open Mike Eagle

I'm underground man like I'm beneath the streets
I dress nice but I ain't no goddamned sneaker freak
I freestyle, if you need receipts buy CDs from me
These good for nothing scenesters, treat me like a piece of meat
And if I am it's gotta be well done Filet Mignon
I'm a walking rail gun, aiming songs, saying Psalms
Yay though I walk through the valley of mediocre monuments
I promise to break 'em off, until the day that they evolve

This to all the adolescent Negro lads
Who make sketches and day dream the whole class
In '96 they would have been De La Soul fans
(In 2010) It's My Chemical Romance
Still rebellin' since it's the first sign of intelligence
(Today) Shirt size more relevant
Tight long sleeves won't disguise your melanin
But it's too late to lionize the four elements

And I won't apologize for it
This is not a bunch of ravings but a bunch of black man's art
And I promise
The status quo will never be my friend
And I promise
The way it is'll never be again

Shows filled with back packers
And drunk party girls in heels and black rap shirts
Scene's built on the backs of black rappers
(Somehow) When I'm asking for cash you can't answer
Descendants of the folks that shackled my ancestors
Come to watch us battle and cackle like Fran Drescher
That's the demographic since it's been adapted
Bottled up and sold as some old nigga magic

Now everybody's got a rapper friend
But my name's higher on the flyer
There's a reason I'm performing after them
You know what makes you seem less important?
You just came here to cock jock your best friend's boyfriend
You don't deserve to stand there
Embezzling our damn air
Showin' unemotional fanfare
And acting like you can't care
Well I don't give a fuck if you're somebody's co-worker
From So-and-So Burger
That freestyles with MC Mo Murder

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Every time you see me in the place
You can see it on my face
I got raps full of dope like Maria Full of Grace
Like a cheetah with the pace
But not a cheater in the race
The kids make me sick like gonorrhea anyway
Too many egos in the way
Thinking somebody should king 'em
In a kingdom, but Rome didn't shank Caesar in a day

Cause my little brother never heard of Little Brother
Cause all the girls in their video kept their nipples covered
The only ones he can discover
Are the ones that please Viacom's executive nigga lovers
So it's another monkey-po gimmick
Sambo videos with country crows in 'em
Middle school virgins playing run-and-go-get-it
Cause they memorized songs about nuttin' on women