# Whiskey And Push-Ups

**Open Mike Eagle**

My telephone is listenin' and trackin' all my moves
I'm surrounded by my enemies and don't know what to do
I got good news, I got eye-witness
I drink whiskey and do push-ups
I drink whiskey and do push-ups
I drink whiskey and do push-ups
I'm prayin' that my liver can keep filterin' this booze
I'm surrounded by your darkness and regardless what I choose
I got good news, I got eye-witness
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Yeah, I'm back in my dumb bag, don't scroll past
Gotta double back, give it a double tap and thumb drag yeah
Back on my cold shit, that old spit, that baggier clothes fit
But no happy faces, lasers, and glow sticks though
My vision salient grey, I visit aliens and aim
At African Methodist Episcopalia, I
I'm in my Dropbox, downloading Comstock at high-speed
No need to brown-nose or hob-nob, naw
I'm an unlicensed architect and Martian tech is hidden in the verses, so fie
nds search for the carpet specks, dang!
Catch me deep in my language bag
Reverse the earth's spin fast to I can change the past
Black specter, [?] like back catcher's hands
Put a crowd in a frenzy like masked Mexican wrestlers can
He's a top guy, as high as a pop-fly
Can go full grim, [?] nice as a Mogwai
So don't feed me after or midnight or feed me at all
I'm kinda tired of tryna reason with y'all

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Yeah, I'm back on my default
Pot of plain rice wit' a couple packets of sea salt
Sometimes the rhyme is an island with beach balls
Swing to the right a bit to balance my see-saw
Yeah, this ain't my first rodeo
Came to the earth wit' a sickness older than polio
Yeah, I'm a product of them homes
Hard not to stumble when bass rumbles your shin bones
I'm black Alex Summers stuck in a rear pinch
Chest pressure measures a hundred pounds per square inch
I got a needle for ya biggest balloon
So let's hope we settle differences soon

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My name is Open Mike Eagle
You have been invited into a Closed Session
This is what a Closed Session sounds like
You're privileged


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