

White Hen

Open Mike Eagle

That's before I put that apple sauce on it
Ay, one two
Uh huh, yo, yo

Somethin' old, somethin' new, uh
Two things borrowed, three things blue
Most things black, green and red
To understand what I said
Put the dictionary down, pick up the catalogue instead

Eatin' candy in the bed, I kept me one butterscotch
I'm playin' Lover's Rock
I judge a book by its cover if it's Shutterstock
The homie got fake rubber tops just to bust undercover cops

21 Jump Street with the blackjack advantage
Double down the fifty-seventh passenger to bet on
Snipin' like I'm slicker than the taxes I evaded
Walkin' in the daylight like this butterfly is double-bladed

Overstated, I can fly twice as high as Never Ending
Found my cadence, 'Geti told me keep it friendly
Talk about the type of shit that triggers memories
But don't dwell, gotta keep it present
I have a cornucopia of friendships
So if we have to end this, my sadness won't be endless
That's foresight and pre-psych
I got more rights but still got three strikes
Shit, I'm out

VAUD with the Dear John letter, OME with the interweave
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay checkin' my Twitter feed
No info for enemies, not what the survey really said
I'm old as Bill and Ted, pointin' like Hervé Villechaize

It's Rift with the follow-up, year is tiger like the uppercut
The surgery that we discussed to reconstruct is not enough
The scarring is more than superficial
My demeanor from a childhood catchin' hands as though my dad was named Mishi
ma
Heihachi, the carbon copy got me through the forgery
I thought I was the one, but I miscounted, 'cause there's more of me

The score to me always reads like I'm down
So rally caps, hustle up, turn that frown upside down
No retractions, no living in fractions
It's time to take action
Learn to moonwalk and backspin

Dry January, sippin' coffee so I can feel somethin'
Homie, where you get that shield from?
I'm out here catchin' weaponry feelin' real dumb
Is that a steel drum?
Is it really real son?
I'm tryin' to build somethin', I'm tunnelin' around
And Brummel and Brown, you stir it up, it's comin' around
I'm tryin' to separate the memories from somethin' profound

And I'm the captain of a ship about to run in the ground
I'm just fuckin' around, this is gonna be great
Everything's gonna be fine