

## Eliza Doolittle

### "Hold Tight"

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Misunderstood, misguided maniac,  
Lacking social skills and will to fit your mold.  
I told your kind before not to expect the world  
From I who hates the world,  
I'll burn your flag unfurled.  
Propel my anger past rage,  
What you thought was phase is the air to my everyday  
I raise a fist against your rusty cannons  
Abandon my every shred of decency  
Devise plan to topple politician in vicinity  
Your ideas of liberty, archaic  
You took freedom and enslaved it.  
I don't portray the role of revolutionary,  
Just slice the jugular of society on a Tuesday  
While crews play cypher-cypher-freestyle  
I listen to Miles with inverted smile inking scrolls in  
Exile.

Infantile attempts by heads at bending necks  
You pose no threat  
Behind the ears you still wet  
Hold tight to stereotypes like Newport cigarettes,  
Pitbulls as pets, and bootleg mix cassettes.  
Infantile attempts by heads at bending necks  
As my mind grew you slept.

Expect no friend from this form I took  
You mistook me as one of your own  
I bleed words of the griot onto poems  
Lonely wanderer,  
There's no honor amongst thieves,  
There's more than amongst Mc's  
Who needs enemies with friends like these  
Quick to deaden pulse for that Maltese mic  
Beware the Cannanites performing pagan rites  
At twilight as last of the embers glow bright

One can see the looseness where things were once  
tight.  
I prefer reciting prose over compositions by Riech.

Recite...  
They impolite...  
Neophytes...  
So trite.

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I vent my anger on all angles  
Would strangle angels if they'd let me.  
Suspect entire populous in attempts to suppress me  
Left empty when all I trusted rusted thin...  
Able to see true layers,  
Undefined tongue I spoke to familiar strangers, now  
Seems even stranger  
Cradled that blue baby in his manger until I grew too  
Weak to utter lies  
Stomach filled with roaches not butterflies  
I sever ties with all of you who despise me.  
Welcome to the truth, undefined reality.

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